

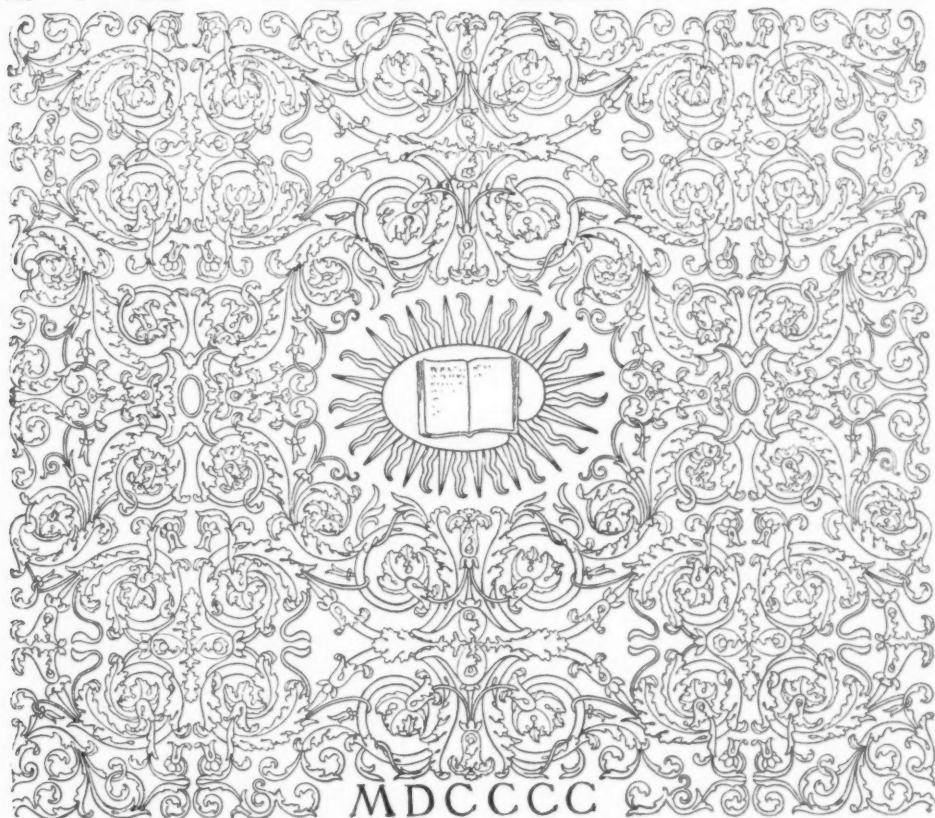
Midwinter Number.—O'Meara's "Talks with Napoleon."  
Paris of To-day, illustrated by Castaigne.

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MIDWINTER NUMBER.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 4.



## PARIS REVISITED.

### THE GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

A HOT August afternoon, and the cage slowly mounts with a handful of travelers to the top of the Eiffel Tower. We are not all sight-seers; at any rate, I can answer for one. The Paris plain is so hot that the ascent is, with me, a last despairing effort for a mouthful of air. It has unexpected advantages now that I am on the move. I see Paris as I have never seen it before. There is the Exhibition Building of 1900, yet to be in all its glory, and at present only a skeleton of timber. The monstrous litter of building-material fills all the Champ de Mars and lines the Seine on both banks, far beyond the esplanade of the Invalides—a perspective with no terminal point. Paris is once more being torn down. Were there a speaking-trumpet at hand, one would fain cry, "Why can't you let well enough alone?" to the pygmies below. This mood lasts until we reach the summit, when there is abundant evidence that they set up faster than they lay low. The Champ de Mars is covered and well-nigh roofed. The banks, if still a mighty maze, are not without a plan. So the saving power is once more in the constructive activities of this marvelous race. They have wiped out Paris a dozen times, and every time

have left something better in its place. The legacy of the last exhibition was the permanent Museum of the Trocadéro. One legacy of this transformation is to be the Czar's Bridge. The first span is up, and its lines of red-coated iron, with the masses of masonry on each side, show that we are going to have one more of the finest things in the world.

The bridge does one the service of taking the view from the exhibition, which is, after all, only a secondary affair to Paris itself. There is the everlasting spectacle, more grandiose to-day than ever. From this elevation the city is manifestly outgrowing its mere walls, as a healthy boy outgrows last year's jacket. But for these walls Paris might enter into hopeful competition with London for primacy among the largest cities of the world. It stretches away in unbroken lines of milk-white masonry at every point. The inner circle, as one may already call the space within the fortifications, has yet an innermost ring—the Paris of the foreigner. This Tatar City may easily be traced from our present elevation, by taking the Round Point as its center, and the Arch as its circumference. Here are all the braveries of the fair for the happy few from many parts

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A BALL AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.



of the world—a multitude in their aggregate. The British are an ever-diminishing colony; London is now their capital of pleasure for the whole empire. Good Americans have a tendency to look for their earthly paradise in the same quarter, consistently enough, for the site of that region is notoriously a speculative point. But the “balance” of mankind still seeks its cosmopolis here. Wealthy planters and traders from the four seas, *rastaquouères*<sup>1</sup> from South America, the pick of the Continental aristocracies, all flock this way in the season, and where they fall the French of the same category are quite ready to supply their place.

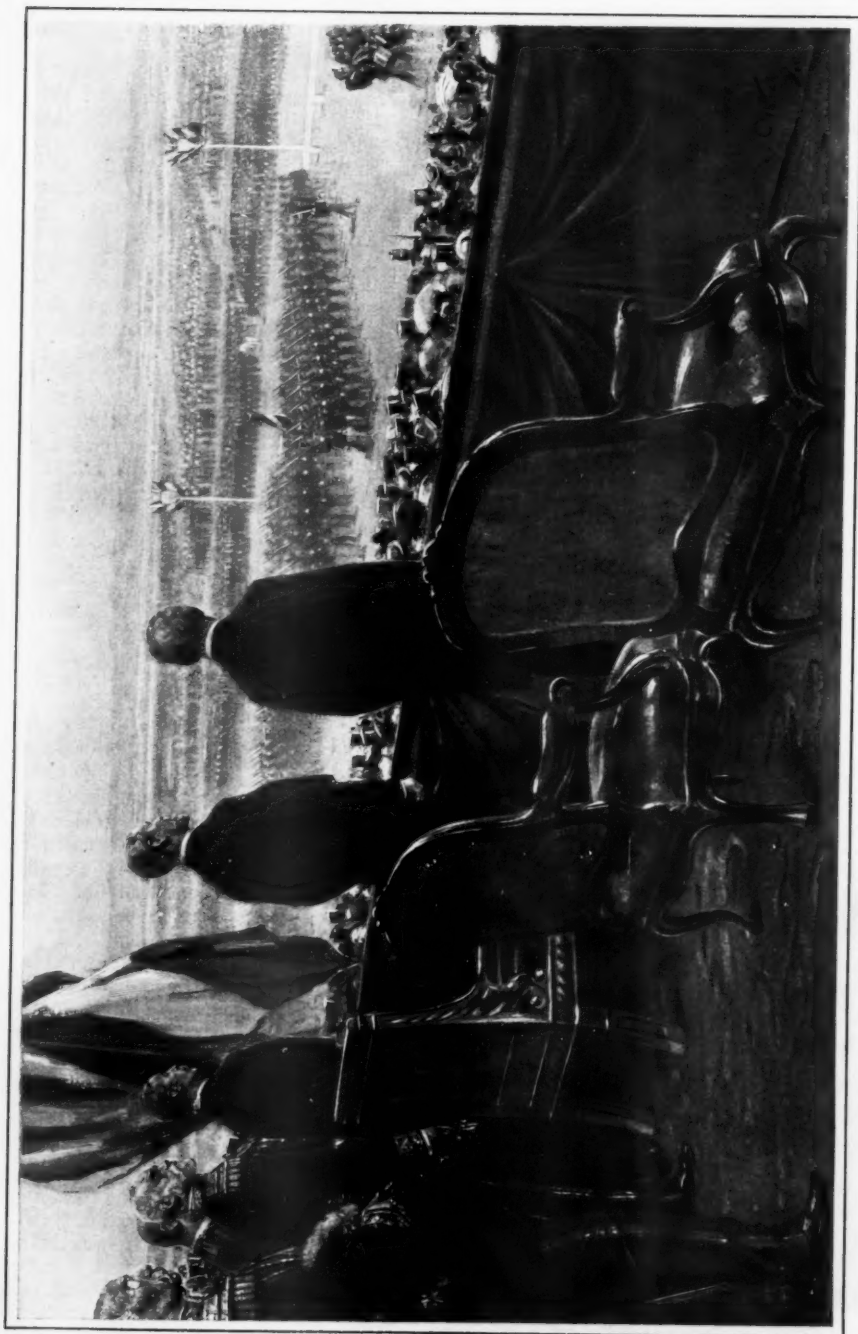
But, after all, these do not make Paris or the wealth of Paris. The city quite suffices to itself, with the good help of France in the background. It knows as much, and for years past has marked its sense of the fact by a certain want of deference to the outlander. Paris is one of the greatest manufacturing cities of France. Its industries are on the colossal scale. It is a huge exporter, not only of the articles that bear its name, the “Yankee notions” of taste for the bazaars of the world, but of all the wares of the marketplace. So it has its own life, and that life lies far beyond the straggling band of fire which is to be traced every night in the Champs-Élysées and the boulevards. To my thinking, it is best seen in its own labor quarters. If we were on the hill of Montmartre instead of on this tower, we should find Paris at home. But, after all, we have it at home in Montparnasse, not far from our feet. Here are the people in their habit as they live, and in their ways untainted by the desire to please any but themselves.

The real problem at issue in all this prodigious activity is, Can an old people make itself young again? It is almost answered in its terms. Yet the hope is so fascinating that it tempts to new experiments again and again. Japan began it the other day, and is still encouraged or deluded with the belief that it is renewing its youth. The French began more than a hundred years ago, when they were still most ancient of days—of the moderns, unquestionably, the oldest folk in Europe. They were a polity and a civilization when the English analogue of the man in the street was Gurth the swineherd, and when Italy had for the moment crumbled back into the animate dust of the races out of which Rome was made. Oh, how old they

are! It flashes on you without preoccupation and without warning in modern Paris as well as in the remote provinces. The wrinkles show in the majestic delays of their bureaucracy, in a thousand medievalisms of their ways of thought. I will not say they show under the paint, for that would do injustice to my meaning in doing injustice to them; for it is an honest attempt to effect the change by the diet of ideas and by the regimen of institutions. In the Revolution they were for doing away with the old Adam in a day and a night. It was the most prodigious day and night in all history; but when it was past the would-be stripling sat down and wiped his still furrowed brow, and relapsed into the habits of age—into aristocracy with the empire, into limited suffrages, into the theory of statehood as mere organized conquest. The new effort came with the downfall of the Second Empire, a catastrophe brought about solely by the failure of that system to serve the old military ideals. It is going on to-day. The problem is still unsolved. Is it better for a nation, as for an individual, to accept the inevitable, to take itself frankly at its actual count of years, and to make the best of it? Is there anything more to strive for than a mere artful prolongation of forces which are still necessarily on the decline? I have sometimes had a curious fancy that these ages of nations might be fixed by a sort of typical correspondence with the ages of individual man.

In this view England has turned sixty, but is still hale, hearty, and well preserved, still better equipped for a day on the moors of empire than many a youngster of them all, yet still within measurable distance of an allotted span. Poor Spain, as we have seen, is as rusty in the joints as her national hero of romance, and has manifestly entered her dismal inheritance of labor and sorrow. So has Italy. The grand republic is in the very prime of manhood, and therefore past the period of his first youth. He has lost some of his illusions, for he lives fast. He will be thirty next birthday—I hope I am not rude. Russia is younger, in spite of the chronologies, and the shock-headed young giant has not yet attained to the proper combing of his hair. Germany is five-and-forty if a day, but amazingly well preserved, thanks to an elaborate chamber gymnastic, the results of which have yet to be tested in the field-work of the world. France—well, it is an ungracious exercise of fancy at the best, and I leave it an open question, as I am at this moment in her presence. Sometimes

<sup>1</sup> “Foreign adventurer or swindler, generally hailing from the sunny South, or from South America.”—A. Barrère.



THE LONGCHAMP REVIEW ON THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

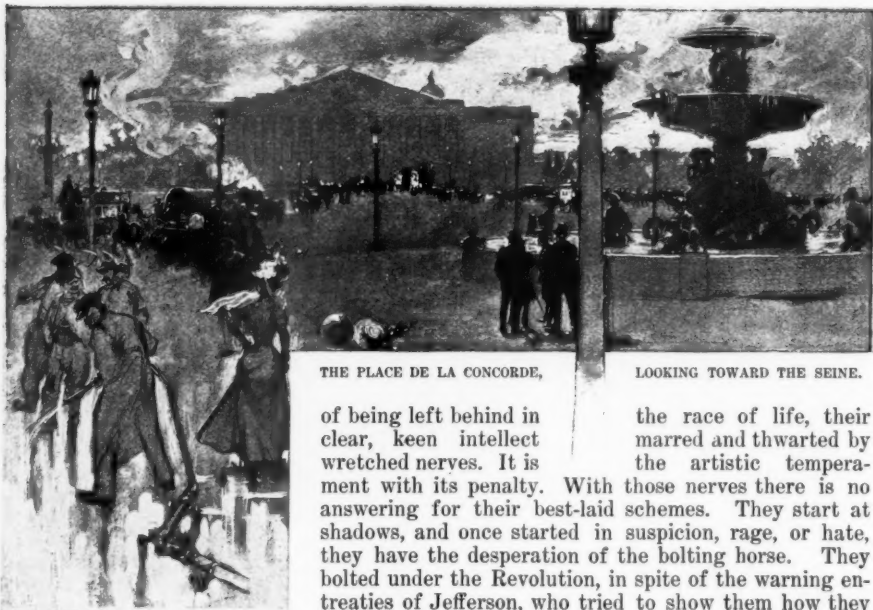
you hesitate to give her a day over twenty. Then comes an *affaire*, or some other disenchantment, and you are sure she will never see ninety again, and that, do what she may, she can never shake off the enemy as he creeps on with his fateful burden of old habits, old ways of life and thought.

But the activity, the mere civic and industrial energy, is prodigious. You return every few years to find a new city. The boasted Paris of the empire was a village compared with the Paris I see, as in panorama, to-day. The houses are more like palaces than ever they were before. "They cut the Pentelican marble as if it were snow," says Emerson of his Greeks. So the Parisian *sculpteur en bâtiment* cuts the softer stone of the Normandy quarries. The empire is nothing to the republic in the count of new avenues, of new public works of every kind. The perpetual advance of mere splendor and luxury, for what it is worth, may be traced in the Champs-Élysées. There are still left one or two quaint plaster-fronted houses, which represent the modest ideals of the time of Louis Philippe. Hard by, in any number, are the stone fronts of the empire, and, rapidly replacing these, the Cyclopean masses in which the modern millionaire swaggers in his pride—a perfect riot of carving in their rather gaudy fronts. Naturalistic infants disport themselves over all the vast façade of the new Palace Hotel, with other figures that may charitably be regarded as their mamas. It is not exactly good taste, but, with its still inalienable "quality," what foreign city might not be glad to have half of its complaint of bad? Those white patches in the distance, beyond the walls, are buildings only less superb and less opulent. The mere movement of human beings is amazing. While waiting for its underground railway, now more than half done, Paris travels by automobile and by huge two-decker street-trains, drawn by locomotives, which quite destroy the amenities of the interior scene. The old peaceful cross-roads near the Printemps are a terror, what with trumpeting engines, broughams, cycles, *chars-à-banc*, all driven by steam or electricity. The tramways here, as elsewhere, are destroying the streets, and the light fiacres bob and dance about over the tormented surface like dinghies in a gale.

I do not say that it is edifying; still less do I call it delightful. I cite it only in proof of the intensity of the movement. Those who find their account in mere rush and hurry should be in paradise here. The horse will soon have the air of a survival; the motor,

for every kind of street use, is becoming a matter of course. In this invention England, and even America, have been left far behind. The pace is fearful, the accidents are fearful, but such as they are the administration seems to be thankful for them as a safety-valve for the energies that might otherwise have an explosive force in politics. It is a race to the devil that threatens the individual only, and not the state. For good or ill the giant city is all alive at every point. Everything seems to be rebuilding or rebuilt. The Saint-Lazare station is new; the Gare de Lyon is newer still. The Orléans line is pushing its way into town by a stupendous settlement that is to occupy the entire site of the Cour des Comptes, burned under the Commune. The whole square of the Invalides is to be undermined by another huge structure of the same sort. This is for Paris only, and, to scale, much the same thing is going on all over the territory in ports, harbors, branch railways, and vicinal roads. It is a rage of renewal. France will be young again if she dies for it. The mere growth is beyond question. If we could peer through the roofs from here we should see a working population of nearly a million and a half, which forms only a part of the total population of "all souls." It is one of the greatest manufacturing cities, as well as the greatest city of pleasure on the planet. Ninety-six thousand of these workers—Lilliputian from the level—would be found in the tailoring and dress-making trades, helping to clothe the universe, and to make good Victor Hugo's boast, "I defy you to wear a bonnet that is not of Paris fashion or of Paris make." One hundred and twelve thousand are in metals, precious or otherwise. Over forty-four thousand of the wondrous pygmies would be hard at it in the book and printing trades; they were but twenty-seven thousand a dozen years ago. I could go on, with the help of a jubilant return lately issued by the Office of Labor, but I generously forbear.

So this may serve to prepare the way for my paradox, that the French are really the most serious and purposeful folk in the world—a great, sad race, too, with a pessimistic bitter for the subflavor of their national gaiety, as it is the subflavor of their abstinence. They put on their high spirits as a garment, and, like the *Figaro* of their ideal, they laugh lest they should be obliged to weep. "Our lively neighbor," "the light-hearted Gaul"—what thoughtless locutions are these! Our Gauls are a gloomy and a brooding swarm, ever haunted with the fear



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,

LOOKING TOWARD THE SEINE.

of being left behind in clear, keen intellect wretched nerves. It is ment with its penalty. With those nerves there is no answering for their best-laid schemes. They start at shadows, and once started in suspicion, rage, or hate, they have the desperation of the bolting horse. They bolted under the Revolution, in spite of the warning entreaties of Jefferson, who tried to show them how they might run a profitable course to constitutional reform.

the race of life, their marred and thwarted by the artistic tempera-

They are not always bolting, be it well understood. They have long and blessed intervals of national self-possession, ease, and grace, when butter would hardly melt in their mouths. But Mme. France is *journalière*, rising without any volition of her own in the humor that is to rule the day. When she comes down in the morning with one of her headaches, her nearest and dearest had better find an excuse for getting out of the way. The personification, however, is scarcely felicitous. In point of temperament the men here are the women, and the women the men. The quiet, laborious, cool-headed housewife runs France. The secret of the malady is nature's; the secret of the cure is the people's own. There is none other so ploddingly, so remorselessly industrious. After every outbreak France picks up the pieces, and out of the ruin wrought by the paroxysm makes something finer than before. The fatal war was an attack of nerves. The Jew-baiting is another, and it may be described as a desperate attempt to reconcile Panama to national self-respect. The awful "affaire" is a third on the same lines. Each attack has been intensified by the new régime of liberty—still new, though it is nearly as old as the constitution of the present republic. Freedom as a habit is the growth of centuries, and these recently converted sinners of despotism are still subject to many a slip. So one part of the press of Paris—not the largest part, by a long way, thank God!—is still drunk with the license of invective and denunciation. The sots will sleep it off in the long run, I feel sure, and the better part of the nation will find a hearing for the still, small voice. But oh, just now it is weary waiting for the friends of France, and it is no time to take up the cry, "Courage, mon ami, le diable est mort!"

They know perfectly well what is



CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.



the matter with them, and for their strait-jacket they have invented the administrative machine. This is by no means to be confounded with the purely political variety of the contrivance in use in other latitudes. It is the permanent civil service, the government—in a word, the great automatic contrivance that keeps them going in national housekeeping while they are on the rampage. Nowhere else, except perhaps in Germany, is there anything like it for efficiency of a kind. It is everything that they are not—stable, unchanging, the slave of tradition, a thing that moves from precedent to precedent, but with restraint instead of freedom for its aim. The first Napoleon was the inventor of it. The material with which he wrought was the wreckage of the old monarchy, still extremely serviceable in parts as a thing approved to the genius of the people by the experience of a thousand years. Dynasties, presidents, ministers, come and go, but the machine grinds on forever to do the work of the day. No matter what the tumult in Paris or at Versailles, the prefects are at their posts in the provinces, and their orders issue as calmly as if there was sleep at the center of the system. It is a Chinese bureaucracy in completeness, with the difference that it is in thorough repair. As a piece of clockwork it is one of the greatest of human inventions. At one end of the mechanism is the president of the republic; at the other the humblest of the thirty-six thousand odd mayors of the communes of France—say the little fellow who rules over Blanche-Fontaine in the Doubs, with its population of four-and-twenty souls, ten of them, if you please, municipal councilors. Each of these mayors is a president in his way, as the president is only a glorified mayor. There is no overlapping of areas, no conflict of jurisdictions, and lest there should be, the special contrivance of the Council of State provides for instant appeasement. If my view could extend from this tower to the whole of the territory, I should see one vast nerve system of centralized rule. The village mayor in his sabots stuffed with straw, and with his council equally fresh from the stable, is only the reduced image of the great man at the Élysée surrounded by his ministers. So many mayors and so many communes make a canton, with another council, and generally a superior mayor for its chief. So many cantons make an *arrondissement*, like the canton, less corporate in its personality, but with yet a council more,—always of superior persons, naturally, as we rise in the scale,—and with

a subprefect at its head. With the *arrondissement* comes the electoral district for the Chamber. So many *arrondissements* make a department, and here the prefect sits enthroned again with his council, now a little parliament, for his guide and check. Beyond him is the minister of the interior in the capital, who commands the wires in every sense, and whose touches thrill by devolution and subtransmission throughout the mighty system. Beyond the minister of the interior there is really nothing but the Maker of the universe, and he, I believe, is not officially recognized in the constitution. Uniformity is the note, with certain exceptions of detail that are immaterial in the bird's-eye view. Paris is only a larger commune, though it has eighty mayors, because if it had seventy-nine less, the one left might rival the president in power. The twofold election of the council by the citizens, and of the mayor by the council, is the corner-stone of the system. The nation elects the Parliament and the Parliament the president in precisely the same way. The mayor, however, is still under control. He can be suspended for a month by the prefect, for three months by the minister of the interior, and forever by the president.

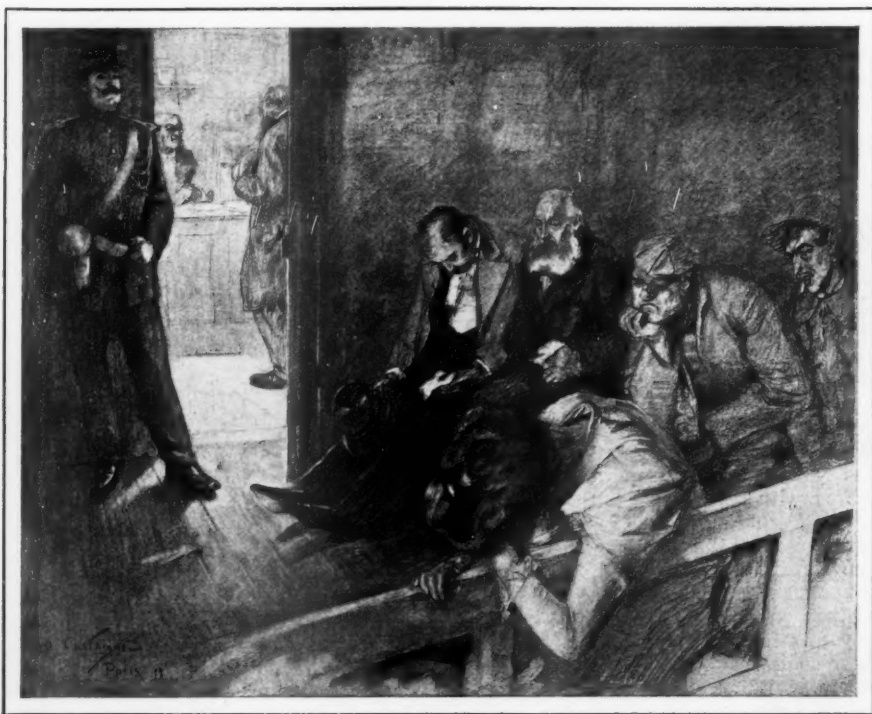
This, as I have said, was Napoleon's gift to France, and the wiser sort, who dread her moods and their own, esteem it above all his victories. France rails against it from time to time, but she would not get rid of it for the world. The machine carries on the business. It collects the taxes, spends them, welcomes the entry of every citizen into the world, educates, marries, tends him in sickness and in health, and buries him when all is done. It suits everybody in his heart of hearts as a sort of fixed point in a world of flux. All but the wildest aspire to no more than the control of the motive power, only to find, in the long run, that, by its immutable laws of mechanics, it controls them. If they strained it to bursting, they would be the first to mount sky-high. All the revolutions, with perhaps the single exception of the Commune, and I am not quite sure as to that, were really only schemes for securing the control of the machine. They aim merely at changing the course, not the engine. The institution is satisfactory; its occasional uses only leave something to be desired. I remember once calling on a friend who had been shut up in the old prison of Sainte-Pélagie for some offense under the press laws. I consoled with him, less on the hardships of his lot than on the want of respect for freedom

of opinion which it involved. "We must abolish these detestable cages for free thought," I cried, looking round on the comfortably furnished room. "You are right," he said; "all I live for now is to put the opposite party here." This is the moral of French tolerance for the machine. It is a very good instrument when you have the valves under your own hand.

The interior of a ministry—what a soothing suggestion of immutability! For the perfect association of ideas I prefer that it should be one of the ministries on this left bank, the other one abounding in patches of raw modernity that spoil the impression. Let it be in the Rue de Grenelle, for choice, or in the Rue de Varenne, not much more than a good stone's throw from our tower. Oh, the repose of its massive outer defenses of plain stone that keep the courtyard sacred to the sparrows and to the suitors for place! Within, it is cool, and echoing to the footfall, with, at first sight, the frequent porter for its only inhabitant. He is there for life. You may know it by his urbanity, his unhastingness, which betoken perfect freedom from the

irritation of uncertainty. He exacts a first rough sketch of your business, as in duty bound, then passes you on to a man on the first flight, for whose further information you fill in the drawing with a sort of color-wash of sympathies and hopes. This man may be a little *cassant* (curt) if he has had words with his wife in the morning, but you are not to take it as personal to yourself.

Now you are just on the fringe of the life of the hive. It is a slippered life, and it is still ease. The messengers who pass to and fro between the porter's lodge and the rooms still suggest peace ineffable and the continuity of things. Some of them wear long brown holland blouses that eke out their modest incomes by saving their coats. They carry huge *dossiers*, or portfolios, which seem to memorialize the business of the world, and which, in their bulky universality, are sermons in leather on the insignificance of events. The imaginary perspective of these dossiers, as you might see them stored in the archives, would naturally strengthen the moral. They are the connecting-links of all



MORNING SCENE IN A PARIS POLICE COURT.



A PENSIONER OF THE INVALIDES.

the little systems, monarchical or republican, that have ceased to be, and they maintain the perfect sequence of administrative policy. Those under which the porters stagger for the moment are only the dossiers of the day, the passing wrinkles on the brow of France, which have come here to be smoothed out. They will be smoothed out by means of letters, faultless alike in style and handwriting, the very office-marks of which seem to link you with the present and the past. Now, haply, you come in touch with the clerical staff, but always in a discreet, secluded, monastic sort of way. The beardless dandies are often cadets of good families, who, with subventions from the private purse, are able to cut a figure on the stipend of a laborer. The employment in a ministry gives them position, and that is enough in a country which betrays its age by still cherishing a sort of prejudice against trade. Some of them scribble things for the papers in their abundant leisure; the detestable Rochefort began in this way. Others save themselves for social successes and a good match. The little bits of red ribbon in the buttonholes betoken the higher grades.

To see all the grades as in review, we must wait for the sacred hour of noon—the hour

at which we might see the whole city below us black with the shifting specks that mark a whole population pouring out to luncheon. Then the bureaux begin to empty for a solemn lull of business, which lasts for the better part of two hours. The place looks more than ever permanent and unchanging in this view. The French *déjeuner*, the French dinner, give one faith in the stability of things. They are so purposeful, so deliberate; they betoken so much the assurance of the continuing city, in their orderly courses, with the coffee and *chasse-café* to follow, and the billiards, cards, or dominoes for the wind-up. The *déjeuner* is the solid break in the day, and the strange thing is that its associations of rest and ease do not tend to render the resumption of toil impossible. The staff comes back to new labors, though these are not unduly prolonged. Its output of work is still considerable, although it is slow—perhaps because it is slow. The plodding method makes each step sure, and precludes the delays of revision.

The crown of things in stability is the old head porter, who has seen them all come and go, the young sparks into the prefectures or into literature, the chief ministers into private life or into a sort of public obscurity after their brief average of the lime-light of

office. The man at the head is the only uncertain element of the composition. The underlings of every grade may remain forever if they like, rising by successive steps until they write *chef de bureau* after their names. Mutation is reserved for those who have made their mark in the struggles of the political arena, and have suddenly been "bombarded" from the outside into the highest seats by explosions of parliamentary applause. Many of these, under our modern scheme of equality of opportunity, have come from the humblest stations, and go back to them after their fall in a way which has something of Roman dignity. Once they might have hoped to save during their tenure of power.

Under the empire the ministers received a hundred thousand francs a year, with allowances; but in 1871 the salary was cut down to sixty thousand. This, in spite of free residence at the expense of the state, and other pecuniary privileges amounting in value to about forty thousand francs more, is insufficient. No minister can now make ends meet without a private fortune. They retire from their official state perhaps to the modest pay of a deputy, nine thousand francs a year, and to occasional earnings with the pen; from glittering banquets and receptions, at which they entertained the magnates of the official world, home and foreign, to the omelet with the cutlet to follow, served by some old peasant woman from Brittany in the fifth-floor flat from which they emerged. From this cage we might almost shake hands with some ministers in their exalted retirement. Their height of disgrace has its consolations. It removes them farther from an unjust earth, and nearer to the compensating stars. I used to find M. Jules Simon at a great elevation, moral as well as material, after a fall from power which perplexed the nations with fear of change. I found M. Yves Guyot *au quatrième* the other day, drawing his breath with difficulty, I thought, amid a too dense undergrowth of economic literature, and writing his daily article for the "*Siècle*" in championship of the prisoner of Rennes.

The *petits employés* have the best of it. Venerable figures, you may trace them in their old age to calm retreats in the leafy suburbs that bound our view, where they take the evening air in the zinc summer-houses of gardens relatively as small as their own souls, or under the shadows of plaster busts which figure the transient and embarrassed phantoms of forgotten ministers

of the day, to whose favor they owed their place. They are reposeing before dinner, after their game of bowls in the public avenue, played to a treble of applause from a circle of their own order.

Law and police form an integral part of the machine, enduring, unchanging, in their hierarchical condition a solid bulwark against the vagaries of the popular spirit. To feel this to the full one should attend the red mass at the Palais de Justice in early November, which marks the reopening of the courts after the long vacation. The Archbishop of Paris presides in person, as though to show the solidarity between all the powers that be. Here again one sees that this shifting society has still its foundation of conservative forces. It is the old order of this old, old people, still holding its own amid the new. The Revolution may have changed the forms; it could not change the spirit—the way of looking at things, in which habit proves itself the true heir of the ages. The great judges are in their robes of red; hence the name of the function. Nothing much seems to have happened for centuries, as they file in. So they robed and so they filed when the Bastille still frowned over Paris, and when the oubliettes of the feudal castles were the best-remembered things in France. It is all pure middle age. The black-robed judges of the Tribunal of Commerce—a touch of novelty by virtue of their office—might be visible from here as they pass from their court on the other side of the boulevard, through a dense crowd. Within the palace the Council of the Order of Advocates, with the *bâtonnier* at its head, defiles from the prisoners' gallery to join the judges. The procession moves toward the Sainte-Chapelle, where Saint Louis went to church seven centuries and a half ago, as we may go to church to-day. The rich toilets of the visitors feed the blaze of color. Here, on the front benches, is the red of the Court of Appeal and of the Court of Cassation, that famous court which stemmed the torrent of popular fanaticism in the "*affaire*." Silk and ermine, velvet and lace, nothing is wanting in the trappings to carry the mind back to the ages of faith. Justice is solidly established in France, and it is organized on much the same principle as the administration. The justice of the peace, who is the magistrate of the first degree, sits in the chief town of the canton. He is removable only by the president.

The members of the higher courts hold their places for life. Their social sympa-





ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC. OUTSIDE THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, DURING A MUNICIPAL BALL.

thies sometimes tincture their judgments. They cannot always forget that they belong by tradition to an order which was one of the nobilities of France—the nobility of the robe. They have therefore a sort of fellow-feeling with the nobility of the sword. The bar is a great trade-union, in spite of republican reforms. It is one of the few privileged institutions left, the last of the corporations, and as such about the only complete survival of prerevolutionary France. Its council decides on the admission of candidates, and has a tendency to reject them if they are not of the right sort. In spite of this, the country is overrun by needy lawyers, who push up to Paris as deputies, get dazzled there by the social splendors, and go into isthmian canals, unfortunately not to drown there, but to make their fortunes and enjoy *bon souper, bon gîte, et le reste* with the glittering crowd. The council is most favorably disposed to those who keep the right company, think, and even shave, in the right way. Its

upper lip, like that of the bench, is generally a terror, in the pitiless severity of its naked lines. The bar has its own cafés, its own drawing-rooms, its own jokes. The oratory is just what you might expect from the lips. It is the revived oratory of the old school, which went straight to the reason, and left the feelings to take care of themselves. Some of these men—some of the judges especially—glory in the thought that they have not read a work of literature of later date than the earlier eighteenth century, when, according to them, classic prose reached its high-water mark. Their art, like all art whatsoever in France, is a structure with a plan. They know exactly what they are going to say, and how they are going to say it, and when, by chance, their voice trembles, be sure it trembles to order. The looking-glass has had their first confidences in every effect of gesture. Their hearers know it and expect it, and applaud the structural skill.

Cléry, whom I used to meet in old days, sometimes terrified me by his facility as a speaking-machine. He even sounded the two *n's* whenever they came together, as they pride themselves on doing at the Français. Nothing was wanting but the suggestion that the driving power of the amazing organism came from the blood. Maître Rousse was a master of this style—hard, glittering, impeccable. But the hardness was grit. He stuck to his post during the Commune, and fought that usurpation all through with the weapons of law. He must have congratulated himself every night that he still had, not so much a pillow to lie on, as a head to lay on it. Maître Demange, who has fought so valiantly for justice at Rennes and elsewhere, is another strong man. He has more animation, but, whether gay or grave, his manner is throughout tempered by finished ease, and he always keeps within the bounds of the natural note. In spite of recent reforms, the procedure is still absolutely antiquated in its presumption of the original sin of the accused, and in its regard for the sanctity of the accusation. How often has that dismal prison hard by seen wretched suspects in murder cases confronted with the remains of the victim, to the end of drawing conclusions from their tremors, and from the pallor of their cheek?

Believe me, you cannot have been a power and a polity as far back as Charlemagne for nothing. We have seen lately how they still watch the slumbers of captives, and flash search-lights, the rays of which are expected to reach the conscience, on the blinking eyes. The rule of prudence in France is to contrive always to be the accuser, and to get the first blow in with your charge. Perhaps that is why they exhibit such a tendency to arrest one another all round in street rows. I have seen them standing in a sort of charmed circle of nervous excitement, each with a hand on a neighbor's necktie. Do not be too hard on them; they have been brought up on theories of the innate depravity of human nature. Then they are so quick-minded, so acute. A very little knowledge of your own heart soon constrains you to the sorrowful admission that the other man must be a bad lot.

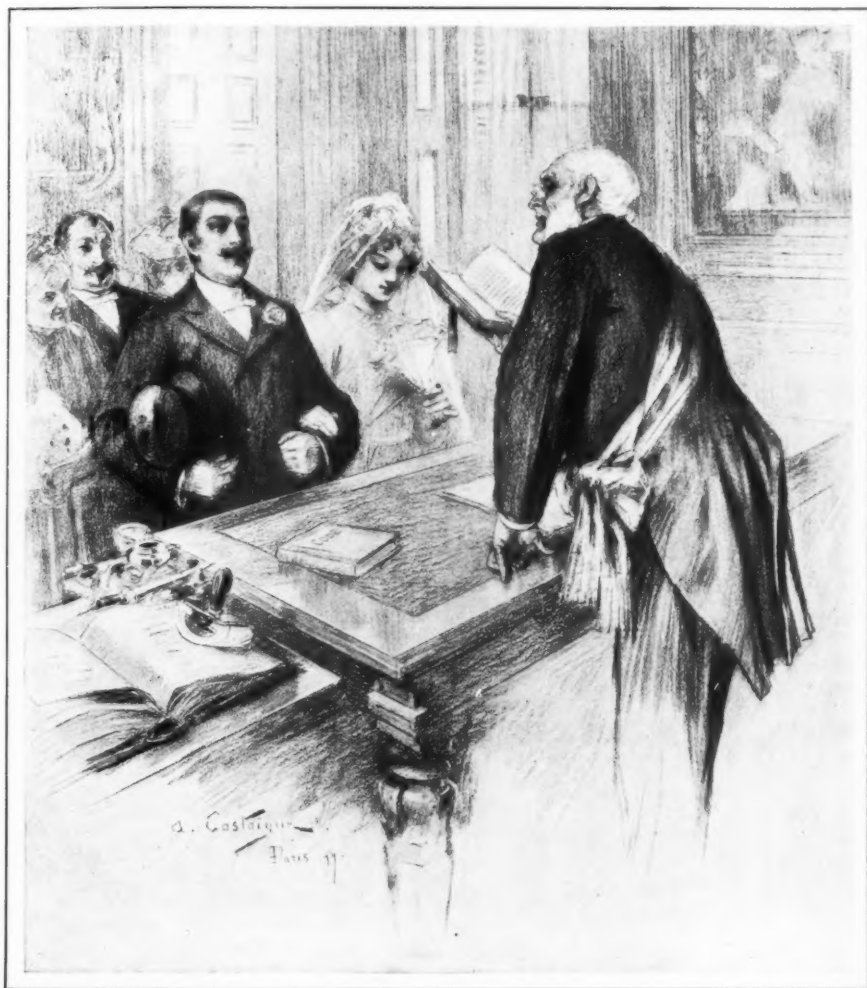
To see a poor devil at his worst, I think, one must see him, not in the rat-pit of a court of justice, but in the preliminary stage of his examination by M. Bertillon. You know him, the official in charge of the bureau of anthropometric measurement for criminals, the March Hare turned expert in hand-

writing at the Dreyfus trial. He has the genius, and, at the same time, the disease of minutiae. He has found out that, if you can only measure a man by certain bone-measurements that never vary, the coincidence of, say, half a dozen of these is a certain clue to his identity. You have no doubt heard the invention described a thousand times. Have you ever seen it put into use? I have, in that very Palais de Justice, when they bring the prisoners in for identification before taking them into the presence of the magistrate. The drift of the inquiry lies in the question, "Have you ever been here before?" "No, monsieur; never," is, of course, but the one thing to say. At this early stage they never expect you to confess; it would spoil sport for the machine. The morning charges at the Paris police courts are, I suppose, with a difference of local color, the morning charges everywhere. It is no doubt a terrible thing to be a suspect; the unsuspected are against you almost in spite of themselves. The very contrast of each unkempt, unshaven creature with the trim *garde de Paris* by his side is to his detriment. Then he is led to the measuring-stand, —invited to place himself there is, I believe, the proper phrase, —and the attendant, who might be cutting his hair or taking his orders for a suit of clothes, cries out measurement No. 1. It is noted on a card. There may be a thousand measurements like it, among the hundreds of thousands of records to which they have constant access, so our old offender may still keep a good heart. But at the second call, of course, assuming a further correspondence, we make a huge stride from the general to the particular. Somebody, clearly, has been here before with the two measurements, say of mid-finger joint and frontal bone, exactly answering to these new ones. Should a third correspondence be established, all but the "dead beats" begin to look grave. Yes, there is certainly another card up there in the archives in perfect agreement so far with the one we are making out. At this point M. Bertillon, feeling that there is no more sport with this bird, seems politely to inquire if he is to go on: "Come, own up!" But most hunted things run till they die; and "No, monsieur; never here before," is still the rule. Finally they close down on him, by taking down the old card, and showing him his old photograph neatly pasted on the back, and dated perhaps a dozen years ago. With this the baffled wretch shrugs his shoulders as a sign that the game of hide-and-seek is up, and is

marched off into another room to have his portrait taken anew for the appendix to the record. He is often betrayed by his stare of amused curiosity at the old one, as he recognizes a forgotten necktie, a forgotten trim-

no doubt, dream of a day when the Röntgen rays will be turned with success into the criminal mind, and trials and confessions will alike become a superfluity.

The towers of Notre Dame, standing clear



A CIVIL MARRIAGE.

ming of the hair, perhaps some traces of a forgotten candor of youth. The Bertillon method is the perfection of the governmental machine, in one of its purely mechanical developments. It is fascinating to an eminently scientific nation to think that, with the aid of science, justice can work with this positive certainty. Some of them,

against the sky, may serve to remind us of the great struggle on the part of the statesmen to bring the church into the machine, as a real effective force working heart and soul for the republic. But they are thwarted by the free-thinkers on the one side, who would like to make agnosticism a cult, and by the church itself, with its traditional

respect for the monarchical system. The too logical mind of the French abhors a transaction on the principle of give and take. It is for all or none, and it better understands the tyranny of an opponent's

and between these two there is, I think, racial war. The Radicals, as a free-thinking party, dream of a scheme of reasoned morality that shall take the place of the old religion and be a new one. So they issue



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE PRESIDENT (FÉLIX FAURE) BESTOWING THE HAT UPON A CARDINAL.

usurpation than what it regards as the weakness of his compromise. The Pope has made unheard-of efforts to bring the parties together by enjoining a hearty acceptance of the republic on the part of the Clerical and Monarchical parties. And it is to be noted that, at the last elections, the "Ralliés," who represent the Royalists that have come over to the republic, returned in increased numbers. But, then, so did the Socialists,

neat little manuals, in which they show, Socratically, the logical necessity of doing good to your neighbor, and, as it were, defy you to be other than virtuous if you have a due regard for the syllogism. The late Paul Bert spent no little of his precious time in these exercises. The church, all the churches, are constitutionally parts of the machine. They are subventioned by the state—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and even

Mohammedans, alike. They are under the supervision of the minister of public worship. The bishops are nominated by the government, and even when the French cardinals have received their appointment from the Pope, they still come back to have their hats handed to them by the president in solemn audience. It has been said that if the church could see its way to a perfect reconciliation, it might yet form the basis of a dominant conservative party, and that most Frenchmen want no more than to have the priest in his place. I doubt it. Besides, can he consent to take a mere place with the rest? By virtue of his profession, he aspires to nothing less than the dominion of the whole of life. The Radicals are just as strenuous in their determination to find a substitute for him. Ingersoll was only a criticism, after all. Free thought here is, in thousands of minds, a working scheme. "Ni Dieu ni Maître" was the device of fierce old Blanqui, that tameless lion of revolt. There is a whole literature of religion without God.

Right below us lies the sinister military school. The men that rule there form part of the machine, and the difficulty with them just now is that they want to be the whole of it. They sulk with the civil power on the one side, as the church sulks with it on the other. The hold of the army on opinion is enormous, just because it has become identified with the people as a vast national militia. Every man serves, and most men bring away with them some professional sympathy with the service. As the grocer watches the passing regiment at Longchamp, he feels that he is with comrades, and that their very cloth is only a sort of best suit he has in reserve. The whole future of free institutions in France lies in that grocer's frame of mind. If he remembers that he is a citizen first and a soldier afterward, the republic is safe. If not, and he keeps the citizen in the background, then there is no knowing what usurpations may not be dared and done. I am assured by one who ought to know that the soldier is still the citizen, and the republican citizen, in arms. But the same authority admits that, when he served his term, he scarcely looked at a newspaper, or took any interest in the questions of the day. The barrack spirit had marked him for its own. The prevalent uncertainty on this point is sometimes ludicrous in its effects. On the return of a successful commander the first care of the government is to keep him out of the way. When General Dodds came back from Dahomey he was isolated as though he

had brought the plague with him. It was the same with poor Major Marchand the other day. If America were France, Admiral Dewey would be invited, not to say ordered, to recruit his health in the country, and the government, while still constrained to offer him a smiling welcome, would tremble every time he approached Washington or New York. In distant colonies, far, far beyond the purview of the tallest of conceivable Eiffel Towers, the generals have sometimes flatly refused obedience to the civil governor. The trembling government, which would have liked to shoot them, has had to go on smiling. Take with all this, as symptomatic, the despatches just to hand from the French Sudan. An officer was recalled for cruelties. He turned, with his native following, on another officer who bore the message, and massacred him and the whites of his mission to a man. Such is the official account of an unverified report, and they may still succeed in shifting the blame to the natives; but some of the wilder newspapers say that an African satrapy under a soldier of fortune would be entirely to their taste.

The machine is only less strong in social than in political influence. The administrative institutions are *corps de société* as well as *corps d'état*. Each of them has its salons, managed by clever women who, in intriguing for their husbands, often against one another, still strengthen the general framework. The prefect's wife looks after the department, as the president's wife is supposed to look after the state. She encourages waverers, gives the disaffected to understand that they need not be altogether without hope. Society proper, or improper, may think itself entitled to gibe and scoff, as it sometimes does, I believe, in other republics. But nothing can deprive the official world of influence, since it holds patronage and power. Every one of the provincial capitals lying beyond us on all sides in the depths of the haze has its official circle, where the powers that be try to agree not to differ too openly, in the interest of the general stability of things. The university professors and their wives belong to this set. The superior clergy do not refuse their countenance when the professors show a proper outward conformity of respect for the church, and reserve the Voltairean epigram for the fireside. The general in command of the district, or, more strictly speaking, Mme. la Générale, brings the officers to the official dances, at which also the district bench and bar shake a loose leg.





THE DOWNFALL OF A MINISTRY IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

A ball at the Élysée is a great function which has been in process of gradual democratization ever since the foundation of the republic. Mme. de MacMahon was about the last who tried to keep it select. It was an anachronism. The old *couches sociales* sulked, and begged to reserve themselves for her private parties. The new were not asked. The true theory of such a gathering is the one that now prevails. It is a review of all the forces that make for order and for stability, and it excludes no one who has a place of importance in the administrative machine.

The diplomatists still have the privilege of a room to themselves. But this is more or less open to the public gaze, and it serves to concentrate some of the most striking effects of the spectacle. To-night's ball at the Hôtel de Ville, which, if we could stay long enough, might presently signalize itself to us as a scheme of illumination, is a still more characteristic sight. It is a festival of all the civic forces, where the municipal councilor and the district mayor may feel that they have been admitted to the great partnership of the government. The note of brotherhood, rather than of class distinction, at all these gatherings is the cross of the Legion of Honor, in all its glittering grades. Most other orders seem to cry, "Stand off!" to the mass of mankind. This one cries, "Come over and help us!" to every active brain and strong hand. To have it not is more of a reproach than to have it is a distinction. Its true and entirely sound significance is there. It is a public certificate of the fact that, whatever your work may be, you have done that work well—a universal brevet of eminence in every line of labor and of effort conducive to the common good. You may not want it, but—what will people think? One day Gustave Doré began to languish with a sort of green-sickness of melancholy which no one could precisely diagnose. His aged mother was called into consultation, and affirmed with emphasis that he was pining for the Legion of Honor. The matter was immediately referred, in confidence, to the minister of fine arts, and the result was a cross and a cure.

Such is the great governmental machine—a national invention, like the corset, and indispensable to the figure of France. It keeps the country in shape amid a thousand shocks. It has scarcely known change since the time of its founder. It has served the varying purposes of Louis XVIII and Charles X and Louis Philippe, of the republic of 1848 and the Second Empire, and while the

servant, it has also been the master of all. It has kept up the real continuity of institutions, and has saved the democracy from itself by opposing a solid rampart to social, as distinct from merely political, innovation. It is a sort of supreme court in the domain of action, ever engaged in looking after the foundations of things, and tempering the wind of crude doctrine to the lamb of the body politic so frequently shorn. Without it, or something like it, that is to say without a strong executive of a kind, France would have gone to pieces a dozen times this century.

But no human contrivance is perfect, and the machine has one weak spot. Its heel of Achilles is the Parliament, and especially the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber would be well enough if it were à l'Américaine, instead of à l'Anglaise—if it had not the fatal power of unmaking ministries by a vote. With reasonably permanent cabinets, policy would be fairly continuous, as well as administration. As it is, almost any determined minority can upset the ministerial apple-cart by an intrigue. The malcontents have only to lie in wait, and snatch a hostile division when nobody is looking, and out the government goes, though it may have just given itself the proud title of the "strongest of modern times." Something is wanted that would confine the deputies to their business of making the laws, and secure the administration in its function of executing them.

The wrecking of ministries has become a mere trick, like the spot stroke in billiards, and, in the interests of France, it should be barred. It was a reproach as far back as the time of Louis Philippe. Murger's Bohemian, on moving into new lodgings, orders the concierge to wake him every morning by calling through the keyhole the day of the week and of the month, the moon's quarter, the state of the weather, and "the government under which we live." Amid Moderate Republicans, Radical Republicans, Radical Socialists, Socialists dyed in the wool, Reactionary Monarchists ditto, and Ralliés, who have graciously accepted the republic under the promise of a reasonable share of the loaves and fishes, there is always sure to be somebody to offend. If you hold the disinterested position of a mere observer, and have access to the lobbies, you may spy the tempest on the horizon when the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. I have seen M. Clémenceau as storm-fiend-in-chief, and M. Clovis Hugues in subcharge of the Cave of the Winds—the latter perhaps with a twitch-

ing palm which manifestly itches for its threatened application to another member's face. The cloud bursts as by order; the ministry is laid on its back. Sometimes there is no warning, and the catastrophe comes as by a bolt out of a clear sky. The machine, of course, is no more disturbed by it than the solid rock would be in the like case; but the moral effect is none the less to be deplored. The worst evil is the way in which it uses up the governing men. They get tired of being laid on their backs for nothing, and at every fresh crisis there is a greater difficulty in finding entries for this foolish sport. The positive refusals to serve become more numerous and more embarrassing, and the fear grows that the president will finally have to advertise in the newspapers for a minister. There ought to be a club of ex-ministers, or a monthly dinner of

them, where they might meet and compare notes on the futility of all effort to please a people with disease of the nerves.

As the bell gives the signal, and it is "all aboard" for the descent, I reflect that France will have to watch herself, or she may find this disease incurable. Her misfortune is that she has been taught to live from this part of the organism in public affairs. Her private life is free from all reproach of the kind. There the nation is serious, calculating, close, ever haunted by the melancholy of a too keenly prophetic vision of the possibilities of ill. It must find an outlet somewhere for the mere spiritual waste of its despondency, and, like the rest of us, it has a tendency to dump its rubbish into the public domain. I am convinced that it would be less frivolous in conduct if it were less sad at heart.

## COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.



STRANGE tales are told of Morland's childhood, of his marvelous drawings at three years of age, of his being locked in a room and made to paint while his father sold his pictures, of his carousals with companions when he could escape the paternal vigilance. No one knows how true the stories may be, but it seems certain that the boy received only a haphazard education at the hands of his father, and that he began working for money at an early age. During his life he never ceased to work for money. At seventeen he had a certain reputation, and had been presented to Reynolds and was an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy; but the dealers got all his pictures. At twenty-one, when he left his father and set up for himself, he did so in a dealer's house. The demand for his pictures was large. He sold them on the easel as fast as he could paint them, and on the proceeds dressed like a dandy, bought horses, affected the gentleman; and yet about his only associates were pot-boys, pugilists, and jockeys. He had a blathering contempt for nobility and society. At one time Mrs. Fitzherbert was fond of his work and would have patronized him, but

Morland never improved the opportunity. He preferred his tavern friends, his horses, and his gin. Started early on this devil-may-care course, he left it only once, and that temporarily. He broke away from London, went to Margate, and afterward made a short visit to France. He soon returned to London and married William Ward's sister, Ward at the same time marrying Morland's sister. The two couples went to housekeeping together, and for a time Morland seemed a veritable case of reformation. But the women quarreled in the house, and the Morlands moved to Great Portland street, where the painter speedily fell from grace and returned to the bottle. He never absolutely separated from his wife, but he had a happy-go-lucky way of leaving her for months at a time while he was wandering from shop to tavern, and she, being both fond and foolish, seems to have spent most of her life following him about the town.

The tale runs on that at this time Morland was scarcely ever sober. Hard working and hard drinking, dealers and debts, horses and low company, were the chief ingredients in what has been called his "gay life." Yet it is remarkable the number and excellence of the pictures he painted during the twenty

years of his suicidal career. It is remarkable, too, how actually overrun he was by popular favor. People fought for his pictures, and upward of two hundred and fifty of them were engraved. Of course with such unprecedented success Morland finally grew careless, sold pictures that were half finished, lost in drawing and in color, and allowed his brother, who was a dealer, to copy his pictures by the dozens and to sell them as originals. But in spite of his large sales and his apparent prosperity he was always in debt, and had to keep moving about London to elude the bailiffs. They caught up with him in 1799, and it was not until 1802 that he was released from prison under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. His habits had not improved, and his left hand had become palsied; but he still painted, a bottle on one side of him and his color-box on the other. He was soon arrested again, and while under restraint died suddenly in a sponging-house in Eyre street on October 27, 1804. His poor wife was so overcome by his death that she died three days later, and the pair were buried together. Morland's own epitaph on himself was, "Here lies a drunken dog."

The product of such a life is difficult to summarize. There is always an appeal from Morland drunk to Morland sober, but, drunk or sober, Morland had some human element at the bottom of his art, or he would never have had his popular success. He was one of the people, and he painted as best he could the life of the people. Women and children, cottage life, tavern scenes, stables, horses, cattle, pigs, smugglers, boats, coast scenes,—in fact, almost every genre imaginable,—came from his brush and found a welcome with his public. If Morland believed in anything, he believed in his surroundings, and was sincere in painting them. Then, besides his popular subjects, his pictures had a story to tell and a moral to point—features which have always been fetching with the masses. It was cheap enough story-telling, to be sure,—a sort of penny-dreadful literature in paint,—but when have the masses ever rebelled against that? In fact, the sentiment of Morland's stories was the most acceptable feature of his art. An audience that accepted the emotional claptrap peculiar to Mrs. Opie's heroines was not one to find fault with Morland's half-baked pathos about the "Lass of Livingston" or the "African Slave-trade." Artistically the excessive sentiment stood for Morland drunk, but popularly it represented Morland sober, and was heartily relished.

But aside from such extraneous features of Morland's pictures there was a painter's reason for their popularity. They show Morland's remarkable sense of the picturesque. It is not given to every one to see the world pictorially, and Morland saw everything composed, painted, and hanging upon the wall—a stable-yard as well as a drawing-room, a litter of pigs as well as a band of children playing at soldiers. How gracefully his women and children group themselves in oval frames! How picturesque appears his wayside inn with the romantic traveler on horseback, the maid with the pot of ale, the horse-boy, the dogs, and all that! Then the sea with its waves, the tossing ship, the rocky shore, and the landing smugglers—how charmingly he focused the scene! There was no end to his invention, but his execution was not so clever. He could compose figures with graceful swirling lines, but his knowledge of anatomy was limited, and he never knew drawing in any academic sense. Even perspective bothered him, and he seldom gave the planes of a picture with correctness. His landscape was merely a makeshift for a background, and his lighting was an arbitrary arrangement of a white dress or horse or dog as a central spot from which the illumination radiated into shadow. In color he had more shrewdness. Not that he sounded its depths, but he handled it with facility and taste, often producing pictures of a fine lyric quality. But his greatest excellence was his ability with the brush. He could cover over defects very prettily by his cunning surfaces. A luring quality of texture or color in animals, people, or buildings blinded people's eyes to the want of drawing. All of his great predecessors were somewhat like him in this respect. They were clever handlers of the brush, though they knew not impeccable drawing.

Morland's life is too much of a nightmare to trace his styles of painting with any accuracy. It is said that he threw off upward of four thousand pictures, and it seems that at first he was fond of women and children as subjects. These he executed with grace, charm, and a refinement of taste that would suggest more of France than England. Toward the last he changed his subjects to stables, inns, and animals, grew careless and heavy in touch; but in refinement of feeling he was quite the same to the end, in spite of his brutish life. A strange life, to be sure, but not without its saving grace, its scrap of beauty flashing like a jewel from the gutter.





## THE WEST, AND CERTAIN LITERARY DISCOVERIES; OR, HOW FICTION MAY BE STRANGER THAN TRUTH.

BY E. HOUGH,  
Author of "The Story of the Cowboy."

### I.



IN order to write a novel of New England life, it is necessary that one have at hand a mortgage, a spinster of rather slender habit, a young man who went away, and a quiet graveyard. These, with accessories such as an old settle or two, a tall clock, and a household interior of wax-like neatness, will always serve to meet a certain standard in books descriptive of life in New England, and from books of such nature a great many persons gain a portion of their knowledge of that region. It may be urged that such a knowledge must of necessity be a narrow and imperfect one. This is perhaps true. Yet you shall not change this thing!

The distinctively Western population of the United States does not read many of the books written about the West, and it does not write such books. Literature descriptive of the West is bought most largely in the Eastern States, and written most generally by Eastern writers. Perennially favorite among such works are those written by persons who have suddenly and to their own surprise discovered the West, and found it to be inhabited by certain types. The West without the frontiersman, the cow-boy, the boomer, the West without the hat and the "gun" and the acre tract—to whom shall you offer the story of such a West? Verily the wax-like interior and the tall clock and the quiet graveyard are avenged.

Thus we observe the statement that Columbus discovered America to be misleading. The South was never discovered until after the war. The East has never been discovered at all. The West has been discovered by a great many persons—by what a train of Leif Ericsons; nay, of Marco Polos! Yet you shall not change this thing! There are many who would rather read Marco Polo than Macaulay. Far be it from a humble man to raise a hand against the spotless interior of the New England home, or to remove one gun from the Western cow-boy's belt. To the contrary, were it within his power to add one cubit to the stature of the New England clock, or one more fantastic adornment to the cow-boy character, he were sinful who did not make this addition to the literature of the land.

It may be said that in fiction, at least, all is fair, and that the East of the quiet graveyard may be offset against the West of the hat and gun. Yet softly. We say that the West does not read books about the West. Upon the other hand, neither does it write books about the East. There has been no Western cult of literary discovery. It may perhaps some day happen, as it is vaguely promised, that we shall have a school of Western writers. Perhaps then our young men will invade the East on voyages of discovery. Ah, what St. Bartholomews then, my countrymen! For, as we may well imagine, our young men will then not need to tarry overlong, but will care merely to adventure. A couple of journeys overland, a stop of a few months in some of the larger



towns, then off home again. So hurried a grounding for descriptive literary effort, even in works of fiction, might be called undesirable and perhaps unjust. The good folk of that day, newly discovered, might say: "Let us have truce. In ethics it is as wrong to decry a thrifty housekeeper as it is to caricature an honest cavalryman or cow-puncher, and, as we now see, either the one or the other may well resent it." This attitude might be unwelcome to the young men of the school, but however unwelcome, they must needs recognize its justice.

We may fairly deem grotesquely ignorant and technically bad, not to say unjust, that literary view which does not reflect things fundamental as well as things superficial. The unpardonable literary sin lies in thinking one order of things better than another, without remembering that perhaps the two arose out of entirely different conditions. The art that has digged deep enough to reach causes is an art which never has been and never will be known to smirk or to deride. For real art the cry of sectionalism has no terrors, and, indeed, that cry is raised only by those too ignorant to reflect that sections in civilization, in manners, in all ways of life, must of necessity exist. It is matter of pity that the great wave of nationalism to-day does not extend into our American literature, where first of all we should expect to find wisdom as well as shrewdness, and breadth as well as candor in thought. Yet it is perhaps well within facts to say that we have still in American literature a sectionalism which shows upon the one side superficiality and superciliousness, upon the other resentment and suspicion. These facts are due partly to that slovenly form of literary art the realism of which necessitates a continual search for "local color." The literary market demands this. It is not necessary to have a knowledge of a field. The writer finds nothing in the environment immediately about him, because he already knows it too well. He goes into a new field, his senses receive a fillip, and he—writes. It is not always necessary for him first to see and think, not to say first to sympathize and understand. True, such work does not endure. No great book was ever written in such haphazard fashion. Yet at the hands of such crude craftsmanship as this the West has certainly suffered. It might be within moderation to say that the West has had quite enough of discoverers who do not discover, who have nothing to say, and who say it brilliantly. One interesting fact which most of these writers have

overshot is the simple one that the West no longer exists.

Let us suppose that one of our literary discoverers of the West holds dispassionate conversation with one of the natives whom he has, as it were, detected in the act of living in the new-found land. The former finds occasion to remark:

"Of course the West owes to the East its best principles of living, the moral character of the old Puritans."

"Not in the least," replies the other. "The West was settled from the South as much as or more than from the North, so far as an American population is concerned. Its people were descendants of the Cavaliers as well as of the Roundheads."

"You do not catch my thought in its entirety. I mean to say that I find in the Western type a certain crudeness, a sort of—in fact, a sort of *je ne sais quoi*!"

"It is true. Upon the souls of those men you see the hall-mark of the land."

"Yet the East sent a great many men to the West. Your vaunted West is built of Eastern blood, at least in part."

"True. We kept the best of your young men, and sent the others back to you. Yet those whom we kept have not changed the West. The West has changed them."

"But the barrenness of your life in gentler ways—I mean to say that in your culture, your art—"

"Where has ever been seen art more gentle, yet more virile, more unsupported and unasking?"

"True, we should perhaps grant you time."

"Grant us no time. We have stolen a generation of time."

"Then, after all, your boasted West is changing, it is going. We"—triumphantly—"have discovered that."

"Yes. The West has known and wept over these changes for a score of years."

"And your cow-boy is gone."

"He is at Washington."

"And your plainsman is no more."

"He is raising a section of wheat."

"And your prospector—"

"Is in the Klondike, founding a family tree."

"And all your wild men are coming to be shorn."

"Friend, where have you slept these years?"

"Perhaps, then, a new day is, after all, dawning for the West."

"Friend, it is already noon."

## II.

It is indeed true. The West of the good old days is gone forever. It costs a thousand dollars now to kill a grizzly, with luck and a Western guide thereto. For a million dollars you may not lawfully kill a buffalo. There is no West. Our young men long for one more such country. From the old days to the new was only a short step in years, but it covered a century of what is known as progress. The causes and the means of such changes were manifold. Among them were wire, railroads, Russians.

A few years ago a villager down in Illinois bent a bit of iron about a strand of fence wire, and noticed that his cattle avoided it. Out of this idea grew a system of fencing which has preserved our pine forests a few decades longer, but which brought to an end many decades earlier the glorious free days of the open and unfenced West. The great cattle ranges, over which roamed one of the most independent populations ever seen on earth, could never have been fenced by rails, or stone walls, or boards of pine. It was difficult enough for the spider-like genius of advancing civilization to keep them fenced with the ever-renewed web of the fatal wire against which the wild men of the early days rebelled so strenuously. Yet mile by mile, thousands of miles after thousands of miles, the cheap and easily spun web crawled out across the West and held it hard and firm. You can never uncoil the deadly web, neither can you replace the victim which it strangled.

Little more than a dozen years ago the writer was with a party hunting for buffalo calves in the upper part of the Panhandle of Texas, where we knew of a little herd still remaining of those great animals, even then considered virtually extinct. It was a weary and desolate land, where between water-hole and water-hole lay sixty or seventy miles of absolute desert. Not a tree broke the endless monotony of the plains. The soil was like flint. The sky had for months been guiltless of a drop of rain. It was a region so utterly unsuited for the habitation of mankind that these last few representatives of a passing race of great American animals had chosen it as their final place of refuge, thinking that perhaps there they would never again hear the sound of rifle-shot or see again the face of man. Yet one morning, as we faced the sun of another waterless day, we came upon a line of strong wire fence, coming from where no man could tell, and running in one unbroken line to the uttermost limits of our vision! It

was no delusion, no miracle, no wonder of the wild mirage. It was an accursed fact. It had no right there, on that free land, where even the wind had swept for ages unfettered by so much as a leaf or stem of straggling tree. As we marveled and muttered at this thing, we saw, in the red light of the east, a little moving band of great forms which we knew to be those of the buffalo. They saw us also, and with the instinct of a generation of persecution swept away at once in flight. Across their line lay this fourfold abomination, this corded barrier, this new thing, this infamy never before dreamed of on these free plains. Close bunched, the buffalo struck it with the force of a heavy locomotive, and crushed through it and over it as though they passed so many straws. Ah, there was a thing dramatic, admirable, out there on that far-away desert! It was the old West rending the net of the retiarius, casting aside the strands set for its undoing, and standing on unhindered, free! Seeing the beauty of this spectacle, our best roper, a cow-puncher born on the old range, rose in his stirrups and took off his hat to cheer the buffalo as they lumbered on. For twenty panels the fence lay flat, and we rode across it. Along its inner side was a path worn inches deep by the feet of countless antelope, cut off by this fence from their ancient way to some unknown water-hole. No man of our party felt glad at this evidence of approaching civilization, this fence thrusting out into the wild land. Every man was partizan for the buffalo and the antelope, and exulted at this prostration of their enemy, though knowing with sorrow how brief must be their little victory.

Of all possible agencies, it is of course the railroads which have done the most utterly to wipe from the earth the old West. One who has not lived through the rapid changes caused by the advent of a railroad into a region formerly quite wild cannot have any just idea of the extent and thoroughness of the revolution. The pioneer roads are now built. There is no longer any new country in which we may note such vast, such rapid and intense action. The first of the great Western through lines saw the past and the present, the old and the new, rush up against each other in fore-front collision. Heat, friction, fusion—it was all over in the twinkling of an eye. It was grand, or terrific, as you chose to look at it. It was a fight, a conquest. It was Plymouth Rock again, in any one of a thousand spots, all over a great and rugged region of which, even after the

railroads had long been built, but little was accurately known. It was Plymouth Rock again, but in the mind of the man who had lived "west of the river" there was no thanksgiving for that day.

Indiscriminate immigration was the last great factor in the obliteration of the ancient West. The railroad must have population. It hung out its banners and cried off free homes to all the corners of the earth. Over the unbroken, iron soil of the West came a quiet invasion, one of those multifold, unnamed invasions which successively swept across that country. To many Old-World dwellers the opportunities of these hostile plains seemed those of Paradise compared with the tooth-and-nail fight to which they and their children were condemned in the land that bore them into bondage. Russians, Slavs, Poles, many mixed nationalities, folk with sheepskin jackets and flaring caps and wrinkled boots, folk who bore with them in their shiny coffin-shaped boxes all they had on earth of goods, men with long hair and ox-like eyes and heavy tread—many sorts of these sent their swarms out into the farther West. To these the railroad gave seed-wheat and stock-cattle, continuing the policy of building up a support for itself. The peasants of the Old World took these things, and pressed out into the West, an army of invasion with eternal night behind it, with the ray of day ahead. No wonder this army held on with grim energy to the escarpment of that bitter region, that it swarmed over it, dotted the foughten field with homes. Yet how the first Westerner, the old plainsman, hated these people as he saw them coming in over the land that had so long been his own domain—that land belonging in fee to all bold souls, and in severalty to no man in whose bosom beat a peasant's heart! I see him now, that rancher of the past, sitting his horse at the summit of some wind-swept ridge and looking down at the farming-lands where the wheat began to show. "Ah, if it were in the old days!" he muttered. "If the old times were but back again, beshrew me but my cattle should eat up your wheat, and my rifle should account for you!"

Yet to-day the rangeman and his herds are gone, and behind him are low dark houses clinging to the sod, and barns protecting the cattle which once knew naught of shelter. It is only a memory now, that of the great, mournful, melancholy but comforting plains, rolling on and on, mystic, indeterminate, awful, and alluring. These foreigners may tenant these plains to-day,

but they do not own them. They are not heirs to the secrets of the plains, and they will never fathom them. The title to these lands lies not in them, but in the men of the old days who first saw them and knew and loved them, and in whose hearts their picture will always remain unchanged, wide, gray, forbidding, fascinating.

This, it seems to me, is the real West that needs discovering, even to-day, not superficially, but fundamentally; that West which not all men now living in the West ever fully knew, that departed West so grand, so strangely fascinating to all acquainted with it. Speak to the roughest plains-dweller to-day, at any little Western village, of the old days before the railroad, and his face will sadden as he talks with you. If only, anywhere in all this world, there were another West! That is the burden of his thought, even thus far into what we call the new days. He sees always the West lying beneath the farms. He hears ever the thunder of the buffalo.

In parts of the West to-day, newly opened mining regions or extreme outlying plains communities, there may still be seen examples of the old life, uneventful commercially, yet with strong currents of affairs. We of older communities are tempted to speak with commiseration of these crude little towns, and to pity the men who sit in the sun and wait for the turn of Fortune's wheel. Yet, after all, the crowded treadmill of the older cities may not be so much better. There Hope is appalled, and dare not lift her head, or show her face to the hurrying thousands of the poor. In the splendid investiture of the plains and the mountains it is the blessing that one still can hope, and that once in a while his dreams come true. It is not written that the dwellers of these little settlements have ever asked for pity. When, within the past few years, the pinch of "hard times" fell very heavily upon many of the agricultural communities in the doubtful farming regions of the West, the women went in calico, and the men opened their trunks and brought out the wedding-coats which they had laid away many years before, when life was younger; but they did not ask for pity. At the city of Omaha recently there was shown a car-load of mortgages which these same men had paid. To many of these men it may seem as noble to farm a section of land as to write a book.

### III.

Up and down this great land runs the chain of the Rockies, noblest mountain system of

the world. From the high peaks of the great St. Mary's group upon the northern boundary, the reaches of this majestic range run south and still south, falling and breaking and upheaving and expanding across Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, until they spill out in the far Southwest in the Spanish sun, and sink off to sleep in a hundred dark-brown cradles. They lie, forever blessed and forever great, a magnificent panorama, marking and shielding the treasure of a nation, and marking and shielding a treasure of their own. All over this vast mountain-range, it is true, there is heard the ring of ax and the puff of steam. Little towns hang at the cliff-sides or perch upon the arms and shoulders of the great hills. Yet here and there the paths of the elk and deer are still untracked by the foot of man. The forests still remain uncut. The hills are as vast and as mysterious as they were at the beginning. The brooding spirit of the West is here, and when its grip falls upon one then he cannot fail to see how the charm of the old days attracted the strong and cast away the weak. Strong, savage, smiling, inscrutable, there is the subimage. You still may hear the voices that summoned the adventurers.

In the far North, greatly to the east of the vast mountain-ranges, lie the immeasurable upper plains. You cross that country now, day after day, upon the steadily flying railroad-train. Towns and the smoke of many homes you see, then fewer and fewer towns, and then none, so that at last you feel the full spell of the open prairies, that monotonous but enthralling region which overcomes the weak and makes stronger the strong. You see the rustling grasses, or sometimes the short gray cover suited to the wind-swept hills. You imagine that upon the horizon, in that far-off mirage, you see waving plumes and moving horsemen. To you the West seems come back again. That smoke, so straight and blue, surely it arises not from the settler's shack, but from the tepee of the aborigine! Surely man cannot have taken this region for his own forever! In the winter, when the awful cold and the snow have come upon it all, the white covering seems as fit as the green or gray of earlier seasons. Wide, wide, hundreds of leagues wide it lies out, barren of the suggestion of human occupancy, and imposing in its sense of absolute solitude. A chance animal, bunched up and shivering in rigors indicative of death, serves as a figure to break the flat monotone of blue and white. But there are more coyotes than cows. It is desolation,

grim, silent, certain, that confronts you. Surely here is the claw of the old West thrust up through the covering! You look, and your heart leaps. You may have studied political economy, and you may know something of applied politics, but tell you that this day would pass away and the old West would come back again, and in spite of yourself you would exult.

Still journeying far to the east of the Rockies, you fall upon the middle plains, with their wide areas of fertile and well-tilled farms. You forsake the homestead, cross the coulee, go back of the nearest ridge, and look out beyond. Again you see the West. Fatal spell! Get you to the railroad, else you will turn heretic to progress! You fare farther to the south, across the wide lower plains. Still the same iron country, the short grass, the unspeakable brilliance of the air, the same joy of living, the same instinct of prevailing, the same content with what is about you. You see some little yellow trees, some shallow gashes on the ground, a fallen wall, a filled-up hole into which a roof has tumbled. Student though you be, or business man, beware lest you exult at the devastation! For here the West is claiming her own again. These are antelope, and not cattle, that you see upon yonder far and wavering horizon. And though you should pass yet farther to the south, over the dry and waterless country, until you came into broken outlying mountains, or even until you reached the land of hanging moss, you still might see here and there, even to-day, the sphinx face of the old West, smiling, mysterious, alluring.

Can one learn the riddle of this sphinx, can he catch the import of this message to humanity, divine this intimate appeal to the heart of man, and understand forthwith the character of those who have listened all their lives to this speech, when the most that he can give of thought and study is a few curious hours or days or months of prowling among "types" and "color" and "atmosphere," or by whatever name be termed the literary float-rock which all too often is taken for the vein? Forbid it that such smattering be ever called a part of the literature of America, or that discovery such as this shall ever claim permanent classification beneath the name of art!

#### IV.

ALL America, I conceive, may, like all Gaul, be divided into three parts—the East, the West, and the South. These are our three



great regions, and each shows a definite and established order of things. The venturer who leaves any one of these regions to go into another finds that he does not change it, but that it changes him. Each grew up out of its own conditions, its own environment, and each in its way is well, or it would not exist. These institutions survived because they were meant to survive, because they were fit, because they were an expression. To ask that phenomena or conditions should be alike for all America would be to presuppose that nature had restricted this country in its birthright or shrunken it in its appointed form. To ask that the natural fruit, the natural expression, of one set of conditions shall conform to that of a different set of conditions is to ask that the men dwelling by the sea shall be the same as those born of the mountains, that the people of the plains shall be like those of the mountains or the sea.

Yet to-day do we not think of ancient

Gaul as a country entire, in spite of Cæsar's divisions? Who can describe any of these three "parts"? The three made one land, one country, faded and forgotten as that now is. And America to-day, unfading, never to be forgotten while there remains to be written the history of human liberty and human progress, is one country, a country with a mission still unfulfilled, yet certain of fulfilment. In the support of that high calling, and in the recording of that ultimate attainment in all noble and elevating things, it is not for any part of America to insist upon its own superiority, or to ask perpetuity for its own identity. The men of the one or the other region belong to one country; they live beneath one flag; and most of all they belong to that common humanity whose sorrowings and sinnings, whose hopes and joys and little triumphs constitute the great story which all the pens of time have tried to tell—the story which leads back and sets man face to face with the Undiscoverable.

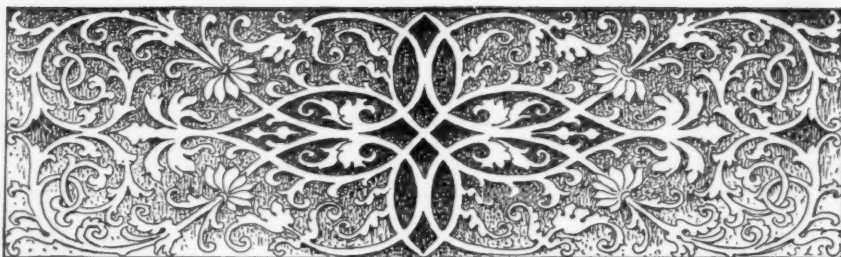


## THE YEARNING GOD.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

**K**ING of all worlds and the sole Emperor,  
 To whom the spheres sing music night and day,  
 For whom the lightning fountains ever play  
 In that great court where cherubim adore,  
 Thy power is infinite—so great, no more  
 Of glory could be thine; thy splendid sway  
 The fire-touched seraphim to laud essay,  
 Unheard because a child weeps at thy door.  
 Yet thou didst come to earth, thou mighty One,  
 Yet thou didst linger with the mean of earth,  
 As heart of us and of our flesh and bone,  
 Kissed by the frost, infolded by the sun;  
 In yearning love thou of our own took birth—  
 Thou, Love, in thy great palace wert alone.





## "A THING APART."

BY GEORGE HIBBARD,

Author of "Iduna," "The Woman in the Case," etc.



It had become so dark, for the twilight fell early now, that the fire, glimmering in the grate in the large library, threw shifting reflections on the polished tiles, and even cast dancing rays on the backs of the books across the room, causing the gold lettering to sparkle brightly. Although it was little more than afternoon, the sliding center of the big chandelier, pulled down over the table, was aglow, and the circle of soft illumination made the duskiness elsewhere seem the more intense.

They, with their heads very close together, were leaning over a large volume spread open before them.

"When you have the map you see a lot of places that you never would remember in the world," she said.

"Yes," he replied.

"It will be a great deal better to go there," she pursued decidedly. "Of course every one goes to Mexico nowadays, and there is n't any novelty about it; but really, is there a reason for having any novelty about a wedding-trip anyway?"

"No," he said.

"Of course not," she continued confidently; "and the best thing is not to try to make it anything exceptional, but just treat it simply and conventionally. We've both of us been pretty much everywhere else, but neither of us happens to have been in Mexico, and we'll have the car, and we can be comfortable, and quite as much alone as in any other place."

"Yes," he said.

"Then it's settled that we go to Mexico," she continued.

His right hand was covering the hand with which she supported herself on the edge of the table, and her right hand, with the first finger extended, was wandering over the big colored page.

"And it will be warm, and, to tell the truth, I've always wanted to go there. I remember when I was a child reading those nice Prescott books, all about the wise, clean, polite savages; for that's the way I thought of them from what he said, and Mexico appeared a most attractive place—all gold and feathers."

He laughed as he always did when she said anything that was not altogether serious, and she rewarded him with a smile.

"And then," she pursued with great gravity, for she saw that he was pleased with the way she was treating the subject, "they have such delightful names. Think of going to a place spelled T-l-a-t-l-a-u-q-u-i-t-e-p-e-c! And," she exclaimed, running her fingers over the page, "there is Zaca-poaxtla and Ixtacamaxtitlan and Iztaccihuatl—all nice places for a honeymoon. Oh, I could n't miss it for the world! Yes," she announced conclusively, "we'll come down through California, stopping at Monterey and Santa Barbara as long as we like, and then go on. I don't see where the railways run, but I know they go to the city of Mexico, and we can have the car as far as that, and then make separate expeditions to those nice opera-bouffe-ish-sounding places, where I am

sure there must be a basso-profundo governor and a tenor bull-fighter, a prima donna with black lace mantilla, and a short-skirted chorus to dance the chica or the cachucha. It will take us about six weeks or two months, just as long as we planned first; but I have another idea—"

She paused impressively, and although evidently about to speak, he checked himself.

"Why," she asked with great deliberation and emphasis—"why should n't we have the yacht sent down to meet us—there—at Vera Cruz? I know that's the right place. And then we can go over to Cuba, and that place where they have revolutions,—Haiti,—and do lots of things. Later we can cross over to Florida and come up comfortably. It would n't take more than a month more, and we'd get back to town for a few weeks in the spring, and then— I think it's a splendid idea," she cried, looking up excitedly; "don't you?"

"Yes," he replied slowly.

"You don't—I see you don't," she said; "what is it?"

"As you said," he suggested, "we thought that we should only be gone about six weeks or two months."

They had been engaged for a year, and at last it seemed that there had come an end to the slight incidents and accidents that had several times compelled the postponement of the marriage. The invitations had been issued, the first wedding-presents had been received, and as the day of the ceremony was very near, the question of where they should go required settlement. It was very difficult, chiefly because they were quite able to go anywhere. It was not really necessary to consider time or space, and they had the whole world before them where to choose. They had decided against Europe because they both knew so much about it, and then they found it impossible to settle about anything at home because they knew so little. Finally she had hesitatingly suggested Mexico, with some doubt as to distance and discomfort, but he had replied that they could take their own car, and that had seemed to settle it. They had not spoken of the matter for some days, when she announced that it might be well if they made more definite plans, and they had withdrawn at once to the library to consult a map.

As he spoke she turned and looked at him in astonishment.

"But," she remonstrated, "what possible difference can that make?"

"None, I suppose, really," he said slowly; "only I supposed that we should be getting back to town about then."

"But," she repeated, with wide-open eyes, "what is the possible difference?"

"It's a good while to be away," he answered, "in out-of-the-way places."

"You don't want to do it," she said, looking up at him.

"Yes; Mexico and all that," he replied quickly, "I think will be cracking good sport; but I don't know about Cuba and Haiti and all the rest of it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed disappointedly.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that you'll be tired of it before then; want to get back and do something else?"

"No," she said decidedly; "I laughed a moment ago at the idea of a wedding-journey, but really it is a significant, *sacred* thing. There's nothing else in our lives can ever be like it, and I am not going to treat it lightly when there is no reason that we should do so. If we were marrying each other, as so many that we know do marry, carelessly, almost *casually*, it might be different; but I am really, really in love with you, and I think you like me a little bit, and just because wedding-journeys are rather absurd I'm not going to spoil this one. It's our honeymoon, and let them say what they please, when people are in love with one another it's a nice time, and I'm going to be silly and sentimental, and—and spoony."

"But," he suggested, "it would n't be, you know, as if we were not going to be together. We'd be just as much together if we came North immediately as if we went cruising among all the islands of the West Indies. Don't imagine that I should n't go in for it heart and soul if we were going to be separated, but we can always make a solitude whether we're in Fifth Avenue or on the deck of a yacht in the Gulf of Mexico."

"It's different," she insisted, "and I want a long, lazy, loafing, ideal time. I've set my heart on picnics under the big palm-trees on bright, cool noondays, and music under the awning on board the yacht in the warm, splendid tropical nights in quiet harbors, where the gleam of the stars and the glitter of the lights of the town mingle, tremble, and shake on the deep, dark, still waters."

She shut her eyes, as if by so doing she could view the vision that her imagination had created, and so stood for a moment silent.

"Yes," he said, "that would be awfully jolly, and we'll do it all—"

With a satisfied little gasp she opened her eyes and turned toward him.

"Sometime, of course," he stumbled on.

"Sometime!" she repeated.

"Yes. You see, I thought we were only going to be gone two months at the most, and I have made arrangements for being back—"

"Unmake them," she commanded.

"But the matter's rather important," he replied helplessly.

"What can be more important than our trip, our being together?"

"As I said, we should be together anyway," he continued. "Of course that's important, but besides *being* together there are other things."

"Oh!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"It happens," he said, "that I'm a director in the T. S. & C. T.—"

"What's that?" she commanded.

"Trans-State and Connecting Terminal."

"A railway!" she observed.

"Yes, a railway," he replied a little indignantly; "a railway with which I have been obliged to have a great deal to do. It has n't been very prosperous, and if it goes to smash a good deal of money will be lost by a good many people, while, on the other hand, if it does what I expect, I stand to gain a lot."

"Of money?" she commented.

"Of money," he repeated with the same tone of slight impatience. "Now, if it is leased by the L. B. & S., and becomes part of the big Susquehanna system, as it should, everything will be all right. The question will come up in about two months, and I ought to be here."

"But if it is n't 'all right,' should n't we be just the same as we are now?"

"Yes," he answered; "it would n't matter much, really, I suppose; still, if it does 'go,' it would mean that we should have so much more."

"And you could give up going on just to make a little more money?" she said reproachfully.

"It would be a good deal," he said: "you could build a bigger country house with it; you could get a larger yacht; you could—"

"No," she interposed; "I will not be bribed, and I can't understand how you can think of it for a moment."

"It seems almost as if it were one's duty when there is such a chance," he said—"as if it were the practical thing to do."

"And," she insisted, "you would shorten our honeymoon in order to be—*practical*. Do you think that is nice?"

"No, no," he answered slowly; "but it would n't be shortening it; this would only be not making it longer."

"Don't you think that being together, as we should be there, is worth more than any superfluous, unnecessary money?"

"Yes," he replied decidedly.

"Very well," she concluded.

He did not speak.

"You don't think so," she resumed, as she saw that he said nothing.

"I do—I do," he insisted. "But really, it is n't altogether a matter of money. I've got some pride about it. No one believed the thing could be made to succeed, and I did, and I kept putting money into it until I hold a controlling interest. Everybody knows what I have been doing, and they've chaffed me a lot. If it fails, they'll say, 'I told you so,' and all that; if it goes through, I shall have the best of it. Really, I don't care so much about money. The loss of that would n't make any difference. But I don't like to have all the men who know me think I've been making a fool of myself. Yes, if it were only the money I should n't say another word about it, but it is n't."

He looked at her, but she was looking intently at the map, and his questioning glance was lost upon her.

"It's been a regular joke at the club—one of the stock witticisms—to ask me about my railway. Those who wished to be particularly facetious always made a point of begging me to give them a chance to 'come in,' and I had to take it all good-naturedly or make an idiot of myself. Honestly, it is n't the money; I don't care any more about that than you do: but it's rather disagreeable, after all that's been said, to let it all go. This very morning I got a letter from a responsible man among the Susquehanna people, and he says the subject of the lease will come up, and that if I am here he feels confident that it will be easily arranged. I wrote at once that he could count on me. I have my answer here," he said, drawing a letter from his pocket; "I meant to post it before, but I did n't."

"And this," she said, taking the letter that he held in his hand, "is what is going to cut short our pleasure."

"If I sent that," he replied, "I ought certainly to come back. Things would be done, and they would have a right to count on my being here."

"Everything depends on whether this letter is sent?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "really."

"And you want it to go?"

"I want this scheme to succeed," he replied; "I've given a good deal of attention to it—have in a way committed myself to it, and I can't very well back out."

"But—" she began.

"We'd have just as much time as we counted upon at first," he interrupted.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And this has for some time been a pet interest of mine," he urged.

"An interest?" she murmured, slowly nodding her head.

"Yes," he went on; "every fellow has some interest, I suppose, even such an idler as myself. If it is n't horse-raising, it's yacht-building, and if it is n't either, it's mountain-climbing, or collecting, or something. Now, by accident or heredity, I took up a broken-down railway and made an interest of that."

"Yes," she said.

"Don't you think I should?" he asked, surprised by her tone.

"I suppose so," she said mournfully, "as you say *every* one does."

He stared at her in marked astonishment.

"Then why is it wrong for me to want to get this matter satisfactorily settled?"

"It is n't wrong," she said; "it's only natural—only too natural."

"I don't understand," he confessed blankly.

"Why," she said steadily, "it's the first time I happen to have encountered this—naturalness, and I can't help being disappointed." She suddenly crumpled up the letter she held in her hand. "I hate," she said passionately, "your horrid railway."

"But—" he began, aghast at the sudden outburst.

"It's unjust," she said.

"Unjust!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"What interest have I," she cried, letting her eyes fall as she finished the sentence in a lower tone, "but you?"

He stared at her wonderingly.

"You cannot answer me," she said; "I give you all my life, and I can have only a part of yours. You have an 'interest,' other interests. Oh!"

She turned swiftly away from the table, and going to the shelves that lined the side of the room nearest to her, drew from one of them a book, which she found after a moment's search. Running hastily over the pages, she at length held one back and looked up.

"You know it," she said, and then glancing down she read:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;  
'T is woman's whole existence."

She looked up again and quickly went on: "There is n't anything about railways here; but I find mentioned 'sword, gown, gain, glory,' and 'pride, fame, ambition,' and perhaps a railway does come in somewhere among them." She shut the book with a sharp bang, and concluded briskly, "That's the reason I say it's unfair."

"Still I don't see," he continued.

"A woman gives so much, her 'whole existence,' and a man has so little to give! Of course when a man has to work, to earn a living, I can understand that he should have *some* interests, cares, prospects, hopes, but even then the practical ones are n't the only ones. He has others all of his own, just as you have who don't have to do anything. So, you see, that is a general principle, a universal rule."

"But a man's life is different," he urged weakly, for he had been quite taken by surprise.

"That is the excuse for everything," she cried hotly, "when he does wrong in a great many ways: 'A man's life is different.' Well, it is different, but why should it be different?"

"Because—because," he went on, "his position is different. He has to do things—"

"But you have n't. The principle is presented in its simplest form, without any accidental circumstances of situation. You have n't anything to do, and you go and make something. It is perfectly true—men are not satisfied with what satisfies women; they want something more. They want the approbation of their associates, power over their fellow-men, a name that's going to live—something."

"Is n't it natural?" he asked defensively.

"It has come to be something so much a matter of course," she answered, "that it seems natural. The world has for such a long time agreed that it is right, that women have insensibly fallen into this unquestioning acceptance of an unfair bargain. We are expected to give everything—ourselves, every moment of our time, every thought of our life; and a man—just as much as he pleases."

He was silent, evidently seeking to find some efficient answer to the sudden and unexpected attack.

"But you know," he said at length, "that I care more about you than I do about anything."

"I believe that fully," she replied promptly,



"but you don't care about me *alone*. That is what it is. I care more about you than anything else, too, and, moreover, I don't care about anything else. I am deeply in love with you, and you are—well—deeply in love with me—and a railway. It is n't evenly balanced, and I am jealous."

"Jealous of a railway?" he said, laughing.

"Yes," she replied firmly; "jealous of a railway. I should n't be jealous otherwise, for I should consider, if I were, that I should be insulting you. It would be implying that I considered that you could do something that was dishonorable, and that would be an insult. But jealousy of a railway, of a greater fortune to be won, of a speech to be made, of an election to be carried, is a perfectly legitimate jealousy for a woman. What is jealousy? A fear that some one, generally some one for whom we care very much, is not giving us all that we ask or deserve. That's what this is. I feel that you are not giving me all that I ask and deserve."

"Simply because I am in a way compelled to attend to one of the thousand things that make up every-day life."

"This is only one," she said; "but there are always others. If there can be one now, think what there will be when—you don't care as much about me as you do now. I am jealous. The time will come when the 'interests' will wholly absorb you, and I shall be nothing, and we shall be like so many others. Is n't it 'natural' that I should be jealous when I, for the first time, come upon this manifestation of something that in the end is going to separate us?"

"Separate us!" he remonstrated.

"Yes, separate us," she insisted. "Shall we not be separated when your mind is occupied with your 'interests' and I am forgotten?"

He was about to speak, but she held up her hand.

"Of course you will always be nice to me, very likely will never be cold, or even indifferent; but you will have 'interests,' while you will be my only interest."

"I did n't think," he said humbly, "when I spoke, that it was such a great matter."

"Of course you did n't. To you it only seemed 'natural' that it should all be so. You did n't think. That is just it. If you had really cared you would have thought."

"But," he said earnestly, "you know I do."

"Yes," she replied a little repentantly; "as much as a man can care. You are only doing what any man would do, and I suppose

I am very, very wrong to blame you. I should accept fate with better grace; I should n't ask for more than is given to others—"

"A woman does n't like a man to be too much of an idiot about her," he remarked sagely.

"No," she said quickly; "but she wants to be able to feel that he is willing to make sacrifices for her."

"You know," he answered warmly, "that I should be willing to make any sacrifice in the world for you, or rather that nothing I could do that you wanted would be a sacrifice."

She hesitated an instant as if mastered by an impulse to reward him in some way for his speech, but she checked the evident inclination.

"Very well," she said; "I want to be gone longer than we expected, and do what I said."

"But," he suggested doubtfully, "is it wise, is it sensible, reasonable?"

"When a woman wants a thing," she said, with fine scorn, "whether it is reasonable or not has nothing to do with the matter for the man who is in love with her, if he really is in love. There are no end to the foolish things men have done for the women with whom they have been in love; history is full of them. A woman does n't want a man to be too much of an idiot about her, that is true, but she wants to be conscious that at times he is willing to do idiotic things for her—to be an idiot about her, if you like. You think," she went on, "that you care about me, and you do; but how much do you care when the opinion of a few men at the club, some of whom you dislike and some of whom you despise, makes any difference? Indeed, if you care about them at all, you care about them more than you do about me."

"I don't understand," he interposed blankly.

"Anyway, if something that is n't much to you can make you forget me, then I am not very much to you."

"There is n't anything more."

"Possibly not; but with me there is n't anything less, is n't anything at all, and, as I have said, I am jealous. I want you," she continued, taking a step toward him; "I want to feel that you are all mine, that there is n't anything that can take you away from me."

"There is n't."

"Not when this railway can do what it is doing," she exclaimed—"when you are willing to give up a longer honeymoon for—it?"



"But I am not."

"You are doing it," she said.

She turned and seated herself in a big chair by the fireplace, and resting her chin on her hand, gazed disconsolately at the blazing logs.

"I hate it! I hate it!" she said. "I know that it is nothing uncommon, that it is always so when two people are married. But I wanted our lives to be different, to be perfect. It has all been perfect so far. This is just the first little bit of the chill of reality, and I feel a little—withered."

She sighed deeply, and he, crossing to her, stood looking down at her.

"I suppose," he said seriously, "that there's got to be more or less of what you call reality. I don't believe that any one ever escapes it for a very long time. Come, we must face it and make the best of a bad job."

"And send the letter," she said, turning over the envelop and looking at it. "You have directed it very nicely, and put the stamp very squarely in the right-hand corner."

"Don't be absurd," he said gently; "I really ought to do this, and there's lots and lots of time to go to the West Indies, or the East Indies, if you like."

"But it is n't the same," she maintained.

"Don't make it difficult," he said; "it's hard enough to have to give up going, and I have to give it up. You don't understand."

"The trouble is that I do," she answered rebelliously.

"What do you understand?"

"That you do not care, when the railway seems a reality and the other nonsense. You can't. Is there any reality that would count with me for an instant? I have cared too much. If I had n't, all this would n't make any difference to me now. I have made a mistake. I am going to try to do better. I am going to try not to care—so foolishly. I am going to try to have 'interests,' and then you will not think I am absurd and unreasonable; but—" she suddenly stopped short, and twisting herself around let her head fall on her arms, which were outstretched across the great arm of the chair, "oh, I can't, I can't! I am afraid I care hopelessly, and—the reality hurts."

He stood in serious dismay, irresolutely doing nothing.

It had become really dark at last, and although a slight sound unmistakably indicated that the door at the farther end of the large room had been opened, no form could be discovered; and it was even impossible to see

whether any one had really entered. She heard the noise made by the opening door, and sat up quickly.

"Yes?" she said, looking around. "Is it you, Beaton?"

A dubious and apologetic cough proceeded from the darkness.

"Yes, Miss Amy," said the old servant; "if I might speak to you."

"Some one wants me," she said, springing up, and evidently glad of an excuse to escape.

HE was standing before the fire when, a few moments later, she again slowly entered the room. With his right hand he had clasped a protruding ledge of the mantel, and was half supporting himself by it. He did not turn or raise his head as she came forward and sat down in the chair she had just left.

"I have been thinking," he said at length.

"Yes," she replied quietly.

"I have been thinking," he repeated very slowly; then he straightened himself up, and stepping quickly across the hearth, paused before her.

"Give me this letter," he said, bending down and taking from her unresisting grasp the crumpled envelop that she held in her hand.

"Why?" she asked.

Without taking his eyes from her face, he crushed the paper still tighter, and cast it into the mass of glowing cinders, where it flared up immediately in a wild blaze.

"There!" he said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rising, as her hands went out to him; but she drew them back, and clasping them together, looked at him with a smile slowly changing the lines of her face. "Why did you do that?"

"Because it was the quickest way of showing you what I have been thinking."

"You mean," she said, "you give up about the railway?"

"Yes, entirely," he said.

"And that's the reason you burned that letter?" she went on, smiling with greater content.

"What other reason would there be?"

"You—" she began ecstatically, and then she paused—"you are sure that you have no regret?"

"None," he replied decidedly. "You were perfectly right. What is anything in comparison with our being together?"

"You did not feel that a moment ago," she remonstrated.

"I did really. It was only because I did

not stop to think. As I tell you, the railway scheme was a favorite one—"

"I know," she said, nodding her head up and down, as she had done once before.

"But what's any scheme, plan, ambition, success?" he said. "There is n't a thing on earth I would n't give up for you, and why should I think for a moment of giving up you for anything?"

He had evidently expected that she would receive his renunciation with greater enthusiasm, and he paused doubtfully.

"I have been thinking, too," she said, almost as if in answer to his unasked question.

"Suppose," he exclaimed, "that we don't think any more!"

"But we must. We are reasonable people, and we can't escape it," she responded.

"And you are sure," she continued, "that you are wise?"

"I don't care now," he said, "whether I am wise or not."

"But suppose I said that I had been wrong; that a man should do things, and that a woman should n't stop him and hinder him: then would n't you be sorry for your determination?"

"No," he said hastily.

"You are saying that without thinking," she remonstrated.

"I don't have to think."

With a soft exclamation she fell forward, and his arms went quickly about her.

"You are so good—so good," she murmured; "and I am so glad it has happened just as it has; and you were willing to give this up."

"It was n't anything," he said contemptuously.

"It was everything," she asserted; "I won't have you say it was n't. Now I don't ever care how many 'interests' you have, for I know that if I really, really wanted anything I should be the most important."

Again the indefinable noise made by the

opening door broke the momentary silence. She sprang quickly back, and he turned with an air of great unconcern to the book on the table.

Prefacing his remark with the same cough, Beaton advanced into the light.

"I gave the letter to the second man to post as you ordered, Miss Amy," he reported, "an' though I don't say he is n't careless, I think there 'll be no mistake, as I kep' my eye on him myself all the way to the post-box at the corner."

"Thank you, Beaton," she said; "that is all. I only wanted to be sure."

"There," she said, looking up and laughing as the servant left the room, "you see, too."

"What?" he asked.

"That I've been thinking," she replied softly. "Your letter—"

"My letter!" he exclaimed; "it's burned."

"No, it is n't," she cried; "it's in the post-box at the corner."

"My letter in the post-box at the corner," he repeated, again crossing over to her; "then what did I burn?"

"Oh," she answered, laughing softly, "you—you dear, big, noble goose! That was only a note which I just got, when I went out, from Daisy Scammel, asking for an address, and which I brought back crumpled up in my hand to throw in the fire."

"And you have sent the letter saying that I would come back?"

"It was all ready to send, was n't it?" she asked, with a great air of ingenuousness.

"Yes," he said; "but—but—"

"It's all right," she interrupted. "I told you I had been thinking, and I thought really that it was right for you to be here, and so I sent the letter. But I am so glad, so very glad you burned the other, dear. And I've been wanting to say it for some time, indeed it was awfully nice what you said about nothing you could do for me being a sacrifice."



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"'YOU ARE SO GOOD.'"

## MIDWINTER IN NEW YORK.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "Out of Mulberry Street," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE very earliest impression I received of America's metropolis was through a print in my child's picture-book that was entitled "Winter in New York." It showed a sleighing-party, or half a dozen such, muffled to the ears in furs, and racing with grim determination for some place or another that lay beyond the page, wrapped in the mystery which so tickles the childish fancy. For it was clear to me that it was not accident that they were all going the same way. There was evidently some prize away off there in the waste of snow that beckoned them on. The text gave me no clue to what it was. It only confirmed the impression, which was strengthened by the introduction of a half-naked savage who shivered most woefully in the foreground, that New York was somewhere within the arctic circle and a perfect paradise for a healthy boy, who takes to snow as naturally as a duck takes to water. I do not know how the discovery that they were probably making for Gabe Case's and his bottle of champagne, which always awaited the first sleigh on the road, would have struck me in those days. Most likely as a grievous disappointment; for my fancy, busy ever with Uncas and Chingachcook and Natty Bumppo, had certainly a buffalo hunt, or an ambush, or, at the very least, a big fire, ready at the end of the road. But such is life. Its most cherished hopes have to be surrendered one by one to the prosy facts of every-day existence. I recall distinctly how it cut me to the heart when I first walked up Broadway, with an immense navy-pistol strapped around my waist, to find it a paved street, actually paved, with no buffaloes in sight and not a red man or a beaver-hut.

However, life has its compensations also. At fifty I am as willing to surrender the arctic circle as I was hopeful of it at ten, with the price of coal in the chronic plight of my little boy when he has a troublesome hitch in his trousers: "Oh, dear me! my pants hang up and don't hang down." And Gabe

Case's is a most welcome exchange to me for the ambush, since I have left out the pistol and the rest of the armament. I listen to the stories of the oldest inhabitant, of the winters when "the snow lay to the second-story windows in the Bowery," with the fervent wish that they may never come back, and secretly gloat over his wail that the seasons have changed and are not what they were. The man who exuberantly proclaims that New York is getting to have the finest winter-resort climate in the world is my friend, and I do not care if I never see another snowball. Alas, yes! though Deerslayer and I are still on the old terms, I fear the evidence is that I am growing old.

In the midst of the rejoicing comes old Boreas, as last winter, for instance, and blows down my house of cards. Just when we thought ourselves safe in referring to the great blizzard as a monstrous, unheard-of thing, and were dwelling securely in the memory of how we gathered violets in the woods out in Queens and killed mosquitos in the house in Christmas week, comes grim winter and locks the rivers and buries us up to the neck in snow, before the Thanksgiving dinner is cold. Then the seasons when Gabe's much-coveted bottle stood unclaimed on the shelf in its bravery of fine ribbons till far into the New Year, and was won then literally by a scratch on a road hardly downy with white, seem like a tale that is told, and we realize that latitude does not unaided make temperature. It is only in exceptional winters, after all, that we class for a brief spell with Naples. Greenland and the polar stream are never long in asserting their claim and Santa Claus's to unchecked progress to our hearths.

And now, when one comes to think of it, who would say them nay for the sake of a ton of coal, or twenty? If one grows old, he is still young in his children. There is the smallest tot at this very moment sliding under my window with shrieks of delight, in

MIDNIGHT OF SUNDAY — THE SALOON OPENS.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY HENRY DAVIDSON.







REMOVING THE SNOW AT UNION SQUARE.

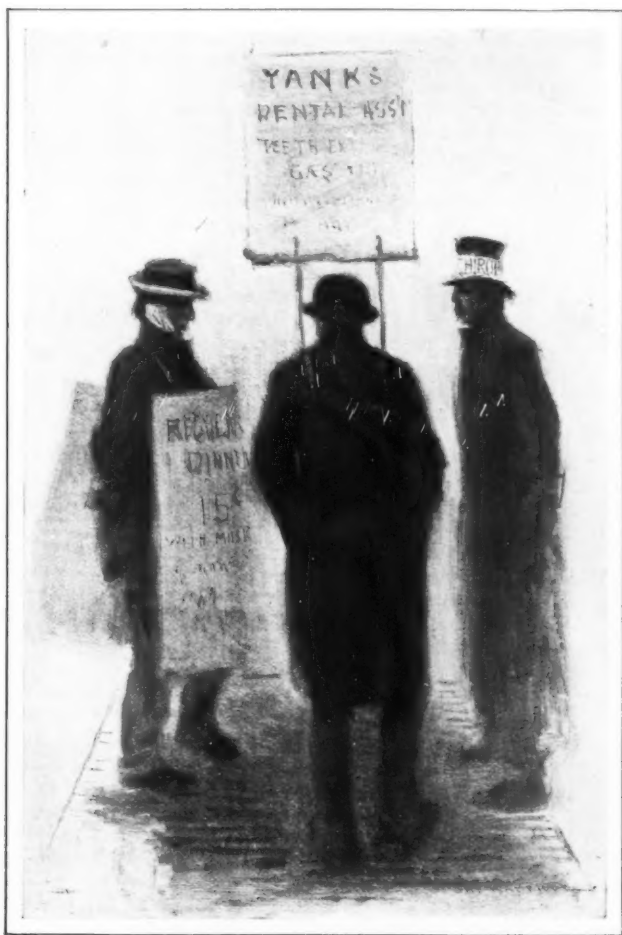
the first fall of the season, though the November election is barely a week gone, and snowballing the hired girl in quite the fashion of the good old days, with the grocer's clerk stamping his feet at the back gate and roaring out his enjoyment at her plight in a key only Jack Frost has in keeping. A hundred thousand pairs of boys' eyes are stealing anxious glances toward school windows to-day, lest the storm cease before they are let out, and scant attention is paid to the morning's lessons, I will warrant. Who would ex-

change the bob-sled and the slide and the hurricane delights of coasting for eternal summer and magnolias in January? Not I, for one—not yet. Human nature is, after all, more robust than it seems at the study fire. I never declared in the board of deacons why I stood up so stoutly for the minister we called that winter to our little church, — with deacons discretion is sometimes quite the best part of valor, — but I am not ashamed of it. It was the night when we were going home, and Neighbor Connery gave us a ride

on his new bob down that splendid hill,—the whole board, men and women,—that I judged him for what he really was—that resolute leg out behind that kept us on our course as straight as a die, rounding every log and reef with the skill of a river pilot, never flinching once. It was the leg that did it; but it was, as I thought, an index to the whole man.

Discomfort and suffering are usually the ideas associated with deep winter in a great city like New York, and there is a deal of it—discomfort to us all and suffering among the poor. The mere statement that the Street-Cleaning Department last winter carted away and dumped into the river 1,679,087 cubic yards of snow at thirty cents a yard, and was then hotly blamed for leaving

us in the slush, fairly measures the one and is enough to set the taxpayer to thinking. The suffering in the tenements of the poor is as real, but even their black cloud is not without its silver lining. It calls out among those who have much as tender a charity as is ever alive among those who have little or nothing and who know one another for brothers without needing the reminder of a severe cold snap or a big storm to tell them of it. More money was poured into the coffers of the charitable societies last February, I believe, than they could use for emergency relief; and the reckless advertising in sensational newspapers of the starvation that was said to be abroad called forth an emphatic protest from representatives of the social



THE GRATING OVER THE BOILER.

settlements and of the Charity Organization Society, who were in immediate touch with the poor. The old question whether a heavy fall of snow does not more than make up to the poor man the suffering it causes received a wide discussion at the time, but in the end was left open as always. The simple truth is that it brings its own relief to those who are always just on the verge. It sets them to work, and the charity visitor sees the effect in wages coming in, even if only for a brief season. The far greater loss which it causes, and which the visitor does not see, is to those who are regularly employed, and with whom she has therefore no concern, in suspending all other kinds of outdoor work than snow-shoveling.

Take it all together, and I do not believe even an unusual spell of winter carries in its trail in New York such hopeless martyrdom to the poor as in Old-World cities, London for instance. There is something in the clear skies and bracing air of our city that keeps the spirits up to the successful defiance of anything short of actual hunger. There abides with me from days and nights of poking about in dark London alleys an impression of black and sooty rooms, and discouraged, red-eyed women blowing ever upon smoldering fires, that is disheartening beyond anything I ever encountered in the dreariest tenements here. Outside, the streets lay buried in fog and slush that brought no relief to the feelings.

Misery enough I have seen in New York's tenements; but deep as the shadows are in the winter picture of it, it has no such darkness as that. The newsboys and the sandwich-men warming themselves upon the cellar gratings in Twenty-third street and elsewhere have oftener than not a ready joke to crack with the passer-by, or a little jig step to relieve their feelings and restore the circulation. The very tramp who hangs by his arms on the window-bars of the powerhouse at Houston street and Broadway indulges in safe repartee with the engineer down in the depths, and chuckles at being more than a match for him. Down there it is always July, rage the storm-king ever so boisterously up on the level. The windows on the Mercer-street corner of the building are always open—or else there are no windows. The spaces between the bars admit a man's arm very handily, and as a result there are always on cold nights as many hands pointing downward at the engineer and his boilers as there are openings in the iron fence. The tramps sleep, so suspended,

the night long, toasting themselves alternately on front and back.

The good humor under untoward circumstances that is one of the traits of our people never comes out so strongly as when winter blocks river and harbor with ice and causes no end of trouble and inconvenience to the vast army of workers which daily invades New York in the morning and departs again with the gathering twilight. The five-minute trip across sometimes takes hours then, and there is never any telling where one is likely to land, once the boat is in the stream. I have, on one occasion, spent nearly six hours on an East River ferry-boat, trying to cross to Fulton street in Brooklyn, during which time we circumnavigated Governor's Island and made an involuntary excursion down the bay. It was during the Beecher trial, and we had a number of the lawyers on both sides on board, so that the court had to adjourn that day while we tried the case among the ice-floes. But though the loss of time was very great, yet I saw no sign of annoyance among the passengers through all that trip. Everybody made the best of a bad bargain.

Many a time since have I stood jammed in a hungry and tired crowd on the Thirty-fourth-street ferry for an hour at a time, watching the vain efforts of the pilot to make a landing, while train after train went out with no passengers, and listened to the laughter and groans that heralded each failure. Then, when at last the boat touched the end of the slip and one man after another climbed upon the swaying piles and groped his perilous way toward the shore, the cheers that arose and followed them on their way, with everybody offering advice and encouragement, and accepting it in the same good-humored way!

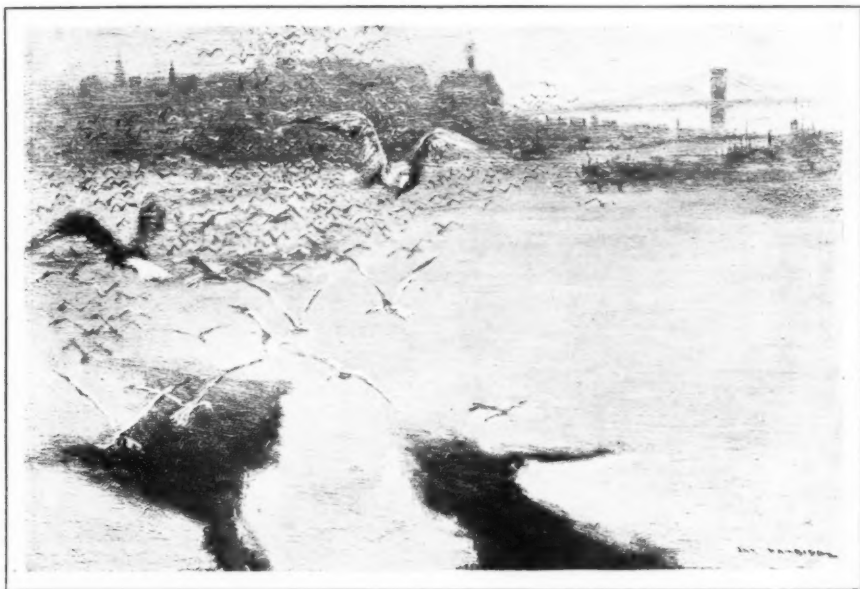
In the two big snow-storms of last winter, when traffic was for a season interrupted, and in the great blizzard of 1888, when it was completely suspended, even on the elevated road, and news reached us from Boston only by cable via London, it was laughing and snowballing crowds one encountered plodding through the drifts. It was as if real relief had come with the lifting of the strain of our modern life and the momentary relapse into the slow-going way of our fathers. Out in Queens, where we were snow-bound for days, we went about digging one another out and behaving like a lot of boys, once we had made sure that the office would have to mind itself for a season.

It is, however, not to the outlying bor-

oughs one has to go if he wishes to catch the real human spirit that is abroad in the city in a snow-storm, or to the avenues where the rich live, though the snow to them might well be a real luxury; or even to the rivers, attractive as they are in the wild grandeur of arctic festooning from mastheads and rigging; with incoming steamers, armored in shining white, picking their way as circumspectly among the floes as if they were navigating Baffin's Bay instead of the Hudson River; and with their swarms of swift seagulls, some of them spotless white, others as

the spirit of winter in New York. Not to "the road," where the traditional strife for the magnum of champagne is waged still; or to that other road farther east upon which the young—and the old, too, for that matter—take straw-rides to City Island, there to eat clam chowder, the like of which is not to be found, it is said, in or out of Manhattan. I should lead you, instead, down among the tenements, where, mayhap, you thought to find only misery and gloom, and bid you observe what goes on there.

All night the snow fell steadily and si-

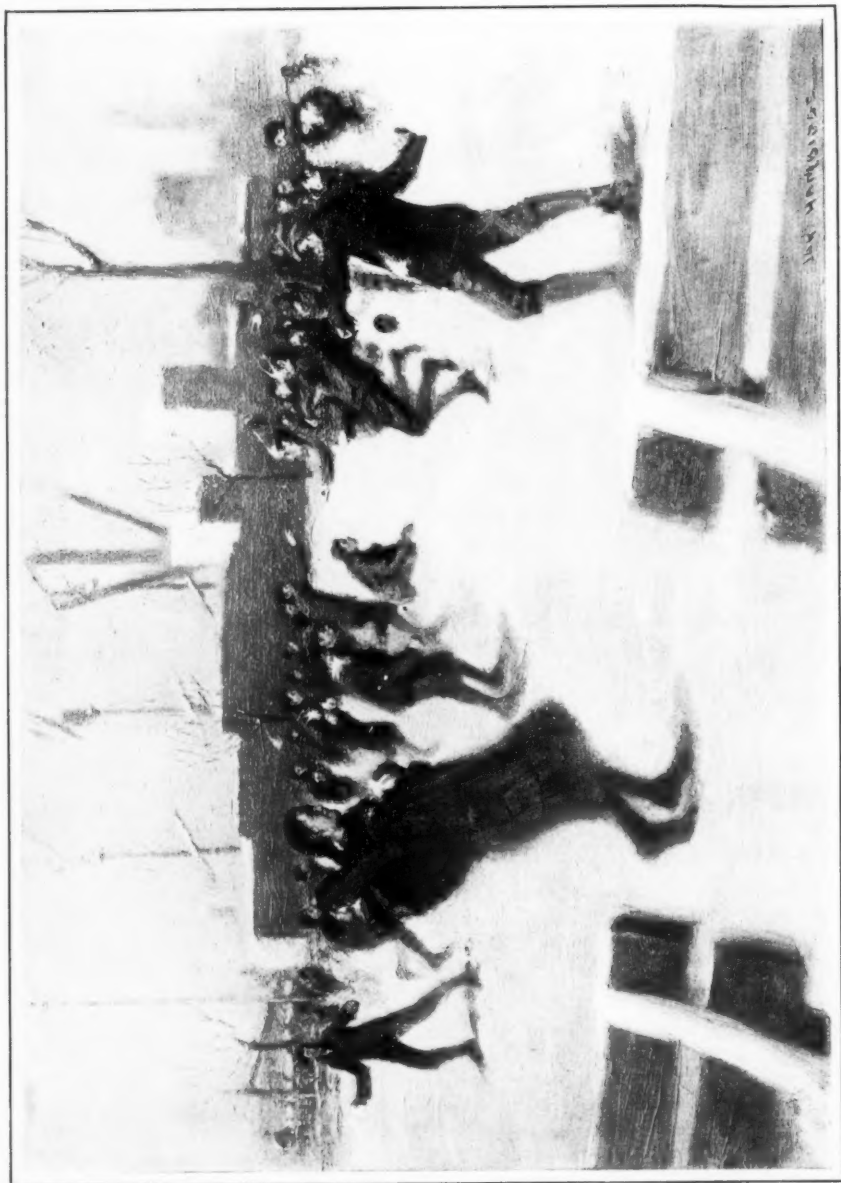


GULLS DOWN THE BAY.

rusty and dusty as the scavengers whom for the time being they replace ineffectually, all of them greedily intent upon wresting from the stream the food which they no longer find outside the Hook. I should like you well enough to linger with me on the river till the storm is over, and watch the marvelous sunsets that flood the western sky with colors of green and gold which no painter's brush ever matched; and when night has dropped the curtain, to see the lights flashing forth from the tall buildings in story after story until it is as if the fairyland of our childhood's dreams lay there upon the brooding waters within grasp of mortal hands.

Beautiful as these are, it is to none of them I should take you, nevertheless, to show you

lently, sifting into each nook and corner and searching out every dark spot, until when the day came it dawned upon a city mantled in spotless white, all the dirt and the squalor and the ugliness gone out of it, and all the harsh sounds of mean streets hushed. The storekeeper opened his door and shivered as he thought of the job of shoveling, with the policeman and his "notice" to hurry it up; shivered more as he heard the small boy on the stairs with the premonitory note of trouble in his exultant yell, and took a firmer grip on his broom. But his alarm was needless. The boy had other feuds on hand. His gang had been feeding fat an ancient grudge against the boys in the next block or the block beyond, waiting for the first storm to



SNOWBALLING ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE.



wipe it out in snow, and the day opened with a brisk skirmish between the opposing hosts. In the school the plans for the campaign were perfected, and when it was out they met in the White Garden, known to the directory as Tompkins Square, the traditional dueling-ground of the lower East Side; and there ensued such a battle as Homer would have loved to sing.

Full many a lad fell on the battlements that were thrown up in haste, only to rise again and fight until a "soaker," wrung out in the gutter and laid away to harden in the frost, caught him in the eye and sent him to the rear, a reeling, bawling invalid, but prouder of his hurt than any veteran of his scars, just as his gang carried the band-stand by storm and drove the Seventh-streeters from the Garden in ignominious flight. That night the gang celebrated the victory with a mighty bonfire, while the beaten one, viewing the celebration from afar, nursed its bruises and its wrath, and recruited its hosts for the morrow. And on the next night, behold, the bonfire burned in Seventh street and not in Eleventh. The fortunes of war are proverbially fickle. The band-stand in the Garden has been taken many a time since the police took it by storm in battle with the mob in the seventies, but no mob has succeeded that one to clamor for "bread or blood." It may be that the snow-fights have been a kind of safety-valve for the young blood to keep it from worse mischief later on. There are worse things in the world than to let the boys have a fling where no greater harm can befall than a bruised eye or a strained thumb.

In the corner where the fight did not rage, and in a hundred back yards, smaller bands of boys and girls were busy rolling huge balls into a mighty snow-man with a broom for a gun and bits of purloined coal for eyes and nose, and making mock assaults upon it and one another, just as the dainty little children in curls and leggings were doing in the up-town streets, but with ever so much more zest in their play. Their screams of delight rose to the many windows in the tenements, from which the mothers were exchanging views with next-door neighbors as to the probable duration of the "spell o' weather," and John's or Pat's chance of getting or losing a job in consequence. The snow-men stood there till long after all doubts were settled on these mooted points, falling slowly into helpless decrepitude in spite of occasional patching. But long before that time the frost succeeding the snow

had paved the way for coasting in the hilly streets, and discovered countless "slides" in those that were flat, to the huge delight of the small boy and the discomfiture of his unsuspecting elders. With all the sedateness of my fifty years I confess that I cannot to this day resist a "slide" in a tenement street, with its unending string of boys and girls going down it with mighty whoops. I am bound to join in, spectacles, umbrella, and all, at the risk of literally going down in a heap with the lot.

There is one over on First Avenue, on the way I usually take when I go home. It begins at a hydrant, which I suspect has had something to do in more than one way with its beginning, and runs down fully half a block. If some of my dignified associates on various committees of sobriety beyond reproach could see me "take it" not once, but two or three times, with a ragged urchin clinging to each of the skirts of my coat, I am afraid—I am afraid I might lose caste, to put it mildly. But the children enjoy it, and so do I, nearly as much as the little fellows in the next block enjoy their "skating on one" in the gutter, with little skids of wood twisted in the straps to hold the skate on tight.

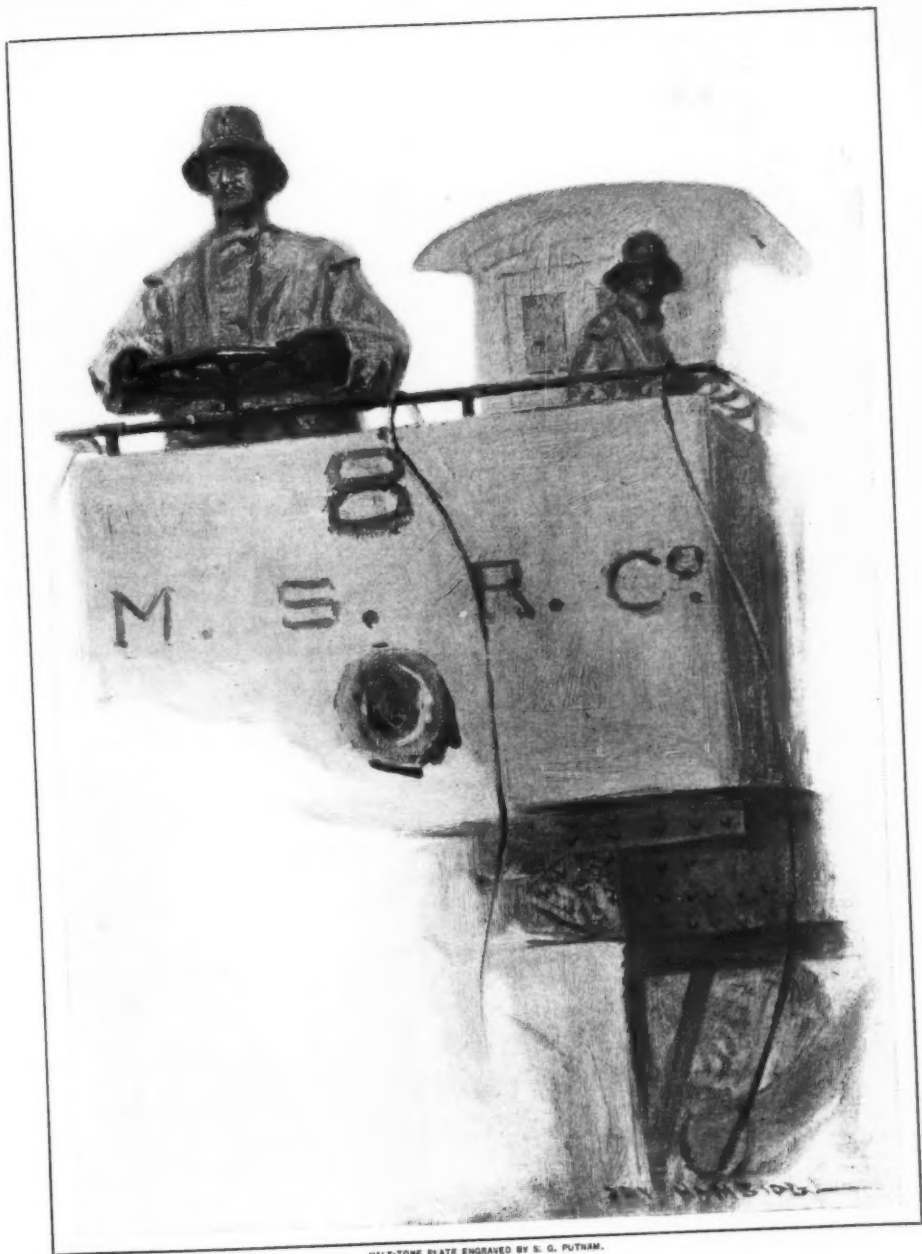
In sight of my slide I pass after a big storm between towering walls of snow in front of a public school which for years was the only one in the city that had an outdoor playground. It was wrested from the dead for the benefit of the living, by the condemnation of an old burying-ground, after years of effort. The school has ever since been one of the brightest, most successful in the city. The snowbanks exhibit the handiwork of the boys, all of them from the surrounding tenements. They are shaped into regular walls with parapets cunningly wrought and sometimes with no little artistic effect. Last winter the walls were much higher than a man's head, and the passageways between them so narrow that a curious accident happened, which came near being fatal. A closed wagon with a cargo of ginger-beer was caught between them and upset. The beer popped, and the driver's boy, who was inside and unable to get out, was rescued only with much trouble from the double peril of being smothered and drowned in the sudden flood.

But the coasting! Let any one who wishes to see real democratic New York at play take a trip on such a night through the up-town streets that dip east and west into the great arteries of traffic, and watch the sights there when young America is in its glory. Only where there is danger from railroad crossings



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

CLEARING THE TRACKS—THE OLD WAY.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE ELECTRIC SNOW-PLOW.

do the police interfere to stop the fun. In all other blocks they discreetly close an eye, or look the other way. New York is full of the most magnificent coasting-slides, and there is not one of them that is not worked overtime when the snow is on the ground. There are possibilities in the slopes of the "Acropolis" and the Cathedral Parkway as yet undeveloped to their full extent, but wherever the population crowds, it turns out without stint to enjoy the fun whenever and as soon as occasion offers.

There is one hill over on Avenue A, near by the East River Park, that is typical in more ways than one. To it come the children of the tenements with their bob-sleds and "belly-whoppers" made up of bits of board, sometimes without runners, and the girls from the fine houses facing the park and up along Eighty-sixth street, in their toboggan togs with caps and tassels, and chaperoned by their young fellows, just a little disposed to turn up their noses at the motley show. But they soon forget about that in the fun of the game. Down they go, rich and poor, boys and girls, men and women, with yells of delight as the snow seems to fly from under them and the twinkling lights far up the avenue come nearer and nearer with lightning speed. The slide is lined on both sides with a joyous throng of their elders, who laugh and applaud equally the poor sled and the flexible flier of prouder pedigree, urging on the returning horde that toils panting up the steep to take its place in the line once more. Till far into the young day does the avenue resound with the merriment of the people's winter carnival.

On the railroad streets the storekeeper is still battling "between calls" with the last of the day's fall, fervently wishing it may be the last of the season's, when whir! comes the big sweeper along the track, raising a whirlwind of snow and dirt that bespatters him and his newly cleaned flags with stray clods from its brooms, until, out of patience, and seized at last, in spite of himself, by the spirit of the thing, he drops broom and shovel and joins the children in pelting the sweeper in turn. The motorman ducks his head, humps his shoulders, and grins. The whirlwind sweeps on, followed by a shower of snowballs, and vanishes in the dim distance.

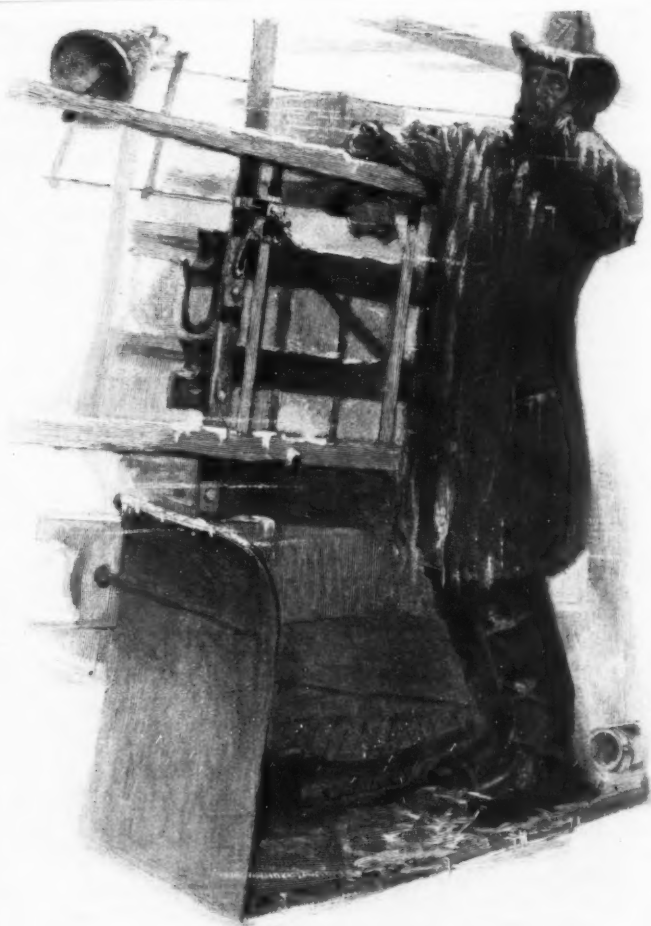
One of the most impressive sights of winter in New York has gone with so much else that was picturesque, in this age of results, and will never be seen in our streets again. The old horse-plow that used to come with

rattle and bang and clangor of bells, drawn by five spans of big horses, the pick of the stables, wrapped in a cloud of steam, and that never failed to draw a crowd where it went, is no more. The rush and the swing of the long line, the crack of the driver's mighty whip and his warning shouts to "Jack" or "Pete" to pull and keep step, the steady chop-chop thud of the sand-shaker, will be seen and heard no more. In the place of the horse-plow has come the electric sweeper, a less showy but a good deal more effective device.

The plow itself is gone. It has been retired by the railroads as useless in practice except to remove great masses of snow, which are not allowed to accumulate nowadays, if it can be helped. The share could be lowered only to within four or five inches of the ground, while the wheel-brooms of the sweeper "sweep between every stone," making a clean job of it. Lacking the life of the horse-plow, it is suggestive of concentrated force far beyond anything in the elaborate show of its predecessor.

The change suggests, not inaptly, the evolution of the old ship of the line under full canvas into the modern man-of-war, sailless and grim, and the conceit is strengthened by the warlike build of the electric sweeper. It is easy to imagine the iron flanges that sweep the snow from the track to be rammers for a combat at close quarters, and the canvas hangers that shield the brushes, torpedo-nets for defense against a hidden enemy. The motorman on the working end of the sweeper looks like nothing so much as the captain on the bridge of a man-of-war, and he conducts himself with the same imperturbable calm under the petty assaults of the guerrillas of the street.

From the moment a storm breaks till the last flake has fallen, the sweepers are run unceasingly over the tracks of the railroads, each in its own division, which it is its business to keep clear. The track is all the companies have to mind. There was a law, or a rule, or an understanding, nobody seems to know exactly which, that they were to sweep also between the tracks, and two feet on each side, in return for their franchises; but in effect this proved impracticable. It was never done. Under the late Colonel Waring the Street-Cleaning Department came to an understanding with the railroad companies under which they clear certain streets, not on their routes, that are computed to have a surface space equal to that which they would have had to clean had they



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

GOING TO AN EARLY MORNING FIRE.



lived up to the old rule. The department in its turn removes the accumulations piled up by their sweepers, unless a providential thaw gets ahead of it.

Removing the snow after a big storm from the streets of New York, or even from an appreciable number of them, is a task beside which the cleaning of the Augean stables was a mean and petty affair. In dealing with the dirt, Hercules's expedient has sometimes been attempted, with more or less success; but not even turning the East River into our streets would rid them of the snow. Though last winter the department employed at times as many as four thousand extra men and all the carts that were to be drummed up in the city, carting away, as I have said, the enormous total of more than a million and a half cubic yards of snow, every citizen knows, and testified loudly at the time, that it all hardly scratched the ground. The problem is one of the many great ones of modern city life which our age of invention must bequeath unsolved to the coming century.

In the Street-Cleaning Department's service the snow-plow holds yet its ancient place of usefulness. Eleven of them are kept for use in Manhattan and the Bronx alone. The service to which they are put is to clear at the shortest notice, not the traveled avenues where the railroad sweepers run, but the side streets that lead from these to the fire-engine and truck houses, to break a way for the apparatus for the emergency that is sure to come. Upon the paths so made the engines make straight for the railroad tracks when called out, and follow these to the fire.

A cold snap inevitably brings a "run" of fires in its train. Stoves are urged to do their utmost all day, and heaped full of coal to keep overnight. The fire finds at last the weak point in the flue, and mischief is abroad. Then it is that the firemen are put upon their mettle, and then it is, too, that they show of what stuff they are made. In none of the three big blizzards within the memory of us all did any fire "get away" from them. During the storm of 1888, when the streets were nearly impassable for three whole days, they were called out to fight forty-five fires, any one of which might have threatened the city had it been allowed to get beyond control; but they smothered them all within the walls where they started. It was the same last winter. In the November blizzard the men of Truck 7 got only four hours' sleep in four days. When they were not putting out fires they were compelled to turn in and shovel snow to help the para-

lyzed Street-Cleaning Department clear the way for their trucks. Their plight was virtually that of all the rest.

What Colonel Roosevelt said of his Rough Riders after the fight in the trenches before Santiago, that it is the test of men's nerve to have them roused up at three o'clock in the morning, hungry and cold, to fight an enemy attacking in the dark, and then have them all run the same way,—forward,—is true of the firemen as well, and, like the Rough Riders, they never failed when the test came. The firemen going to the front at the tap of the bell, no less surely to grapple with lurking death than the men who faced Mauser bullets, but with none of the incidents of glorious war, the flag, the hurrah, and all the things that fire a soldier's heart, to urge them on,—clinging half naked with numb fingers to the ladders as best they can while trying to put on their stiff and frozen garments,—is one of the sights that make one proud of being a man. To see them in action, dripping icicles from helmet and coat, high upon the ladder, perhaps, incased in solid ice and frozen to the rungs, yet holding the stream as steady to its work as if the spray from the nozzle did not fall upon them in showers of stinging hail, is very apt to make a man devoutly thankful that it is not his lot to fight fires in winter. It is only a couple of winters since, at the burning of a South-street warehouse, two pipemen had to be chopped from their ladder with axes, so thick was the armor of ice that had formed about and upon them while they worked.

The terrible beauty of such a sight is very vivid in my memory. It was on the morning when Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney went down with half a dozen of their men in the collapse of the roof in a burning factory. The men of the rank and file hewed their way through to the open with their axes. The chief and the foreman were caught under the big water-tank, the wooden supports of which had been burned away, and were killed. They were still lying under the wreck when I came. The fire was out. The water running over the edge of the tank had frozen into huge icicles that hung like a great white shroud over the bier of the two dead heroes. It was a gas-fixture factory, and the hundreds of pipes, twisted into all manner of fantastic shapes of glittering ice, lent a most weird effect to the sorrowful scene. I can still see Chief Gicquel, all smoke-begrimed, and with the tears streaming down his big, manly face, —poor Gicquel! he went to join his brothers

in so many a hard fight only the other day, —pointing back toward the wreck with the choking words, "They are in there!" They had fought their last fight and won, as they ever did, even if they did give their lives for the victory. Greater end no fireman could crave.

Winter in New York has its hardships and toil, and it has its joys as well among rich and poor. Grim and relentless, it is beautiful at all times until man puts his befouling hand upon the landscape it paints in street and alley, where poetry is never at home in summer. The great city lying silent under its soft white blanket at night, with its myr-

iad of lights twinkling and rivaling the stars, is beautiful beyond compare. Go watch the moonlight on forest and lake in the park, when the last straggler has gone and the tramp of the lonely policeman's horse has died away under the hill; listen to the whisper of the trees, all shining with the dew of Boreas's breath, of the dreams they dream in their long sleep, of the dawn that is coming, the warm sunlight of spring, and say that life is not worth living in America's metropolis, even in winter, whatever the price of coal, and I shall tell you that you are fit for nothing but treason, stratagem, and spoils; for you have no music in your soul.



## ELIZA HEPBURN'S DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY B. FULLER,

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.



HOUSE up and down the whole length of the street showed more gentility without than that of Miss Eliza Hepburn, or yielded a more depressing dismalness within. The gentility was perfectly obvious to the most careless passer-by, and was thrown into yet higher relief by the pressing advances of the many boarding-houses that had driven most of the old-time residents from the neighborhood. The dismalness was more largely a matter of conjecture and of intuition, for the tight-shut blinds were in the highest degree non-communicative, and those who penetrated to the secluded interior of the house and brought back reports on the precise degree of deadness that prevailed there were few indeed.

The old lady was supposed to be without

a relative in the world. She lived alone with another woman of her own age, who served at once as housekeeper and companion, and nobody called with any frequency or regularity save the young man who, for the last four or five years, had had charge of the Hepburn properties. So Eliza Hepburn lived alone, by herself and for herself, and moldered among her mildewed millions. These millions pervaded the street, and Miss Hepburn's name, when mentioned at any one of the boarding-house tables, passed readily as a vague but easily accessible symbol of limitless wealth.

Very few of her old neighbors and acquaintances still remembered her, and few of those who did so ever troubled themselves to wonder, at this late day, whatever could have induced Eliza to enter upon so retired a way of living. It was known that she had developed, early in life, tendencies toward the remote and the fantastic, that she had



ADAGIO.

spent abroad a youth that might more profitably have been spent at home. The more painstaking among her former associates recalled that she had passed her girlhood at Florence, and one old body, who was herself still engaged in living heartily, even ravenously, declared that Eliza had stopped living as far back as 1855.

Another friend, who remembered Eliza as a beautiful though somewhat haughty girl, wondered why there had never been a *man*. Others assured her that there had been a man, according to the general impression, and the languid conclusion finally reached was this: that Eliza in her youth must have possessed a rich and vivid imagination; that no man could have hoped to move her without having moved her imagination first; that this imagination of hers required, for its manœuverings, room, distance, atmosphere, perspective; and that she had found her suitor—her suitors, perhaps—too contemporaneous and too near at hand.

There was a dim tradition of Eliza's pilgrimage to Pisa. She had spent a winter in Florence, deep in the verses of Byron and Shelley, and when spring came it called her down the valley of the Arno to the dead old town where her poets had lived and written. With Eliza—even with Eliza in Florence—romance was always about so many miles away and about so many years behind. Her poets had been dead a quarter of a century. Their shrine could be reached by a long day in the diligence. This was far enough in point of distance, but not too far, and remote enough in point of time, but not too remote. The finger of romance beckoned Eliza Hepburn to Pisa, and to Pisa she went gladly, eagerly. She carried her imagination with her as well as her trunk, and spent the happiest week of her life in mooning up and down the Pisan Lungarno, and in shedding a roseate atmosphere over the silent and empty streets that had witnessed the intimate daily comings and goings of her favorite bards.

But forty years lay between that day and this. Her early romances were now as worn as her massive old wardrobes, and as dusty as her tinkling old chandeliers, and there was no particular consolation in the general situation save this, that she was able to get for herself anything that money could buy. But she did not always know what it was she wanted, nor did she understand just what steps to take to get it, and the days were frequent enough when she felt deserted and ineffective and forlorn. Here was the

end, then; the eager studies, the passionate enthusiasms of her earlier years had led to nothing more than this. These were the days when she sank weakly back upon her shabby old sofa, and spread her thin palms across her temples, and told herself once again that she had put a great deal into life and had got very little out of it.

She seldom left the house, and that usually to go to concerts and to exhibitions of pictures. At concerts she would wait cheerfully through the heavy German quartets and sonatas that sometimes held off for so long the delivery of a good old-fashioned Italian aria, and at exhibitions she would creep along each wall, intent as ever upon Roman peasants and scenes from the Venetian lagoons. She had a Sassoferrato Madonna that was down in her will to go to the museum; and she had one particular organ-grinder who knew that when he had once halted his instrument upon the billowy brick pavement, under a certain spindling elm, it was merely a matter of time when a given pair of shutters should be opened on a crack, and a piece of silver deposited upon the sill. The man was a newcomer, and had brought over his instrument with him. It played pieces all alien to us and to our day—things from "Nabucco" and "Belisario" and other operas that seem never to have crossed the ocean in their entirety; and long after the operator had withdrawn from the sated neighborhood, one lonely old woman, busy in a belated and futile fashion over her dictionaries and readers,—it was still Eliza Hepburn's balked ambition, at sixty, to speak Italian,—would hum softly and tremulously at intervals,

Life hath no power to move me to sadness  
While fondly held to thy bosom in gladness,

and then drop her text-books to relapse into memories of other days.

This continued state of quiescence and of retirement was perfectly satisfactory to Agatha Mills, who went on airing the linen-closets, interviewing the grocer, and regarding herself as the chief, if not the only, person to have a place in old Eliza's will. As for young Dart, he gave this worthy attendant no cause for solicitude. He went on looking after the affairs of the estate with faithfulness and efficiency; but he was so serious and heavy that his attendance never produced a scintilla of brightness or of diversion, and this particular variety of devotion, however unimpeachable, however long-enduring, never meets any such ac-



knowledge from a woman as to push gratitude beyond the bounds of discretion. No; John Dart would be rewarded on a strictly businesslike basis, and old Eliza's lifelong friend and confidante would reap her full reward at last.

## II.

ONE day, after an unbroken fortnight of her customary coma, Eliza Hepburn experienced a sensation—nay, two. The first of these came to her at one of her annual exhibitions.

The hall was almost empty of visitors. A dozen people loitered about, looking at cows, portraits, French peasants; and a pair of earnest truth-seekers were conscientiously pursuing a haystack that occupied seventeen broad gilt frames, one after another, and displayed itself under seventeen different atmospheric conditions at seventeen different times of day.

Eliza Hepburn, grazing along the wall with her tall, slender figure bent forward, and her fine black brows intent upon possible contadini and gondolas, suddenly realized her intrusion into the hay-field. With a toss of the head she dismissed the twelve stacks that still loomed before her, and passed her practised eye rapidly along to what lay just beyond them. It was here that she received her first sensation, one that instantly brought out of her a gasp and a start.

The canvas was only a small affair, little more than a foot either way; it made apparently no address, no appeal to others; no one else seemed to share her interest in it. But it touched Eliza to the quick; it set her trembling for pure joy, and brought an instant tear to each of her black eyes.

For she found herself face to face with a daring little fantasia upon the one theme that could still move and thrill and satisfy her—the everlasting and inexhaustible theme of Italy. Some ardent and audacious young man, combining the fortunate moment and the felicitous hand, had summoned up all of his airy boldness, and had fixed upon one mere shred of cloth his epitome of the whole fair Italian land—not the land that is, but the land that is not, and yet must and shall be; the Italy that we need and demand, and will not be denied. It was no mere literal Italy, of any actual time, of any set scene; it was Italy in its spirit, in its *fine fleur*, in its essence essenced yet again. It was not the Italy of to-day, or of yesterday, or of the days of old; it was the Italy of all three. It was not the Italy of moun-

tain, or of sea, or of plain, but again of all three. Cloud and wave, and temple column and olive grove, and bell-tower and sunlit sail, all joined in one suave and alluring chorus, "If you are of the kingdom, enter." Eliza Hepburn heard their song, and knew herself of the kingdom, and entered forth-with proudly.

"Where have they brought me?" she asked herself in a tremulous undertone. Her moist eyes tried to fix themselves upon the canvas, her wavering hand stretched out caressingly toward the very frame that inclosed it. "Is it Garda? Is it the Gulf of Spezia? Is it the coast of Calabria?" Yet she knew it was none of these, but all of them, and more. She saw that this tiny landscape symbolized the whole peninsula, just as crown and scepter symbolize the power that governs it. She felt a key extended toward her,—a key to unlock the realm of fancy, of memory, of joy,—and she took a firm hold upon it and passed on into her own.

A mountainous sea-coast, at sunset, with a fishing-village and its port—this, in substance, was all that the picture offered to the strolling visitor. And such, in truth, was its bare theme; but treatment, development, counterpoint, if one may say so, were such as to send the air resounding with infinite reverberations through the depths of old Eliza's nature.

She felt on her cheek the light breeze that turned the stilling waves all scintillant before the enkindled western sky, and stirred the branches of the cleft and somber cypresses that drew their solemn line up the hillside to the gateway of the old Palladian villa. She heard the Ave Maria ring out from the shafted loggia of the ancient Lombard bell-tower, and caught the click of sliding tackle as the red sail dropped from the mast of the last sloop arrived in port. She scented the odor of lemon-trees that stood in yellowed rows under the long-drawn shield of pillared pergolas, and felt beneath her feet the crunching of myrtle in dusky and long-forgotten gardens. But before all, beyond all, above all, the sky and its clouds charmed her, enchanted her, overpowered her. They half filled the heavens, they swathed the blue mountain-peaks, they canopied the sea—great masses of delicate, softly rounded cumuli, glowing with ethereal pink in the last moments of the sunset. Their luminous vapors flooded, tinged, transfigured everything: sea, earth, and sky, man, nature, man's monuments in nature, all



appeared a roseate phantasmagoria under their light—such a light as never is, indeed, and yet justly should be—oh, sometime, somewhere.

Tremors of joy and of longing, too strong to stand against, ran through poor Eliza's body; she cast about weakly for the support of some sympathizing bench. She felt her old limbs giving way; the address of "No. 144" had been too acute, too pungent, too penetrating. She disposed her dark skirts, like so many dusky petals, over a shimmering oak settle just behind her, and closed her eyes, and placed a hand upon her breast, and felt herself blissfully dying—the rose, the very rose itself—in aromatic pain.

A few moments passed before she ventured to reopen her eyes. The picture was still there, and shining more than ever. It shone, and glittered, and glimmered, and swam, and wavered, and disappeared, and Eliza, with a conclusive sob, pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped the tears away. Then she took one more long look at the picture, and rose and walked out into the corridor, and approached the desk of the young woman who sold catalogues and answered inquiries.

"Caroline," she said, "give me one of those yellow tickets."

The young woman opened a drawer and handed out a card on which were the letters SOLD.

"When can I take it away?" asked Eliza.

"The exhibition will be over in a week," replied the attendant.

Eliza marched back to the painting with her ticket and thrust it into a corner of the frame. Then she sat down on the bench and looked again at the one picture in the world, and presently her head drooped into the hollow of her hand, and Italy had once more claimed her and her thought as its own.

After a little the scanty attendance of a lowering day was increased by one. A prepossessing young fellow of twenty-four or twenty-five looked in at the doorway, and his glance, too, was drawn toward the one picture in the world. He saw the placard it bore, and a general illumination began forthwith. The sulking sun burst through the skylight, and the whole universe was flooded with the same glow that glorified that bit of Italian sea-coast.

Then a slight frown displaced the smile of surprise and delight upon the young fellow's face. There indeed shone his picture, plainly marked with the approval of some connoisseur; yet who gave it the slightest

heed, who was even within ten yards of it? Nobody but a dismal old soul moping on the bench just in front of it, who could not appreciate it to the extent of merely lifting her head to look upon it!

### III.

ELIZA'S second sensation came to her that same evening, within her own house, or, I should perhaps say, within her own garden; for behind the house she cultivated a few beds of flowers and one or two clumps of shrubbery,—all that the narrow town lot would allow,—and she was accustomed to spend the twilight hour contemplating this little plantation from the height of her back porch, a structure half inclosed by ornate iron grilles, whose stubborn tendency to rustiness was corrected by a pendulous growth of wistaria, reminiscent of Como. The early moon, at its full, threw the shadow of the syringas across the bed of mignonette, and the hubbub of the city sounded merely as a confused rumble in the far distance.

All at once a chord was struck on a piano; the sound seemed to come through the open window of one of the boarding-houses close by. Another chord followed, then others still—in progressions usual, then unusual, then freakish, then altogether unauthorized and impossible. Then a few chromatic runs were reeled off, and then a few arpeggios; then the performer, having tried the instrument, as it seemed, and found it good, made an orderly advance into a sedate but cheerful little movement by Haydn or Mozart, repeating the more grateful phrases, and even throwing them into other keys.

Agatha Mills, seated beside Eliza Hepburn beneath the canopy of rust and of bloom, made a quick gesture of impatience.

"There's that same old piano starting up again!" she protested.

"It is n't the same old piano," returned Eliza; "it's a new one."

The invisible performer suddenly abandoned Haydn in the midst of a bar and entered the field of the *Volkstied*. Two or three familiar bits of melody came up for treatment, a treatment markedly plaintive and sentimental, and when the emotional charge seemed incomplete on the first playing of an air, there would be a second playing of it. Then the performer left the Germans altogether and went over to the Italians. The abruptness of the transition was softened by a pause on Bellini; the instrument gave out two or three airs from "Norma,"

and did not allow their pathos and cloying sweetness to be impaired. Eliza breathed a little sigh of content, for the player was just entering her own favorite field. Eliza looked up at the moon, too, and thanked that beneficent orb for so well-timed a presence. What, indeed, were *Casta Diva* without it?

Agatha Mills twitched in her rocking-chair.

"That young woman might leave us at least one evening of peace," she grumbled.

"It is n't a woman," rejoined Eliza; "it's a man."

The musician now left the realm of sentiment for that of melodrama. He began to revel among the crass and coarse-grained sins of the young Verdi. He threw himself into a finale from "*Ernani*," which he executed with great *brio*, casting in abundant runs and modulations of his own, and ending with a bit of free fantasia, that might have been taken either as an offhand characterization of the composer's style, or as a frank burlesque upon it. But it was taken seriously enough by Eliza. To her it was the music of very romance, and so fittest of all music to harmonize with the hour and the place and the emotions of her day.

The piano suddenly ceased.

"Well," observed Agatha Mills, "I hope the old fellow has finally played himself out."

"It is n't an old fellow," retorted Eliza; "it's a young one."

After a moment the young fellow—for Eliza was perfectly correct in her surmise of the player's age and sex—resumed his labors.

"Dear me!" began Miss Mills, protestingly.

"Agatha," said Eliza, "keep still!"

The abrupt Alpine grandeur of this remark was as astounding to Eliza's companion as would have been the intrusion of Mont Blanc, in all its chilling majesty, into their placid garden. During the thirty years of their association Eliza Hepburn had never used that tone till now. Agatha was as one struck dumb.

Eliza was the soul of kindness, but she felt herself justified, for the first notes of the resumed attack put matters upon an entirely new footing. Eliza was now listening, not to a mere piano, but to a full orchestra, and the orchestra, after the naive old fashion of 1835, had transformed itself into a vast guitar, and its very first phrase, a "plunky-plunky, plunk, plunk" of unmistakable import, heralded an operatic situation than which none could be more moving or

more endeared. Eliza had emerged from the swaying shadows of her rusty back porch, and had moved up once more to the front of her box at the Pagliano in Florence, and *Lucy Ashton* had just signed the marriage contract, and the principals were sorting themselves out from the chorus and lining up along the footlights, and everybody on the boards and off joined in the moment of hushed expectancy that always precedes the bursting of the most harmonic of all stage storms. "I will enjoy this in quiet!" muttered Eliza, as her fingers gripped the arms of her chair; and then, upon the very beat, she began with the violins, the clarinets, and the black-cloaked tenor. "*Chi mi frena in tal momento?*" she hummed softly; she knew the opening words of scores of the old operatic airs.

But with the termination of the first movement the player, yielding to peculiar temptations held out by key and rhythm, effected a sudden change of scene: he left the throng of Scottish wedding-guests with their acute problem on their hands, and airily moved off to Mantua, to pause at the lonely inn where the jester's daughter meets her fate. "*Bella figlia dell'amore*," blithely began the duke, to the puzzlement of Eliza, who felt the irregularity without being able to detect it. The duke finished with a little flourish and grace-note, and the rippling phrases of the fluent *Maddalena* were now clearly due; but the player seemed suddenly to recall the dilemma of the house of Ashton, and returned to the Highlands forthwith, to voice in phrases of vigorous sweep and dignity the protests of the baritone brother. Eliza was at home once more, and the light cloud of uncertainty was dispelled. But alas! the situation of *Rigoletto* and his child claimed the attention of the young man once again, and presently poor *Gilda* was gasping out her woes in dotted eighths and sixteenths far above the top line of the staff. Then, as a crowning effect, the cynical young fellow summoned all his hardihood and nerve to clench his demonstration of the fact that it was as easy to juggle with the old masters in pairs as apart; he took the closing phrases of both pieces, and wove them into a finale of the utmost vigor, humor, pomp, passion, irony, and grandiloquence. The piano itself, new to his touch, was astonished, the neighborhood rang, and a frank young voice near by, at the player's elbow perhaps, broke out into laughing applause.

Eliza was delighted. The irony of the thing passed her by; the vigor she accepted

for earnestness, and the passion she refined to sentiment. Ah, Florence, Florence! where she had so often heard these same airs bawled melodiously by shabby youths who strolled along the Lungarno Acciajoli under the sweet Tuscan stars. Nor were they the less lovely here to-night. The moon beamed down, the syringas rustled in the breeze, that lovely picture would hang upon her wall within a week—ah, it was almost too much for one day!

"Well, he can play, anyhow," conceded Agatha Mills when all was over.

"I bought one of his pictures to-day," said Eliza, out of a full heart.

"Why, Eliza!" exclaimed the other, with a shade of surprise, even of reproach, in her voice, "I should n't quite have expected *that*!"

"Why not, pray?"

"I supposed it was only—only girls who bought photographs of these public entertainers. He is giving concerts here, then, is he?"

"I did n't say 'photograph,'" retorted Eliza, sharply; "I said 'picture.' I might have said 'painting,' perhaps."

"Then he's not a—"

"Not a pianist; he's a painter. I bought one of his things at the Academy to-day."

"How much did you give for it?"

"I don't know; I never thought about the price."

"Tut, tut!" Then, "What is his name?"

"Chester; that is the way it was signed."

"Is it a good one?"

"It's the loveliest thing you ever—"

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"All this would be too much for one man to do, and do so well."

"The picture, Agatha, is as beautiful as the music. You don't understand," pursued Eliza, with a serious emphasis that seemed the only thing to interfere with a threatened lapse into reverie, "how two such talents may unite in the same person. I do."

"You are mistaken about him," insisted Agatha. She eyed her companion curiously.

"Not at all," rejoined Eliza. "Or, if I am, we can soon find it out. I shall send in and invite him to call. I'll write the note the first thing to-morrow morning, and you can have Oliver leave it at the door."

"But, Eliza—"

"Sh! I'm going to do exactly as I please. I'm old enough. This house needs young people. So do I. Come, let us step inside. Have the lamp lit in the library. I'm going to write to-night."

## IV.

"YES," said Eliza to herself, as she extended her hand to put out the gas, preparatory to getting into bed, "he shall come to see us, and shall turn his own picture into his own music. No two men—to-day—could have the feeling for Italy that he has, and I am sure that he can improvise as freely in the one field as he can invent in the other."

Eliza rose next morning in the same mood and with the same opinion, and kept both till nearly lunch-time, when Agatha Mills came in to alter them.

"Oliver has brought back your note. There is no one of the name of Chester in the house. They told him, though, that a young man of that name had called once or twice lately to inquire after one of their lodgers."

"What was the lodger's name?"

"Why, how do we know?"

"Find out."

In the course of the day Agatha did so.

"His name is Flagg," she reported.

"Is he a musician?"

"Yes."

"Is he my musician?"

"Probably."

"Very well; I shall send in a note for *him*."

The next evening Clement Flagg, thus imperiously and unceremoniously summoned, appeared in Eliza Hepburn's drawing-room. The whole boarding-house knew about it. The whole boarding-house table talked about it. The new and unknown occupant of the second-floor back bedroom became at once a person of consequence.

Eliza looked him over rather shyly as he stood under the flickering candles set in one of her old brass sconces, and wondered whether she would be able to accept half the loaf for the whole. He was a young man of twenty-seven, and seemed gentlemanly enough, good-looking enough, and self-possessed enough. "However," said Eliza to herself, "he seems—slight; I hope he won't turn out to be frivolous and skittish. I doubt if he has ever had any real experiences, if he has ever really got beneath the surface. And I wonder if he has quite found himself yet."

But she brushed all these cursory characterizations aside, and presented the young man to Agatha Mills, and told him frankly why she had asked him to come. Eliza let herself out; she said what she meant and what she felt. No one could do less than meet her open-mindedness half-way, and the young

man, accommodating himself readily enough to her enthusiasm, bowed and smiled, and presently found himself in place on the piano-stool.

He began discreetly with Henselt and Grieg and a little dab of Gluck. He knew it was no place, no time, for a *Concertstück*, but he gave her some of the choicest bits out of his repertory, and played them with complete care. When the last of them was over he paused and turned round.

"Thank you," said Eliza, coldly.

The Northern schools, then, would not do. He changed to Scarlatti and Paisiello.

"Thank you," said Eliza, less coldly.

The old Neapolitan school was not quite the thing. He burst into Rossini's "Inflammatus."

"Thank you so much!" cried Eliza, warmly.

The young fellow tossed his fluffy locks and laughed.

Eliza crossed the room and took a little lyre-backed chair close by the instrument.

"Why is your name Flagg instead of Chester?" she asked abruptly.

He laughed again.

"I don't know. It happened that way. Perhaps because I flutter. The name of Chester belongs to somebody else—to my closest friend. We share the two names between us; that is the best I can do for you."

"Is your friend a painter?"

"Very much so."

"There, Agatha!" cried Eliza, toward Miss Mills, half invisible in her dusky corner. Then: "Does he live here? Is he in town now? Will you bring him here with you?"

"He lives over in the next street."

"I have just bought one of his pictures."

"The one?"

"Yes," replied Eliza, confidently, "the one."

"Good; that will please him."

"How old is he?"

"A few years younger than I."

"Where did you meet him?"

"In Venice."

"Have you ever been to Florence?"

"No; I have never been south of the Apennines. I studied at Stuttgart, and sometimes spent my vacations at Milan and Como, so I saw several of the towns of the north—Venice, Verona, and so on. I knew some fellows who were studying at the Milan Conservatory. They were full of opera and nothing else. They almost filled me!"

He sat sidewise on his seat, one leg

thrown over the other, and his hands, as he spoke, carelessly wound vague bits of old-fashioned melody through a maze of modulations.

"I like what you are playing," said Eliza; "what is it?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. A 'Ricordo di Milano,' you might call it."

"Play it again."

"Again? Impossible. A thing past is past; I never try to fish it back."

"You were improvising, then?"

"Yes."

"I felt sure you could. It seems so easy for you, too."

"As easy as breathing."

"Go on with it. I prefer that to anything else."

"Give me a theme."

"Tell me about Venice. I was never there but once, and only for a week. It rained the whole time."

He smiled quizzically. "You wish a barcarole?"

"No; decidedly not!" retorted Eliza, indignantly.

"A fête with lanterns?"

"Not at all; you can do better than that," declared Eliza, with some severity.

Flagg bowed, but no longer smiled; he felt himself put upon his mettle.

"Give me the Venice I used to feel so keenly and to think about so often. Make it a suite—like this: Part One—'The Beginnings.' Give me the humble settlement made by those who fled from Attila to the lagoons and founded this wonderful city-state. Think how weak, how obscure—"

"Ah, it is easy enough to make music weak and obscure!"

Eliza gave a tight smile and tossed her head. "Part Two—'Venice in her Heyday;' or, 'The Pride of Life.' How would that title strike you?"

"It's fine!"

"When you play that part you are to think of Veronese and Lepanto and the Bucintoro, and all those fêtes and magnificences, and—"

"It goes like this, I suppose?"

The young man chose a remote key and burst into a pompous and magniloquent march. It was full of a stately arrogance; it seemed to portray not only the pride of life, as Veronese knew it, but the lust of the eye, as made manifest by Titian, and it gave hints not only of the world,—the great world of pomp and pleasure and show,—but of the flesh and of the devil, too.



"And what is Part Three?" he asked, stopping abruptly in the middle of a measure.

"The Decadence," replied Eliza.

He fingered his mustache thoughtfully. He made a little survey of old Eliza and of old Eliza's dusky drawing-room—the ancient cornice shrinking away into the dim recesses of the ceiling; the somber and faded portraits that looked out so dully from the tarnished ovals of their frames; the dingy chandelier, whose broken prisms gave out now and then a feeble tinkle; the furnishings, so old, so worn, so out of date. "I believe I will play the third movement first," he said.

"Think of Tiepolo and of the Ridotto," counseled Eliza.

"Tiepolo shall fresco your ceiling; but as for the Ridotto, let us not look to be too gay."

He began with a few pensive and plaintive phrases, full of light hints of delusive splendor, of fictitious gaiety, of airy abandon half checked in the middle of its course, and threw over the whole a languishing rococo charm, an air of dreamy fatigue. Eliza dropped her chin into her elbow, and Agatha Mills, in her shaded corner, resolutely set her face against any impending address to her feelings.

Presently the note became more poignant; each tone seemed a winged dart of personal appeal. Plaintiveness turned to wistfulness. An opulent nature had spent itself in vain; want followed upon waste, and dust upon decay. Two clever hands threw down all bars that set off the field of the ineffective, the disappointed, the superseded, and invited any who would to set foot within that populous void. The note deepened. The burden became that of lost youth, lost hopes, lost ideals. The player, allowing his hands to shift for themselves, had fixed a close scrutiny upon Eliza. She, with her eyes on the floor, and oblivious of all save the music, hardly realized herself a-tremble; but Agatha Mills, with a keen regard fastened on Flagg, felt a rising indignation at what seemed to her the complacent cruelty of youth.

"He is playing upon her feelings," she muttered, "and is enjoying doing so. I won't have it."

Eliza was filled by this music; it was speaking to her and for her as she herself never could have spoken, and she was upon the point of passing from trembling to tears. Flagg played on; it all grew more poignant, more personal, more pathetic, with every measure; he was delighted, in his youthful egotism, to have found so impressionable, so

responsive a subject, and smiled at the thought of all those reservoirs of sweet and exquisite torture at his command, yet still unopened.

A lingering minor cadence came, eloquent of hopelessness and of regret. Eliza's bosom rose and fell, and Agatha Mills's loyal elbow brushed a book from the table beside which she sat. The book struck the floor with a smart slap, the music suddenly ceased with an impatient gesture from the performer, and Eliza's respiration presently became normal again.

She thanked her new protégé with a little pant or two, and when he rose to go she asked him, with complete tranquillity, to return soon, and to bring his friend.

"Tell him I shall have his picture on my walls within a few days. He shall say where it is to hang. And let him bring any sketches that he may happen to have by him."

"Ah," thought Flagg, as he went down Eliza's front steps, "why bring in Austin and his pictures—at least so promptly? I and my art should suffice for the entertainment of any reasonable woman. How much does she want anyway?"

#### V.

"DEAR me, yes," said Flagg, in answer to Chester's inquiry; "she is as original and independent as you please. She seems to know what she wants, and does n't hesitate to ask for it."

The two were just mounting Eliza's steps, and Chester viewed with some apprehension the hand that his companion extended toward the door-bell.

"I hope she does n't presume on her money?"

"Oh, no."

"On her age, then?"

"Not exactly; more on her needs, I should say."

They found Eliza in her drawing-room. The picture had just come home, and she was trying, in the lingering light of the late afternoon, to find the proper place for it. She carried it about from one side of the room to the other, just as if it were a restless child. Clapsed in her arms, it seemed the very Benjamin of her little pictorial flock.

Eliza welcomed young Chester with a frank and flattering transport that quite paled her reception of Flagg. She liked him immediately, and liked him very much. He



seemed more modest, more quiet, more stable than the other. Whatever the natural ardor of his temperament, he burned before this opulent and elderly stranger with an enthusiasm steady, but well moderated. In the course of half an hour Eliza felt that he was like an open grate fire after a flaring torch.

She thanked him fervently, and complimented him with a ready richness of phrase that surprised even herself. She deferred completely to his advice about the hanging of the picture, and put him through an ardent catechism relative to his Italian journeyings.

He had been everywhere, just as she had felt from the start. He took her off to Sicily and into the remoteness of Apulia and the Basilicata, and told her of Taormina and Taranto and Trapani. His sketch-books teemed with towns whose names she had never even heard—towns in the Abruzzi, in the Marches, in Tuscany itself. She felt her picture—happily disposed, at last, above the piano—to be drawn from sources richer and more remote than she had supposed; but she would not ask for details, nor would the painter, perhaps, have given them. Pluck the rose apart, petal by petal, and what is left?

"Is n't it glorious!" she cried, clasping her hands and lifting adoring eyes toward her little masterpiece. "Play it for me," she said, turning to Flagg.

Flagg, with the intrepidity of his years and the self-confidence of his talents, attempted the impossible. He exhausted his art and his own nature on the theme; but Eliza could only pretend—no more—that he had satisfied her.

"Something is wanting, eh?" he said, looking at her over his shoulder; "and I know what it is, I think: I have forgotten the clouds."

He had an intense disdain of the composer who falls back upon the mere portrayal of natural phenomena—the most banal variety of "program music," to his mind; but this wealthy and sympathetic woman must be pleased at all costs, nor must the primacy pass from him to the newcomer (whom he himself had introduced) without an effort to retain it.

"Pink sunset clouds require a different key and a different tempo. Listen, now. I shall do them in six sharps and in twelve-eight time."

He repeated his former theme with some freedom, and set it off by a waving, billowy movement, light but firm, and delicate yet

broad. The clouds loomed up bravely and flooded his composition just as they flooded the landscape itself. Eliza was pleased, and made her pleasure plain.

"But," she murmured, "where are my trees, my olives, my cypresses?"

"Ah, the Tree," rejoined Flagg, disguising a possible impatience; "that is a topic by itself. It opens up quite a new field."

"Well, open it," commanded Eliza.

"The Tree—a suite," proclaimed Flagg. "In four parts. Four parts—then why not make it a sonata? Or, if you can orchestrate it, a symphony? Can you?"

"I can," said Eliza, firmly.

"First movement—*allegretto*," proceeded Flagg. "Now, what tree would invite a wholesome, straightforward treatment in common time and the key of C?"

"Try an apple-orchard," suggested Chester.

"No," objected Eliza; "the apple is too familiar, too prosaic. There is the oak—the evergreen oak—and there is the chestnut. Think of those tawny groves round Maggiore, with the October wind sweeping through them!"

"Good; the chestnut, then. Second movement—*adagio*. The Lombardy poplar?"

"Dear me, no," protested Eliza; "the cypress. A funereal cypress avenue, by all means, with plenty of trombones and horns. I will undertake to play them; I hear the sad procession already."

"Third movement—*scherzo*," proceeded Flagg. "I should like to know who has got any suggestion for *that*!"

"So should I," observed Eliza, in grave uncertainty.

"The olive," called Chester, boldly.

"The olive?" cried the others. "Of all sad trees the saddest!"

"But take it on a clear day," persisted Chester, "under a bright blue sky, when a light breeze is abroad, and all the leaves rustle together and turn up their white under sides. Who shall say, then, that the poor, world-weary old thing is not making a rueful jest of its own feebleness and futility and discontent? Take the olives of San Remo, of Girgenti—"

"We accept the olive," said Eliza; "only we shall have to divide our violins up into eight or ten parts."

"Like this," said Flagg, executing a kind of rapid tremolo on the upper octaves of the piano with both hands. "Then the finale—*allegro furioso*. Of course we are all agreed about that: a storm sweeping through the



ALLEGRO.

pine forest on some rugged mountain-side. Only"—to Eliza—"there will have to be considerable activity among the double basses."

"I can play a dozen as easily as one," she replied. "And so our woodland symphony is complete. Chestnut-trees from Pallanza; cypresses from Verona—the Giusti Gardens, you know; olives from—oh,"—to Chester,—"we shall have to fall back upon your drawings."

The young man modestly opened a new portfolio, and Eliza threw herself upon it with abandon. The symphony, though ready to run off Flagg's finger-tips, remained, to his mortification, in abeyance, while Eliza rushed headlong into her rash plan for the correlation of the arts, and the merging of two artists' personalities in one.

She fluttered leaves rapidly; she seized upon this one and exclaimed over that. "You must make me a set of four paintings," she cried to Chester; "you have all the material here. Yes, you shall paint my symphony!" Flagg had played Chester's work, and Chester must now paint Flagg's work

—even before it came to be performed, as it seemed.

"And they shall be shown," cried Eliza, with unabated vivacity. "You must have an exhibition of your works."

"But as to that—" began Chester.

"You have enough to *make* an exhibition?"

"Oh, yes; but who knows me, who cares about me, who would come to see them?"

"Nobody knows you? All the more reason for showing."

"But the gallery, the difficulties, the expense—"

"There shall be no difficulty about that," declared Eliza.

Chester withdrew, full of flattering hopes. Flagg, who accompanied him out, was less elate; the symphony was still awaiting performance.

"Is my art an independent thing?" he asked himself. "Am I possessed of an individual personality, or am I only a part of somebody else? Or does the ravenous creature require the fusion of two personalities to produce a single complete one? Or what?"

(To be concluded in the next number.)



## THE MILITARY ELEMENT IN COLONEL WARING'S CAREER.



HIS portrait of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., shows him as he appeared to the artist Henry Peters Gray at the outset of the Civil War. The uniform worn is apparently that of the Frémont Hussars, the battalion of cavalry organized by him in the summer of 1861, after he had been sent to the department commanded by General John C. Frémont, with headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri. Major Waring in May of that year (he was then twenty-eight) had gone to the front as major of the Garibaldi Guards, otherwise known as the Thirty-ninth New York. He had been with that regiment at the first battle of Bull Run, serv-

ing in General Miles's brigade, which was held in reserve, and which assisted in covering the retreat from that disastrous field.

As commander of the Frémont Hussars, Major Waring operated against the bands of guerrillas which infested Missouri. In December, 1861, he made a report to General Asboth in regard to the fugitive slaves which had flocked to his camp. An order had been issued requiring fugitive slaves to be excluded from the lines, and Major Waring had been compelled by a special order to deliver up a negro woman, the cook of his own mess, to her alleged owner. He said in his remonstrance: "These negroes all claim and insist that they are free. Some of them I

have no question are so. Others I have as little doubt have been slaves, but no one is here to prove it, and I hesitate to take so serious a responsibility as to decide arbitrarily, in the absence of any direct evidence, that they are such. If I turn them away I inflict great hardship upon them, as they would be homeless and helpless. Furthermore, such a course would occasion much personal inconvenience and sincere regret to other officers no less than to myself. These people are mainly our servants, and we can get no others. They have been employed in this capacity for some time—long enough for us to like them as servants, to find them useful and trustworthy, and to feel an interest in their welfare. . . . The negroes in my camp are employed, in accordance with the Army Regulations, as officers' servants, teamsters, and hospital attendants, and, with the exception of one little child, are such as we are authorized to have in the camp. It seems to me that they are without the pale of the order and the intention of the commanding general, and I trust that I may be excused for awaiting more explicit instructions before doing what may be an extra-official act, at which my private feelings revolt. I recognize the fact that obedience to General Orders, No. 3, is a part of my military duty, and I shall unflinchingly comply with it, in the consciousness that I am in no way responsible therefor; but I am personally responsible for my decision when it is to affect the happiness and security of others. May I ask you, general, to relieve me of this responsibility by giving me your formal decision at your earliest convenience?"

General Halleck, who had superseded General Frémont in the command of the department, the latter having been removed on account of differences due partly to his emancipation order, at once took action on Major Waring's remonstrance, and decided that, while fugitive slaves must be kept out of the camps, the order did not apply to negroes who were authorized private servants of officers or were employed by proper authority in the camps. He enjoined on the officers of his command also that they might furnish fugitive slaves food and clothing, "outside the lines," by way of exercising "all proper offices of humanity."

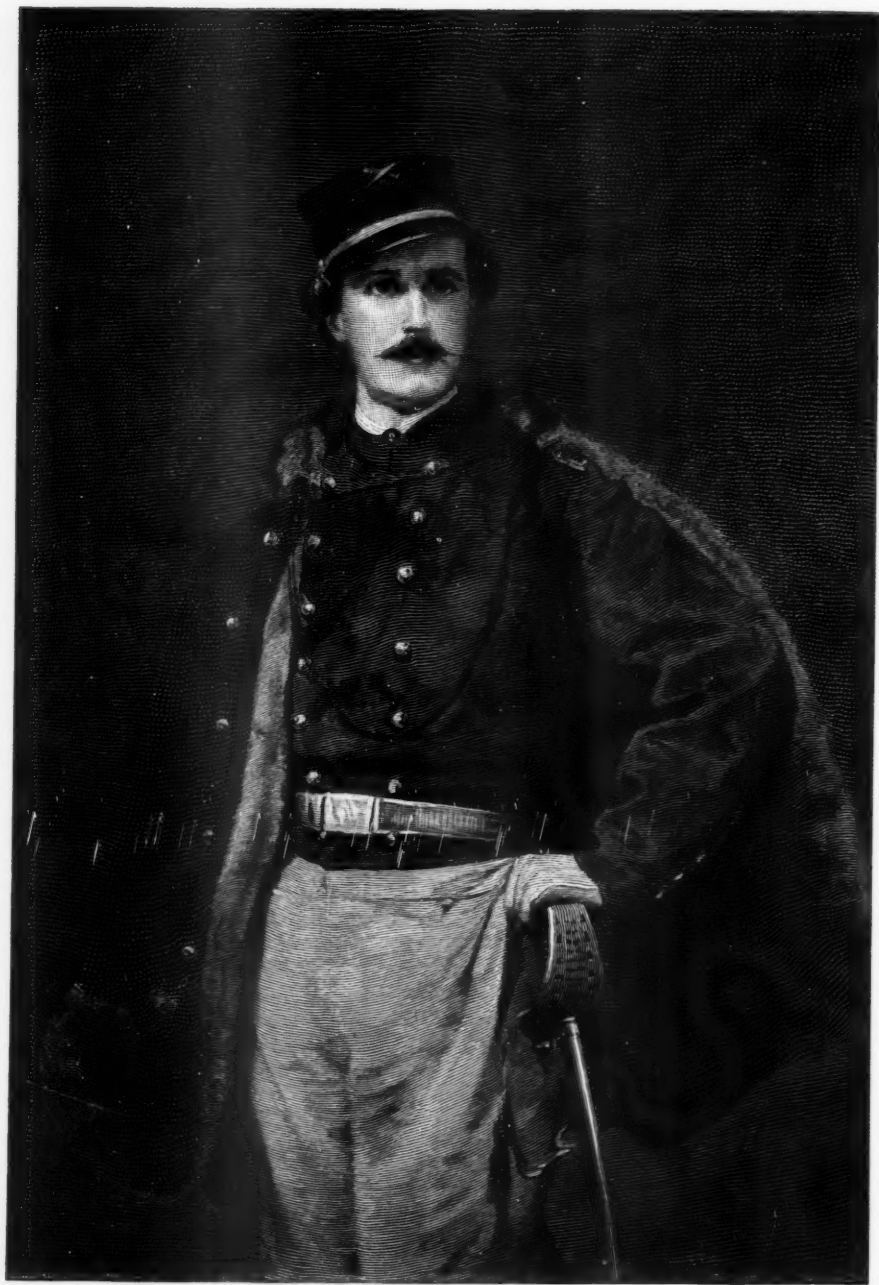
In January, 1862, the Frémont Hussars were consolidated, with other battalions, to form the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, Colonel Waring being commissioned as its colonel. To the end of the war he was identified with

it, most of the time, however, being assigned to command the brigade of which that regiment formed a part, and for a time being in command of the cavalry division of the Sixteenth Army-Corps.

In 1863 he was in command of the post at Columbus, Kentucky, and was in charge of a force stationed at Union City, Tennessee, to thwart the efforts of the Confederates to pick up conscripts and gather supplies. Early in February, 1864, Colonel Waring's brigade joined in the Sooy-Smith expedition toward Meriden, Mississippi. In proceeding from Union City to join the main body under Sooy-Smith, Colonel Waring's brigade surmounted the greatest difficulties. Owing to the January thaw the Obion River suddenly rose, overflowing the bottom-lands, and the command floundered through water and ice and leagues of mud. On February 20 the expedition, which had reached West Point, Mississippi, was threatened by a force under Forrest, and Sooy-Smith determined to retreat. On the 22d Forrest came up with the Union forces, and a fierce fight ensued, in which Colonel Waring's brigade took a prominent part. Late in May of the same year General Sherman ordered a similar expedition into the same region, to encounter again the redoubtable Forrest. That expedition was under the command of General Samuel D. Sturgis, whose troops included two brigades of cavalry and three of infantry. At Brice's Cross-roads Colonel Waring's brigade repulsed two charges of the enemy; in the third charge it gave way, but reformed behind a part of the infantry which had just arrived. Owing to the wide separation of the cavalry and infantry at the outset, Forrest virtually succeeded in beating Sturgis's forces in detail. These two expeditions entailed great hardships and sacrifices on the troops and the subordinate commanders.

At the close of the war Colonel Waring renewed his interest in scientific and practical agriculture. He wrote many books on farm life, and on his specialty, sanitary engineering. One of his books, "Whip and Spur," reflected his military tastes and his inborn love for the horse, particularly revealed in the charming story of "Vix."

His extraordinary success in New York as street-cleaning commissioner under Mayor Strong was due as much to his military character and experience as to his political independence and his determination that fitness, and not favor, should be the passport to place and promotion in his little army. His conception of an effective street-cleaning force as a



PAINTED BY HENRY PETERS GRAY, FROM LIFE AND FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY PETER AITKEN. OWNED BY THE CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR., WHEN COLONEL OF THE FOURTH MISSOURI CAVALRY.



body of men kept in form and held to duty by the iron grasp of military discipline was emphasized at the outset by the choice of Captain F. M. Gibson and Major H. C. Cushing, both United States army officers, for leading positions in the department.

He further manifested his military tendencies by the methodical and thorough manner in which he brought order out of chaos, first, by putting the force in a unique white garb, and, second, by instilling in the minds of all that absolute discipline was the basis of successful organization, and that it must be observed and exercised to the letter. How well he succeeded in these efforts was shown by the grand parade of the uniformed force of the department in May, 1896, when, after a short period of daily drills at the conclusion of the day's work, the men marched down Fifth Avenue in platoon fronts, properly officered and with military tread and precision, a pride not only to themselves and their families, but to the citizens of New York city. After that parade the feeling of degradation on account of their uniforms, felt by many of the men, vanished forever. Since then more men have been willing to wear the uniform than could be provided with places.

In his conduct of the department Colonel Waring showed his military traits in his fearlessness of speech and action, his boldness, his decision, and his fairness. His love of just treatment for all is illustrated by the organization within his department of the Committee of Forty-one, chosen by the men from among themselves, and the Board of Conference, composed of ten members, five chosen by the commissioner and five by the Committee of Forty-one. The function of those two bodies was to pass upon the cases of members of the uniformed force who

might feel that they had been unjustly punished either by fine or by dismissal. When such a case was appealed to the Committee of Forty-one it was first considered by them, and if they found no merit in it the matter went no further; if they did, they made a recommendation to the Board of Conference, and if the latter concurred, the case was brought before the commissioner, who took final action. In the great majority of cases Colonel Waring's action was in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee of Forty-one and the Board of Conference, both of which are still in existence.

When an emergency arose, Colonel Waring was at the front like a general inspecting his line of battle. A fall of snow came the night after he took charge of the department, and at three o'clock in the morning, in his long military cloak and slouch-hat, he sallied forth to direct the attack with shovel and cart, achieving results which amazed the citizens, who had never before seen the streets systematically and speedily cleared of snow. Touched by the sight of working-women wetting their feet and skirts in snow and slush on their way to and from their daily tasks, Colonel Waring gave particular attention to carting away the snow from the thoroughfares of the tenement-house districts. Only a short time elapsed after the white-duck street-cleaners were sneeringly nicknamed "Waring's Angels" before rich and poor alike had reason to regard them as angels of mercy.

Colonel Waring's call to go to Havana in order to report on the sanitary condition and improvement of that pest-ridden city came as the order to advance under fire to a soldier. The prompt response was made like a soldier, and also the sacrifice.

## WARING.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

**B**RAVE was that earliest song of our English race,  
Of the Dragon-Slayer, who died by the dragon's breath;  
Glad of his clear deeds done, he laughed in the eyes of Death,  
Facing the stony Face.

Brave by the blue North Sea!—Nor thou less brave,  
Thou Fever-Slayer, yet slain by the breath abhorred;  
Spirit that forthright flashed, like the straight-blade Saxon sword;  
Soldier who died to save!



## THE TATTLING WITCH.

BY MAUDE CALDWELL PERRY.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY McCARTER.



"For it is well known that the shame of a man's sin liveth while he liveth."—OLD ANNALIST.

### I.

HE runs along the desert rim,  
A leopard's pelt his girth,  
And red as ruddy earth  
The long and slender shape of him.

### II.

A lissome witch beside him runs;  
All yellow is her skin,  
And dead her hair, and thin,  
Bleached in a thousand thousand suns.

### III.

One leprous finger follows back  
To where a crimson stain  
Steeps on the blistered plain,  
And oozes slow across the track.

## IV.

She laughs because he will not see.  
"Between the day and night  
I'll turn thy young beard white—  
I heard the slung stone sing," quoth she.

## V.

A tear falls just before he turns.  
"Yon shadowy dune beside  
I take another guide  
That knows not!" Dry his eyelid burns.

## VI.

Beside the shadowy dune they rest,  
And all the while he sleeps  
The witch the night-fire keeps  
Beneath a red moon in the west.

## VII.

With morning wind another's there;  
A moment, bone to bone,  
They whisper, crone and crone,  
And gibber in their hempy hair.

## VIII.

"He slung the killing stone in wrath:  
Now, till by day and night  
His young beard turneth white,  
Drag we the man-blood on his path!"

## IX.

Then with the wind the first witch flies.  
The second mutters fell:  
"To-night one more I tell,"  
And wakes him with her stealthy eyes.





HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"I TOOK MY OWN HEAD ABOUT BOOKS, AND HAD MY FIRST GREAT ORGY OF THE RUSSIANS."

## "A TOUCH OF SUN."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "The Chosen Valley," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.



MR. THORNE had changed his seat, and the sound of a fresh chair creaking under his comfortable weight was a touch of commonplace welcomed by his wife with her usual laugh,

half amused and half apologetic.

"Why do you go off there, Henry? Do you expect us to follow you?"

"There's a breeze around the corner of the house!" he ejaculated fervently.

"Go and find it, then; we do not need you. Do we?"

"I need him," said the girl, in her sweetest tones. "He helped me once, without a word. It helps me now to have him sitting there—"

"Without a word!" Mrs. Thorne irrepressibly supplied.

"Why can't we let her finish?" Thorne demanded, hitching his chair into an attitude of attention.

It was impossible for Miss Benedet to take up her story in the key in which she had left off. She began again rather flatly, allowing for the chill of interruptions:

"To go back to that summer; I was in my sixteenth year, and the policy of expansion was to have begun. But father's health broke, and mama was traveling with him and a cortège of nurses, trying one change after another. It was duller than ever at the ranch. We sat down three at table in a dining-room sixty feet long, Aunt Isabel Dwight, Fräulein Henschel, and myself. Fräulein was the resident governess. She was a great, soft-hearted, injudicious creature, a mass of German interjections, but she had the grand style on the piano. There had been weeks of such weather as we are having now. Exercise was impossible till after sundown. I had dreamed of a breath of freedom, but instead of the open door I was in straiter bonds than ever.

"I revolted first against keeping hours. I would not get up to breakfast, I refused to study, it was too hot to practise. I took my own head about books, and had my first great orgy of the Russians. I used to lie beside a chink of light in the darkened library and read, while Fräulein in the music-room held orgies of her own. She had just missed being a great singer; but she was a master of her instrument, and her accompaniments were divine. What voice she had was managed with feeling and a pure method, and where voice failed her the piano thrilled and sobbed, and broke in chords like the sea.

"I can give you no idea of the effect that Tolstoi, combined with Fräulein's music, had upon me. My heart hung upon the pauses in her song; it beat, as I read, as if I had been running. I would forget to breathe between the pages. One day Fräulein came in and found me in the back chapters of 'Anna Karénina.' She had been playing one of Liszt's rhapsodies—the twelfth. Waves of storm and passion had been thundering through the house, with keen little rifts of melody between, too sweet almost to be endured. She was very negligée, as the weather obliged us to be. Her great white arms were bare above the elbow, and as wet as if she had been over the wash-tub.

"That is not a book for a *jeune fille*," she said.

"I was in a rapture of excitement; the interruption made me wild. 'All the books are for me,' I told her. 'I will read what I please.'

"You will go mad!"

"I went on reading.

"You have no way to work it off. You will not study, you cannot sing, you write no letters, the mother does not believe—"

"Do go away!" I cried.

"—in the duty to the neighbor. Ach! What will you do with the whole of Tolstoi and Turgenieff shut up within you?"

"I can ride," I said. "If you don't want me to go mad, leave me in the evenings to



myself. Take my place in the carriage with Aunt Isabel, and let me ride alone.'

"Fräulein had lived in bonds herself, and she had the soul of an artist. She knew what it is, for days together, to have barely an hour to one's own thoughts; never to step out alone of a summer night, after a long, hot, feverish day. She let me go with old Manuel, the head groom, as my escort. He was no more hindrance to solitude than a pine-tree or a post.

"The reading and the music and the heat went on. I was in a fever of emotion such as I had never known. Fräulein perceived it. She recommended 'My Religion' as an antidote to the romances. I did not want his religion! I wanted his men and women, his reading of the human soul, the largeness of incident, the sense of time and space, the intricacy of family life, the problems of race, the march of nations across the great world-canvas.

"I rode—not alone, but with the high-strung beings that lived between the pages of my books: men and women who knew no curb, who stopped at nothing, and who paid the price of their passionate mistakes. Old Manuel, standing by the horses, looked strange to me. I spoke to him dramatically, as the women I read of would have spoken. Nothing could have added to or detracted from his own manner. He was of the old Spanish stock, but for the first time I saw his picturesqueness. I liked him to call me 'the Niña,' and address me in the third person with his eyes upon the ground.

"All this was preparatory. It is part of my defense; but do not forget the heat, the imprisonment, the sense of relief when the sun went down, the wild, bounding rapture of those night rides.

"One evening it was not Manuel who stood by the horses in the white track between the laurels. It was a figure as statuesque as his, but younger, and the pose was not that of a servant. It was the stand-at-ease of a soldier, or of an Indian wrapped in his blanket in the city square. This man was conscious of being looked at, but his training, of whatever sort, would not permit him to show it. Plainly the training had not been that of a groom. I was obliged to send him to the stables for his coat, and remind him that his place was behind. He took the hint good-humoredly, with the nonchalance of a big boy condescending to be taught the rules of some childish game. As we were riding through the woods later I caught the scent of tobacco. It was my groom smoking.

I told him he could not smoke and ride with me. He threw away his cigarette and straightened himself in the saddle with such a smile as he might have bestowed on the whims of a child. He obeyed me exactly in everything, with an exaggerated, ironical precision, and seemed to find amusement in it. I questioned him about Manuel. He had gone to one of the lower ranches; would not be back for weeks. By whose orders was he attending me? By Manuel's, he said. He must then have had qualifications.

"What is one to call you?" I asked him.

"He hesitated an instant. 'Jim is what I answer to around here,' said he.

"What is your name?" I repeated.

"The lady can call me anything she likes,"—he spoke in a low, lazy voice,—"but Dick Malaby is my name."

"We have better heroes now than the Cheyenne cow-boys; but I felt as a girl to-day would feel if she discovered she had been telling one of the men of the *Merrimac* to ride behind!"

"They would not need to be told," Mrs. Thorne interjected.

"No; that is the difference: but discipline did not appeal to me then; recklessness did. Every man on the place had taken sides on the Wyoming question; feeling ran high. Some of them had friends and relatives among the victims. Yet this man in hiding had tossed me his name to play with, not even asking for my silence, though it was the price of his life, and all in a light-hearted contempt for the curious ways of the 'tony set,' as he would have called us.

"I signed to him one evening to ride up. 'I want you to talk to me,' I said. 'Tell me about the cattle war.'

"Miss Benedet forgets—my place is behind.' He touched his hat and fell back again. Lesson for lesson—we were quits. I made no further attempt to corrupt my own pupil.

"We rode in silence after that, but I was never without the sense of his ironical presence. I was conscious of showing off before him. I wished him to see that I could ride. Fences and ditches, rough or smooth, he never interfered with my wildest pace. I could not extract from him a look of surprise, far less the admiration that I wanted. What was a girl's riding to him? He knew a pace—all the paces—that I could never follow. I felt the absurdity of our mutual position, its utter artificiality, and how it must strike him. In the absence of words between us, externals spoke with greater force. He had the Greek line of head and

throat, and he sat his horse with a dare-devil repose. The eloquence of his mute attitudes, his physical mastery of the conditions, his strength repressed, tied to my silly freaks and subject to my commands, while his thoughts roamed free! That was the beginning. It lasted through a week of starlight and a week of moonlight—lyric nights with the hot, close days between; and each night an increasing interest attached to the moment when he was to put me on my horse. I make no apology for myself after that.

"One evening we approached a gate at the farther end of our longest course, and the gate stood open. He rode on to close it. I stopped him. 'I am going out,' I said. It was a resolution taken that moment. He held up his watch to the light, which made me angry.

"Go back to the stables,' I said, 'if you are due there. I don't want to know the time.'

"He brought his horse alongside. 'Where is Miss Benedet going, please?'

"Anywhere,' I said, 'where it will be cool in the morning.'

"Miss Benedet will have a long ride. Does she wish for company?'

"I did not answer. Something drove me forward, though I was afraid.

"Outside that gate,' he went on quietly, 'I shall set the pace, and I do not ride behind.' Still I did not answer. 'Is that the understanding?'

"Ride where you please,' I said.

"After that he took command, not roughly or familiarly, but he no longer used the third person, as I had instructed him, in speaking to me. The first time he said 'you' it sent the blood to my face. We were far up the mountain then, and morning was upon us.

"I wish to be definite here. From the moment I saw him plainly face to face the illusion was gone. Before, I had seen him by every light but daylight, and generally in profile. The profile is not the man. It is the plan in outline, but the eyes, the mouth, tell what he has made of himself. So attitude is not speech. As a shape in the moonlight he had been eloquent, but once at my side, talking with me naturally—I need not go on! From that moment our journey was to me a dream of horror, a series of frantic plans for escape.

"All fugitives on the coast must put to sea. The Oakland ferry would have answered my purpose. I would never have been seen with him in the city—alive.

"But at Colfax we met your husband. He knows—you know—the rest."

IN thinking of the one who had first pitied her, pity for herself overcame her, and the proud penitent broke down.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sat in the shy silence of older persons who are past the age of demonstrative sympathy. The girl rose, and as she passed her hostess she put out her hand. Mrs. Thorne took it quickly and followed her. They found a seat by themselves in a dark corner of the porch.

"Your poor, good husband—how tired he is! How patiently you have listened, and what does it all come to?"

"Think of yourself, not of us," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Oh, it's all over for me. I have had my fight. But you have *him* to grieve for."

"Shall you not grieve for him yourself a little?"

The girl sat up quickly.

"If you mean do I give him up without a struggle—I do not. But you need not say that to him. I told him that it was all a mistake; I did not—do not love him."

"How could you say that—"

"It was necessary. Without that I should have been leaving it to his generosity. Now it remains only to show him how little he has lost."

"But could you not have done that without belying yourself? You do—surely you still care for him a little?"

"Insatiate mother! Is there any other proof I can give?"

"Your hand is icy cold."

"And my face is burning hot. Good night. May I say, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace?'"

"I shall not know how to let you go to-morrow, and I do not see, myself, why you should go."

"You will—after I am gone."

"My dear, are you crying? I cannot see you. How cruel we have been, to sit and let you turn your life out for our inspection!"

"It was a free exhibition! No one asked me, and I did not even come prepared, more than seven years' study of my case has prepared me.

"I was a child; but the fault was mine. I should have been allowed to suffer for it in the natural way. No good ever comes of skulking. But they hurried me off to Europe, and began a cowardly system of concealment. They made me almost forget my own misconduct in shame for the things they did by way of covering it up. My mother never took me in her arms and cried over my disgrace. She would not speak of it, or allow

me to speak. Not a word nor an admission; the thing must be as though it had never been!

"They ruined Dick Malaby with their hush-money. They might better have shot him, but that would have made talk. My father died with only servants around him. Mama could not go to him. She was too busy covering my retreat. Oh, she kept a gallant front! I admired her, I pitied her, but I loathed her policy. Does not every girl know when she has been dedicated to the great god Success, and what the end of success must be?"

"I told mama at last that if she would bring men to propose to me I should tell them the truth. Does Lord So-and-so wish to marry a girl who ran away with her father's groom? That was the breach between us. She has thrown herself into it. She is going to marry a title herself, not to let it go out of the family. Have you not heard of the engagement? She is to be a countess, and the property is controlled by her, so now I have an excuse for doing something."

"My dear!" Mrs. Thorne took the girl's cold hands in hers. "Do you mean that you are not your father's heiress?"

"Only by mama's last will and testament. We know what that would be if she made it now!"

"It was *then* you came home?"

"It was then, when I learned that one of my rejected suitors was to become my father. He might be my grandfather. But let us not be vulgar!"

"Are n't you girls going to bed to-night?"

Mr. Thorne inquired, with his usual leaning toward peace and quietness. "You can't settle everything at one sitting."

"Everything is settled, Mr. Thorne, and I am going to bed," said Miss Benedet.

Mrs. Thorne did not release her hands. "I want to ask you one more question."

"I know exactly what it is, and I will tell you to-morrow."

"Tell me now; it is perfectly useless going to your room; the temperature over your bed is ninety-nine."

"The question, then! Why did I allow your son to commit himself in ignorance?"

"No, *no*!" Mrs. Thorne protested.

"Yes, yes! You have asked that question, you must have. You are an angel, but you are a mother, too."

"I have asked no questions since you began to tell your story; but I have wondered how Willy could have found courage, in one week, to offer himself to such gifts and possessions as yours."

"A mother, and a worldly mother!" Miss Benedet apostrophized. "I did not look for such considerations from you. And you are troubled for the modesty of your son?"

"My dear, he has nothing, and he is—of course we think him everything he should be—but he is not a handsome boy."

"Thank Heaven, he is not."

"And he does not talk—"

"About himself. No."

"Ah, you do care for him! You understand him. You would—"

Miss Benedet rose to her feet with decision.

"You have not answered my question," the unconscionable mother pursued. "Does he know—is it known that you are not the great heiress your name would imply?"

"Everything is known," said the girl. "You do not read your society column, I see. Six weeks ago you might have learned the fate of my father's millions."

She stood by the balustrade and leaned out under the stars, taking a deep breath of the night's growing coolness. A rose-spray touched her face. She put it back, and a shower of dry, scented petals fell upon her breast and sleeve.

"There is always one point in every true story," she said in a tired voice, "where explanations cease to explain. The mysteries claim their share in us, deny them as we will. I don't know why it was, but from the time I threw off all that bondage to society and struck out for myself, I felt made over. Life began again with life's realities. I came home to earn my bread, and on that footing I felt sane and clean and honest. The question became not what I am or was, but what could I do? I discussed the question with your son."

"You discussed!"

"We did, indeed. We went over the whole field. East and west we tested my accomplishments by the standards of those who want teachers for their children. I have gone rather further in music than anything else. Even Fräulein would hardly say now I lacked an outlet. I was working things off one evening on the piano—many things beyond the power of speech—the help of prayer, I might say. There were whispers about me already in the house."

"What do you mean?"

"People talking—my mother's old friends. It was rather serious, as I had been thinking of their daughters for pupils. I thought I was alone, but your son—the 'boy,' as you call him—was listening. He came and stood beside me. For a person who does not talk

he can make himself quite well understood. I tried to go on playing. My blinded eyes, the wrong notes, told him all. I lay and thought all night, and asked myself, why might I not be happy and give happiness, like other women of my age. I denied to my conscience that I was bound to tell him, since I was not, never had been, what that story in words would report me. Why should I affect a lie in order literally, vainly to be honest? So a day passed, and another sleepless night. And now I had his image of me to battle with. Then it became impossible, and yet more necessary, and each day's silence buried me deeper beyond the hope of speech. So I gave it up. Why should he have in his wife less than I would ask for in my husband? I want none of your experienced men. Such a record as his, such a look in the eyes, the expression unawares of a life of sustained effort—always in one direction—

A white arm in a black sleeve pointed upward in silence.

"And you would rob him of his reward?" said the mother, in a choked voice.

"Mrs. Thorne! Do you not understand me? I am not talking for effect. But this is what happens if one begins to explain. I did not come here to talk to you for the rest of my life! It was your sweetness that undid me. I will never say again what I think of parents in general."

"MAGGIE, do you know what time it is?" a suppressed voice issued an hour later from that part of the house supposed to be dedicated to sleep. "Are you going to sit up till morning?"

"I am looking for my letter," came the answer in a tragic whisper.

"What letter?"

"My letter to Willy, that you would n't let me read to you last night."

"You don't want to read it to me now, do you?"

There was no reply. A careful step kept moving about the inner rooms, newspapers rustled, and small objects were lifted and set down.

"Maggie, do come to bed! You can't mail your letter to-night."

"I don't want to mail it. I want to burn it. I will not have it on my conscience a moment longer—"

"I wish you'd have me on your conscience! It's after one o'clock." The voices were close together now, only an open door between the speakers.

"Won't you put something on and come

out here, Henry? There is a light in Ito's house. I suppose you would n't let me go out and ask him?"

"I suppose not!"

"Then won't you go and ask if he saw a letter on my desk, sealed and addressed?"

Mr. Thorne sat up in bed disgustedly. "What is Ito doing with a light this time of night?"

"Hush, dear; don't speak so loud. He's studying. He's preparing himself to go into the Japanese navy."

"He is, is he! And that's why he can't get us our breakfast before half-past eight. I'll see about that light!"

"The letter, the letter!" Mrs. Thorne prompted in a ghostly whisper. "Ask him if he saw it on my desk—a square blue envelop, thin paper."

The studious little cook was seated by a hot kerosene-lamp, at a table covered with picture-papers, soft Japanese books, and writing-materials. He was in his stocking-feet and shirt-sleeves, and his mental efforts appeared to have had a confusing effect on his usually sleek black hair, which stood all ways distractedly, while his sleepy eyes blinked under Mr. Thorne's brusque examination.

"I care fo' everything," he repeated, eliminating the consonants as he slid along. "Missa Tho'ne letta—all a-ready fo' mail—I putta pos'age-stamp, gifa to 'shif'-boss. I think Sa' F'a'cisco in a mo'ning. I care fo' everything!"

"Ito cares for everything," Mr. Thorne quoted, in answer to his wife's haggard inquiries. "He stamped your letter and sent it to town yesterday by one of the day-shift men."

"Now what shall be done!" Mrs. Thorne exclaimed tragically.

"I know what I shall do!" Mr. Thorne wrapped his toga around him with an air of duty done. But a husband cannot escape so easily as that. His ministering angel sat beside his bed for half an hour longer, brooding aloud over the day's disaster, with a rigid eye upon the question of personal accountability.

"If you had not stopped me, Henry, when I tried to confess about my letter! There's no time for the truth like the present."

"My dear, when a person is telling a story you don't want to interrupt them with quibbles of conscience; if it made it any easier for her to think us a little better than we are, why rob her of the delusion?"

"I shall have to rob her of it to-morrow. To think of my sitting there, a whited



sepulcher, and being called generous and forbearing and merciful, with that letter lying on my desk all the time!"

"It would be lying there still except for an accident. She will see how you feel about it. Give her something to forgive in you. Depend upon it, she'll rise to the occasion."

As the mother passed her guest's room next morning she paused and looked remorsefully at the closed door.

"I ought to have told her that we never shut our doors. She must be smothered. I wonder if she can be asleep."

Mr. Thorne went on into the dining-room. Mrs. Thorne knocked, in a whisper as it were. There was no answer. She softly unlatched the door, and a draft of air crept through, widening it with a prolonged and wistful creak. The sleeper did not stir. She had changed her pillows to the foot of the bed, and was lying in the full light, with her window-curtains drawn. In all the room there was an air of abandonment, an exhausted memory of the night's despairing heat. Mrs. Thorne stepped across the matting, and noiselessly bowed the shutters. A dash of spray from the lawn-sprinkler was spattering the sill, threatening to dampen a pile of dainty clothing laid upon a chair. She moved the chair, looked once more at the lovely dark-lashed sleeper, and left her again in peace.

Beside her plate at the breakfast-table there was a great heap of roses, gathered that morning; her husband's usual greeting. She praised them as she always did, and then began to finger them over, choosing the finest to save for her guest. Rare as they were in kind, and opened that morning, there was not a perfect rose among them. Each one showed the touch of blight in bloom. Every petal, just unclosed and dewy at the core, was curled along the edges, scorched in the bud. It was not mildew or canker or disease, only "a touch of sun."

"I won't give them to her," said the mother; "they are too like herself."

She saw her husband go forth into the heat again, and blamed herself, according to her wont of a morning after the night's mistakes, for robbing him of his rest and heaping her self-imposed burdens upon him. He laughed at the remorse tenderly, and brushed away the burdens, and faced the day's actualities with the not too fine remark, "I must go and see what's loose outside."

Everything was "loose" apparently. Something about a "hoist" had broken in the

night, and the men were still at work without breakfast, an eighteen-hour shift. The order came for Ito to send out coffee and bread and fruit to the famished gang. Ito was in the lowest of spirits; had just given his mistress warning that he could not stay. The affair of the letter had wounded his susceptibilities; he must go where he would be better understood. All this in a soft, respectful undertone, his mistress trying to comfort him, and incidentally hasten his response to the requisition from outside. At eleven o'clock Mr. Thorne sent in a pencil message on a card: "I shall not be home to lunch. Does she want to get the 12:30 train?" Mrs. Thorne replied in the same manner, by bearer: "She did, but she is asleep. I don't like to wake her."

The darkened house preserved its silence, a restless endurance of the growing heat. Mrs. Thorne, in the thinnest of morning gowns, her damp hair brushed back from her powdered temples, sat alone at luncheon. Ito had put a melancholy perfection into his last salad. It was his valedictory.

She was about to rise when Miss Benedet came silently into the room with her long, even step. Her dark eyes were full of sleep. Mrs. Thorne rang, and began to fuss a little over her guest to cover the shyness each felt at the beginning of a new day. They had parted at too high a pitch of expression to meet again in the same emotional key.

Miss Benedet looked at the clock, lifting her eyebrows wearily. "I have lost my train," she remarked, but added no reproaches. "Is there an evening train to the city?"

"Not from here," Mrs. Thorne replied; "but we could send you over to Colfax to catch the night train from there. I hoped we could have you another day."

"That would be impossible," said Miss Benedet; "but I shall be giving you a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, no; it is only ten miles. Mr. Thorne will take you; we will both take you. It is a beautiful drive by moonlight through the woods. Was I wrong not to call you?"

"If you were, you will be punished by having me on your hands this long, hot afternoon. I ought to have gone last night. When one has parted with the very last bit of one's self, one should make haste to remove the shell."

"Then you would have left me with something remaining on my mind, something I must get rid of at once. Come, let us go where we cannot see each other's faces. I am deeply in the wrong concerning you."



Mrs. Thorne went on incriminating herself so darkly in her preface that when she came to the actual offense her confessor smiled. "I am so relieved!" she exclaimed. "This is much more like real life. I felt you must be keeping something back, or, if not, I could never live up to such a pitch of generosity. I am glad you did not reach it all at once."

"But what becomes of the truth—the story as it should have been told to Willy? Oh, I have sinned, for want of patience, of faith—not against you, dear, but my son!"

After a silence Miss Benedet said: "Now for the heart of my own weakness. Suppose I had a hope. Suppose that I laid the responsibility upon you, the parents, hoping that you would decide for happiness, mere happiness, without question of desert or blame. And suppose you had defended me to him. Would that have been best? Where then would be his cure? Now let us put away all cowardice, for him as well as for ourselves. Happiness for him could have but one foundation. You have told him the facts; if he cannot bear them as all the world knows them, that is his cure. I thank you. You knew where to put the knife."

"Oh, but this is cruel!" said the mother. "I don't want to be your judge. You have had your punishment, and you took it like a queen. Now let us think of Willy!"

"Please!" said the girl. "I cannot talk of this any more. We must stop sometime."

The time of twilight came; the gasping house flung open doors and windows to the night. Mr. Thorne pursued his evening walk alone among the fruits and vegetables, counting his egg-plants, and marking the track of gophers in his rows of artichokes. The women were strolling toward the hill. Miss Benedet had put on a cloth skirt and stiff shirt-waist for her journey, and suffered from the change, but did not show it. Her beauty was not of the florid or melting order. Mrs. Thorne regarded her inconsolably, noting with distinct and separate pangs each item of her loveliness, as she moved serene and pale against the dark, resonant green of the pines. They followed a foot-path back among the trees to a small gate or door in the high boundary-fence. Mrs. Thorne tried it to see if it were locked.

"Willy used to live, almost, on this hill when he came out for his vacations." She spoke dreamily, as if thinking aloud. "He slept in that tent. It looks like a little ghost to me these nights in the moonlight, the curtains flap in such a lonely way. That gate was his back door through the woods

to town. His wheel used to lean against this tree. I miss his fair head in the sun, and his white trousers springing up the hill. But one cannot keep one's boy forever. You have made him a man, my dear."

The mother put out her hand timidly. She had ventured on forbidden ground once more. But she was not rebuffed. The girl's hand clasped hers and drew it around a slender waist, and they walked like two school friends together.

"I cannot support the idea that you will never come again," mourned the elder. "It is years since I have known a girl like you—a girl who can say things. I can make no headway with girls in general. They are so big and silent and athletic. They wear pins and badges, and belong to more *things* than I have ever heard of!"

Miss Benedet laughed. "I am silent, too, sometimes," she said.

"But you are not dense!"

"I'm afraid you go very much to extremes in your likes and dislikes, dear lady, and you are much younger than I, you know."

"I am quite aware of that," said Mrs. Thorne. "You have had seven years of Europe to my twenty of Cathay."

"Dear Cathay!" the girl murmured, with moist eyes; "I could live in this place forever."

"Where have you lived? Tell me in how many cities of the world."

"Oh, a great many—all the big ones. We were two years in Vienna. I worked there. I was a pupil of Leschetizky."

"What!"

"Did I not tell you? I can play a little."

"A little! What does that exactly mean?"

"It means too much for drawing-room music, and not enough for the stage."

"You are not thinking of that, are you?"

"Why that voice of scorn? Have I hit upon one of your prejudices?"

"I am dreadfully old-fashioned about some things—publicity, for instance."

"It depends upon the kind, does n't it? But you will never hear of me on the concert stage. Leschetizky says I have not the repose I might have had. He is very clever. There was a shock, he says, to the nerve-centers. They will never again be quite under control. It is true. At this moment I am shivering within me because I must say good-by to one I might have had all my life for a friend. Was it so?"

"It is so. My dear, if you mean me, I love you!"

"Call me Helen, then. You said 'my dear' before you knew me."

"Before I meant it?"

"I WONDER who can be arriving. That is the carriage I came out in last night."

A light surrey with two seats passed below the hill, and was visible an instant against a belt of sky.

"It is going to stop," said Mrs. Thorne. "Suppose we step back a little. I shall not see visitors to-night. Very likely it is only some one for Mr. Thorne."

A tall young man in traveling-clothes stepped out upon the horse-block, left his luggage there, and made ten strides up the walk. They heard his step exploring the empty piazzas.

"It is Willy!" said Mrs. Thorne, in a staccato whisper.

"Then good-by!" said Miss Benedet. "I will find Mr. Thorne in the garden. Dearest Mrs. Thorne, you must let me go!"

"You will not see him? Not see Willy!"

"Not for worlds. He must not know that I am here. I trust you." She tore herself away.

Mrs. Thorne stood paralyzed between the two—her son advancing, and her fleeing guest.

"Willy!" she cried.

Her tall boy was bending over her. Once more the high, fair head, the smooth arch of the neck, which she could barely reach to put her arms about it.

"Mother!" The word in his grave man's voice thrilled her as once did the touch of his baby hands.

"I am afraid to look at you, my son. How is it with you?"

"I am all right, mother. How are things here?"

"Oh, don't speak of us! Did you get my letter?"

"This morning."

"And you read it, Willy?"

"Of course."

There was a silence. Mrs. Thorne clasped her son's arm and leaned her head against it.

"I am sorry you worried so, mother."

"What does it matter about me?"

"I am sorry you took it so hard—because—I knew it all the time."

"You knew it! What do you mean?"

"A nice old lady told me. She was staying in the house. She cornered me and told me a long story—the day after I met Miss Benedet."

"What an infamous old woman!"

"She called herself a friend of yours, warned me for your sake, she said, and because she has sons of her own."

"Oh! Has she daughters?"

"Two—staying in the house."

"I see. She told it brutally, I suppose?"

"Quite so."

"Worse than I did, Willy?"

William the Silent held his peace.

"You did not believe it? How much of it did you believe?"

"Mother," he said, "do you think a man can't see what a girl is?"

"But what do you know about girls?"

"Where is she?"

"What!"

"Where is Helen? The man from Lord's said he brought her out here last night."

"Did you not get her letter?" Mrs. Thorne evaded.

"Where shall I find her?"

"Willy, I am a perjured woman! I have been making mischief steadily for two days."

"You might as well go on, mater." Willy beamed gravely upon his mother's career of dissimulation.

"Don't, for pity's sake, be hopeful! She said she would not see you for worlds."

"Then she has n't gone."

Willy took a quick survey of the premises. He had long gray eyes and a set mouth. He saw most things that he looked at, and when he aimed for a thing he usually got somewhere near the mark.

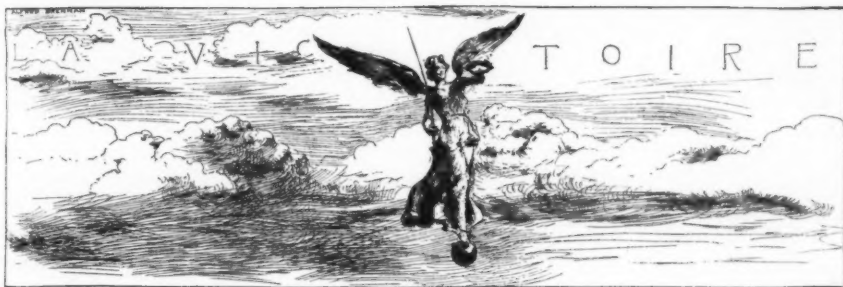
"She is not in the house," he decided; "she is not on the hill—remains, the garden."

MRS. THORNE stood alone, meditating on Miss Benedet's trust in her. She saw her husband, her stool of repentance and her mercy-seat in one, plodding toward her contentedly across the soft garden ground, stepping between the lettuces, and avoiding the parsley bed. He knocked off a huge fat kitchen weed with his cane.

"Where is that girl?" he said. "It's time you got your things on. We ought to be starting in ten minutes."

"If you can find Willy you'll probably find 'that girl!'" Mrs. Thorne explained, and then proceeded to explain further, as she walked with her husband back to the house.

"Well," he summed up, "what is your opinion of the universe up to date? Got any faith in anything left?"



## GORDON'S REPRIEVE.<sup>1</sup>

BY GERTRUDE POLAND GREBLE.



COLONEL BRACE sat at his table writing, his legs incased in furs, his heavy military cloak slipping from one stalwart shoulder. Rays of pale sunlight, filtering through the single dingy pane at his side, lightened the gloom of the log hut sparingly, and rested with feeble warmth upon his pain-seamed features. Outside, at intervals, the crunching step of a sentinel could be heard; in the tiny camp-stove green cottonwood logs hissed an angry remonstrance to the caresses of a feeble flame. The scratching of the pen was the only other sound that disturbed the frost-bound silence.

The officer continued his work with an uninterrupted frowning intentness till a bugle, clamoring harshly across the crisp stillness of the afternoon, sounded the call to stables; then he laid down his pen, folded the closely written sheets in methodical military fashion, and paused to watch the rough antics of the soldiers as they turned out, muffled beyond recognition, in answer to the summons. When they had tramped away in the direction of the corral he gathered his cloak about him, reached for a pair of canes which lay on the bunk beside him, drew himself painfully to his feet, opened the door, and called:

"Orderly!"

"Yes, colonel." The man sprang toward

him, one hand at the vizor of his coonskin cap.

"Take these despatches to the quartermaster and ask him to look them over. Find the adjutant, give him my compliments, and tell him I wish to see him. When you have finished, go to your supper. I shall not want you till after retreat."

The man saluted and started down the line. The colonel, steadying himself against the framework of the cabin, closed the door and stepped out upon the path.

At the beginning of the campaign, when the mass of troops had been hurried to the seat of the Indian troubles, the War Department had ordered a battalion of infantry to the vicinity of the R— Agency, in the hope that the presence of the soldiers might prevent the disaffection of its still neutral tribes. To this out-of-the-way pocket among the hills the little force had accordingly made its way, and here for the last five weeks it had remained, holding in check, by the mere moral force of its trained fighters, the savage hordes who waited, like hounds in leash, for the fortunate moment when they too might join in the rebellion. Buffeted by the storms of an unusually severe winter, and apparently forgotten,—save when its transportation was wrested from it to meet the more pressing demands in the north,—the situation of the command had become increasingly difficult.

As he stood there, leaning on his canes, the mask of chieftainship for the moment dropped, and an irrepressible anxiety betrayed itself upon the colonel's haggard face. Daily, in spite of protests, he had seen his rations

<sup>1</sup> At the request of the author, the editor desires to state that this story was accepted by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE long before the publication, in "The Black Cat" for May, 1897, of a story entitled "A Modern Goliath," with a similar motive.

lowered and his wagons taken away. Though the Indians had become openly sullen and vicious, appeals for reinforcements had remained unheeded, and the climax which the events of the last twenty-four hours had thrust before him was one which even he could not coolly contemplate. An unprejudiced observer must have found something depressing in the situation of the little camp, hemmed in on three sides by jagged foot-hills, on the fourth facing a reach of prairie, snow-covered and unbroken, except for the indentations of the river-bottom. To the eye of the veteran, weakened by illness, burdened by responsibility for the safety of his handful of men in the face of overpowering odds, and harassed by a compulsory inactivity at a time when instinct bespoke action as the only proper course, every undulation seemed fraught with hidden danger. He sighed impatiently, and turned his attention to the more immediate details of his surroundings.

To the right and left, projecting some distance toward the front, were the ends of the barricade which protected the camp on three sides, and which had been built with great labor from the cord-wood piled upon the river-bank. Between these were the lines of the respective companies, the tents pitched so close from lack of room that the guy-ropes crossed and recrossed in the spaces between their walls. They looked gray and dingy beside the newly fallen snow, and the canvases strained at their fastenings with every gust of wind. In the rear the fires from the cook-tents were sending up columns of smoke, which mounted high into the clear air, blurring the purity of the sky. Opposite and nearer was the guard-tent, the sergeant in charge stamping up and down as he chatted with the bugler of A Company, who was warming the mouthpiece of his instrument in his hand preparatory to sounding retreat.

As the last notes of the first call died away a tent-flap in the officers' row swung hastily open, and a fur-enveloped form advanced.

"Pleasant prospect, is n't it?" said a deep voice when the figure had come within ear-shot. "Jones said you wanted me. There's bound to be something wrong when a man in your condition takes to admiring the landscape. Shall I order out the men for fatigue?"

The speaker's tone was full of cheerful unconcern, the last words ended in a laugh, and the cloud upon the colonel's face lightened. Then he laid his hand for a moment

on the other's arm. "Come in, Jack; come in," he said, and hobbled inside.

The acquaintance of the two men dated from their entrance into the academy. Years of service spent shoulder to shoulder, amid the stress of early frontier warfare, had cemented a friendship based upon mutual admiration and respect. Kane followed his chief into the cabin with a face full of compassion, but he said nothing. Instead, he shook himself out of his furs, seated himself on a box beside the stove, and began coaxing the hissing logs into a flame. That done, he busied himself with the filling and lighting of a small brier-wood pipe.

The colonel was the first to break the silence.

"Jack," he said abruptly, "unless we can get help the jig's up; we're done for!"

The younger man started, drew a long whiff from the newly lighted pipe, and, satisfied as to its condition, flung the stump of the match into the stove. "We've been in the devil of a mess for some time," he said coolly; "is it anything new?"

The colonel nodded.

"It's the crisis. Just before stables a courier arrived—the only one of three started by General B—that got through; the other two were shot at the Bend five miles up the trail. The whole outfit at Three Forks is moving. They can't spare us any wagons, and they want us, unless the situation is desperate,"—he laughed grimly,—“to hold out!”

"Well?"

"Well, this morning Two Bears, who is still friendly, sent to warn me that day after to-morrow these tribes intend to cut us off. There are forty-five hundred of them, Kane, and I have in all a little over two hundred men. We have only five days' rations left. Even if we stand them off successfully, which I doubt, they can starve us out in a week. If we don't get reinforcements there can be but one ending."

Kane gave a low whistle.

"We must send for help," he said decisively. "If a messenger gets through, a forced march will bring reinforcements from L— by to-morrow night. It's a desperate chance, but our only one."

"It is a desperate chance," said the colonel. "The Indians, of course, know by this time of the death of those men. They will be prepared for something of the sort, and keep a close watch upon the road. The man who makes the venture will take his life in his hand." He leaned back wearily in the



creaking chair, and the fire, flaring up with sudden strength, revealed the pallor which had overspread his face.

Kane puffed away in silence.

"Only the right man should be allowed to go," he observed presently, "and to find him it may be best to trust to volunteers. You will keep the matter secret, I imagine," he added parenthetically; "it's hardly worth while to let the men know more than they need. They have stood enough already during this infernal trip."

Brace nodded.

"It might be better to send two men by different routes," he observed thoughtfully, after an interval.

Kane laid down his pipe and rested his elbows on his knees.

"You might send one ahead as a decoy," he suggested. "Let him go early by Jet Pass, and start the man you depend on at midnight, telling him to follow the river road. The snow has blown off it in most places, and it is not as likely to be guarded as the mail route. Brace," he added earnestly, "I should be glad if you would give me permission to go myself."

The colonel started.

"Stuff!" he said hurriedly; "your duty lies here. I can't get on without you. Besides, you're too heavy. It needs a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider, one who knows the country well—" He stopped short, and his eyes met Kane's with sudden suggestiveness. "Good Lord!" he muttered, "if I only dared!"

Kane drew his breath sharply and dropped his pipe.

"Try it!" he exclaimed suddenly, with a ring in his voice, "try it, for God's sake! He's cut out for it. He rides like an Indian and knows the country as well as any frontiersman. If he lives, it's his professional salvation; if he dies, he will die a soldier's death—a far better thing for him than life, shadowed as his must henceforth be."

The person referred to was their junior lieutenant, Richard Gordon. He had come into the regiment under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. He was the son of an old tent-mate of Brace's, and his mother, as Kane knew, was the only woman who had ever exerted any decided influence over the colonel. From the day he had reported, walking into the office with a letter from that recently widowed lady commending her son to his charge, the colonel's interest in the lad had amounted to a passion. And the boy had seemed quite worthy of it. He was

a fine shot and a crack cross-country rider, carrying off the honors in many a hardly contested race. He had seemed to hold his regiment's honor second only to that of his country, and was full of eagerness to add to the renown of a name made famous by a long line of soldier ancestors. Merry, generous, and honorable, there had been nothing to prepare his comrades for the inexplicable occurrence which had closed his brief career.

For the twentieth time, in the pause which followed Kane reviewed the circumstances which had preceded it. He recalled Gordon's excitement over rumors of approaching trouble; his enjoyment of each detail of preparation when their marching orders came; the eagerness with which he had anticipated an engagement; the enthusiasm with which he had taken command of a detachment on the morning of their encounter with the enemy. Half an hour later he had been found, white and helpless, beside the bodies of some dead soldiers, his men waiting vainly, and in consternation, for the orders which should have led them forward. That evening Kane had been sent to demand the boy's sword. Subsequent investigation had only increased the severity of the charge against him. The regiment's record had been an exceptional one; his cowardice had changed victory into a barely averted defeat; his disgrace had laid a blot upon the regimental honor; and Kane suspected the severity of the blow to the colonel from the fact that even to him the lad's name had never been mentioned since the issuing of the order necessary for his arrest.

Brace broke the silence jerkily.

"Think of his mother! think of his mother!" he said under his breath. "He's all she's got!"

The stem of Kane's pipe snapped suddenly under his clenched teeth.

"The woman is a soldier's daughter," he said; "she would be the last to bid him stay. And even if it were not so,"—his voice grew slow and stern,—"*for the Lord's sake, George, don't let such a consideration as that stand in the boy's way! Think of him! Think of his future, ridiculed by the men, despised by his comrades, branded as a coward before the world! Give him a last chance to wipe out this awful stain—with his blood if necessary. If he refuses to take it he will meet his deserts, and go down like the cur he will have proved himself to be. If he succeeds, no one can breathe a word against him; the past will be forgiven and*



forgotten, and he will return an honorable man."

The colonel drew a deep breath, opened his mouth as if to speak, eyed his adjutant curiously, and yielded.

"Have it as you will," he said desperately, "but remember, if evil comes to him I shall never forgive myself. However," he added, his face brightening involuntarily, "he may refuse."

Kane laughed shortly, rose, and began pulling on his coat.

"He 'll not refuse," he said grimly; "I 'll see that he does n't!"

"What horse can he take?"

"My own—the Rajah; Gordon has raced him often. He has tremendous endurance and is accustomed to heavy roads. If you have no further orders I had better go—"

The colonel detained him by a gesture.

"I know you 're right, Jack," he said humbly, half apologetically—"you 're right; but I love the boy like a son. His disgrace almost broke my heart. I can't bear to send him on such an errand as this."

The adjutant pulled the vizor of his cap lower over his eyes.

"Of course," he said, and then gently—his hand was on the latch—"don't bother, George, I understand!"

The tent which Kane sought stood at the end of the line, slightly apart from the rest. Its occupant, sitting dejectedly on his low camp-bed, sprang up as the adjutant entered, saying involuntarily, though he stood at attention:

"Oh, is it you, lieutenant?"

"Yes, my boy," answered the officer, an unaccustomed tenderness in his tone: rapid as the change had been, he had noted the lad's attitude. He laid his hand, not unkindly, on the youngster's shoulder, but his expression was more critical than charitable. Face to face with the experiment, he experienced an ugly doubt as to the success of his self-imposed task, and unconsciously his manner grew a little hard.

Gordon felt it. As their glances met, he moved restively under Kane's hand, the flush of pleasure faded, and his face took on a hunted, sullen look, oddly at variance with his blond boyish beauty. In the pause which followed, his companion had time to note the changes which the strain of the last few weeks had wrought,—the uneasy, shifting glance, the sad droop of the mouth, the apathetic bearing,—changes the more pitiful because so foreign to the boy's nature.

The older man's face softened.

"Sit down, Dick," he said gently. "We have had important news this afternoon. It will take some time to explain matters"; and placing the lantern so that its light fell full upon the lad's face, he seated himself, and began feeling his way carefully toward the climax of the situation.

At first Gordon heard him passively. Gradually, as Kane proceeded, his excitement betrayed by the tremor of his usually quiet voice, it dawned upon the boy that there must have been some special motive for the visit. He caught his breath, listening with an intensity which seemed fairly to drag the words from the other's lips—words spoken more and more slowly, and with heavier emphasis, till Kane leaned forward, saying in a husky whisper:

"It will take a youngster, light and wiry, a good rider, one who knows the country well." He stopped, his eyes full of mute appeal.

The boy's face had whitened.

"A youngster," he repeated mechanically with dry lips; "a good rider! I 'm that—" Then he shrank back trembling. "Ah," he cried desperately, "why have you come here? Why, in God's name, have you come to tell me this?"

Kane's figure rose suddenly to its full height. Reaching out his long arm, he caught the lad by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"You contemptible cur!" he hissed, shaking the slight form to and fro in the violence of his anger, "you contemptible, cowardly cur! You must go! Do you hear? You must!" He let go his hold and stepped back, still, stern, relentless.

Gordon stared at him dully.

"I go?" he muttered, raising his hand to his head in the effort to comprehend. "You have come here to tell me I may go? I—I—am to be trusted on such an errand as this! Oh," he cried, suddenly breaking down, "don't trifle with me! I don't deserve much, but I can't stand that!" Then, looking in his friend's face, he saw the truth. He trembled violently, and falling on his knees by the bed, burst into tears.

For a moment Kane stood there silent; then he laid his hand awkwardly, but with a touch of great tenderness, on the bowed head. "Boy, boy," he muttered, "God bless you!" and raising the canvas softly, he stepped outside, leaving the lad alone.

From Gordon's tent the adjutant went to the corral to give the orders for his horse. He walked rapidly, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his coat.

The camp, vaguely outlined, dark, save where an occasional deserted fire shed a glow upon the drifts beside it, lay like some sleeping monster on the blank white plain. The wind, rising fitfully, swept through the bottom in wailing murmurs, rattled the bare limbs of the cottonwoods, and flung the snow in stinging crystals against Kane's face. On the prairie, at intervals, the yapping cry of a coyote answered the deep howl of a prairie-wolf. The dreariness of the scene thrust itself upon the officer like an omen, and he paused to cast an anxious glance at the horizon,—the foot-hills stood out black and distinct against a starlit sky,—and with a sigh of relief he answered the challenge of a sentinel and moved forward.

The next two hours were passed in a final consultation with the colonel, and the selecting and despatching of the decoy—a mustang-mounted half-breed, from whose cunning Kane hoped much. It was nearly eleven before he found himself once more before Gordon's tent.

When he entered, the lad was seated on the side of the bed, examining a brace of pistols.

"Your striker brought these down just now," he said, looking up gratefully. He was fully equipped, lightly but warmly clothed, and beside him on the blanket was a packet tied with tape, sealed and addressed. This he presently handed to Kane, saying, as he satisfied himself with regard to the condition of his weapons:

"It's to mother. I've told her all about it. I never could before." He laid down the pistols and began filling his belt with cartridges. "If I should not come back," he continued, "I want to feel that you will take it to her, and tell her about to-night, and—whatever there may be to tell. Do you think," he went on after a pause, "that the colonel would be willing to see me? I have never seen him since—that morning, and there is something I should like to say to you both."

Kane nodded, and waited, silent, till the boy had collected the last things, then, side by side, the pair made their way to the commander's cabin.

After the first greetings silence fell on the three men. Brace had not seen Gordon since that awful moment when, with a face almost as white as the lad's own, he had sent him to the rear. Kane, never quite able to rid himself of the conviction that there must be an explanation for the boy's conduct, suspected that the chief's harshness had risen

from a secret mistrust of his own feelings, but to Gordon his unbending severity had been the hardest trial of all. The boy's voice trembled when he spoke.

"I want first, sir," he said, "to thank you for your goodness in giving me this chance. It's more than I expected. It's more than I had a right to expect, and because you've done it I can't help thinking I must have thought you harder on me than you were."

"Sit down," said the colonel, briefly. He turned so that his face was in the shadow, and the boy went on:

"I've wanted to explain to you ever since the day of the fight, but you did n't give me a chance. Besides, it's an explanation a court would hardly accept, and I was afraid you might n't believe it; but now—" he raised his hand with a sudden gesture of appeal—"now, when I'm going away, and I may be talking to you for the last time, you'll believe me, and think the best you can of me, I feel sure." Then sitting down on the edge of the camp-bed, booted and spurred for his wild ride, he told them, briefly and simply, the story of his downfall. As he finished, a horse's hoofs clicked on the path outside. He looked from one to the other of his silent hearers, a vague disappointment in his eyes. Then he took out his watch. "There's my horse, colonel," he said quietly.

The colonel raised his head with a long sigh, and rose.

"There are your despatches," he said, taking an envelop from the table. "I give you no orders; only get them through. Our lives are in your keeping." Then he laid his hands gently, almost solemnly, on the young subaltern's shoulders. "God keep you!" he said wistfully. Their glances met, and in the sudden shadowing of the keen, kind eyes Gordon read his forgiveness.

No one who has once felt the charm of those desolate Northern plains is ever quite insensible to its influence. As the horse trotted away, swift and noiseless in the yielding snow, the young lieutenant's naturally buoyant disposition asserted itself. He drew a deep breath and patted the Rajah's neck. "Bravo, old boy!" he said exultingly. "We've done it often for fun; we'll do it now in earnest!" Then, as the horse floundered down the side of a ravine to the bed of the river, he shortened his stirrups, gripped his pistols, and realized that he was fairly launched upon the adventure.

The river road, as Kane had said, was for the

most part free from snow, and the horse was able, without difficulty, to keep up the stride which had made him famous. It carried them forward swiftly till Gordon saw by certain landmarks that their first great danger had ended. Another interval, and a branching trail turned to the right and entered the hills. It was a short cut, rarely used, saving twenty miles of winding along the river. Gordon guided the Rajah into it, drew rein to let the animal recover his wind, struck a match, and pulled out his watch. "Twenty minutes to three," he muttered complacently; "fifteen miles done, and the best of the night before us!" He settled himself in the saddle, dropped the reins upon the horse's neck, and let the sagacious beast take his own time. Then his mind reverted to the events of the evening.

His confession had brought him a wonderful sense of relief. Physical inability to bear the sight of blood, inherited, uncontrollable, had from boyhood afflicted him with a depressing sense of inferiority. Since his entrance into the army he had concealed it as a weakness ridiculous to the verge of shame, but the possibility of its interfering with the performance of his duty had, oddly enough, never occurred to him till the moment of that first awful test upon the battle-field. He shivered even now at the recollection. Despite the misery of the weeks which had intervened, its anguish remained supreme; he could still see that poor, stricken wretch at his side moan and gag as the blood poured over his face and blotted out his features. The sight had caused him no consciousness of fear, only an agonizing weakness, at the mere memory of which the sweat started. He bared his head to the cold and turned to the thought of pleasanter things—the expression of Kane's face at parting and the close pressure of his hand.

His progress over a snow-covered, boulder-strewn path was slower than he had anticipated, and when he again reached the open country he cast an anxious glance toward the east. The darkness was less dense. He could already in fancy distinguish the bluff on which the fort was built, and between it and him lay the camps of the hostile Indians.

He dismounted, tightened the girths, and washed out the Rajah's mouth with water from his canteen. "Now, old boy," he said, setting his foot in the stirrup. The animal laid back his ears and pawed the ground impatiently, and a moment later horse and rider were speeding across the prairie. As they went, half a dozen dusky figures, indis-

cernible in the dim light, stole from the brush by the river-bank, and settled like hounds upon their trail.

After that first wild rush the boy reined in his steed to a steadier pace. Dusk had changed to dawn, and the post was only a short distance away when he drew rein for the last time. On the horizon to the right and left the camps of the hostiles showed like brown blots against the sky; before him, wind-swept and free from snow, stretched the broad level used during the last season as the race-course of the fort's garrison. He marked its blankness thankfully, then a sudden instinct turned him to the road over which he had come, and he uttered an exclamation. The snow had muffled the sound of hoof-beats—his pursuers were close upon him! A bullet whistled by his ear as they scattered to surround him; they were too many for resistance. His one chance of safety lay in flight.

A sudden fierce joy thrilled through Gordon's veins. Ahead, outlined against the sky, lay the old goal; before him, almost at his feet, was the beginning of the old home stretch, the scene of so many contests, of so few defeats; and under him was the same good horse! Fate herself had flung him a challenge this time—a challenge supreme, with life and honor and the safety of his friends for its stake. He bent, gripping the reins close to the horse's neck, and the Rajah quivered under the pressure of his master's knees; the hoof-beats were growing louder, the same fever was in the veins of both. A wild exultation filled the boy's heart; the Rajah's breath struck in a frozen mist against his face; the old loved rhythm of hoofs and rushing wind was in his ears; he drew up his knees and leaned close—so, in the old days, they had been wont to win the finish.

The pace was tremendous. Looking back, Gordon found he had gained perceptibly; they were not, however, out of rifle-range, and he urged the horse to greater speed. As he did so, the foremost Indian raised his gun, and a bullet, humming under Gordon's elbow, plowed its way raggedly along the Rajah's neck. The horse swerved slightly in his tracks, but there was no slackening of his stride. The wound was superficial, and Gordon remained for the moment ignorant of what had happened. His eyes were fixed on the road ahead, every nerve tense with the effort to avoid a misstep. Suddenly he looked down.

A shrinking horror overspread the boy's

face, and he caught his breath. He fought bravely, trying to fix his attention on the path, on the prairie, on the walls of the fort, now so near that he could distinguish the individual buildings. It was useless; his gaze returned, dragged back with an irresistible fascination, to the wound and the sheet of red slowly soaking the horse's side.

He shut his teeth hard. Here, on the threshold of his triumph, the old demon had him in its clutches! With a supreme intensity of purpose he forced himself to realize all that his failure must mean. Dimly, as through a maze, he heard the chief's voice calling, "I give you no orders; only get them through."

The road grew black before him. With a last effort he leaned forward and wound his arms about the horse's neck. There was blood, blood, everywhere. He smelled its sickening odor in the steam which came from the animal's hide; his gloves became saturated with it. His jaws shut convulsively. In his agony he was only vaguely aware of the whistling of bullets, the labored breathing of the horse, and now a sudden sharp pain in his side.

The loosened rein, the unaccustomed weight about his neck, proved the last straw to the Rajah's failing endurance. His stride slackened, and the Indians, seeing it, hailed the lessening distance to their prey with yells which pierced more and more loudly through Gordon's flagging consciousness.

The effect was unexpected. Hitherto overcome by his own weakness, he had entertained no doubt of the Rajah's victory. The unforeseen danger did for him what no effort of his own had succeeded in doing. It was as if a new element had entered into the contest. Slowly, feebly, with the perspiration dripping from his forehead, he raised himself in the saddle to drive his spurs into the horse's sides. The Rajah answered with a final burst of speed; foam dripped from his jaws; he was running with pounding jerks. The boy looked about him desperately for some last chance of escape.

The road made a sudden bend and stretched straight to the gates of the fort. A little to the right stood a clump of bushes bedded in a mass of sandstone; in the days of their steeplechasing it had marked the beginning of the home stretch, and at the sight of it, like an inspiration, the memory of the Rajah's habits flashed into Gordon's mind. As he dashed around the curve, the boy took out his despatch-case and fastened it to the

ring of his saddle. Then he glanced over his shoulder; he was, for the moment, hidden from his pursuers' view; and coming abreast of the bushes, he gave the Rajah a vicious cut with the reins and flung himself from the saddle.

The horse, relieved of his burden, dashed forward toward the gate which led to his old stable in the corral. Gordon crawled into the thicket and waited. The sense of ignominious helplessness which had burdened him in the past had vanished, never to return. Weak still, and growingly aware of an odd throbbing agony in his side, contact with the cold snow had cleared the last mists from his brain. He gripped his pistols firmly as he faced the advancing figures, mentally reserving a bullet for himself in case they should force his stronghold.

Suddenly his pursuers scattered to the right and left. The gates of the stockade had opened, and a squad of cavalry came through them. The black horse, recognizing his associates, stopped, and Gordon saw the troopers gather around him. Presently a soldier led him into the fort, and the others came forward toward the boy's hiding-place. He sprang to his feet and rushed out upon the road. "Saved!" he cried, tears of excitement streaming down his face; "dear God, saved and free!"

He stood a moment, his arms outstretched to the advancing meh, a great rush of triumph filling his soul.

A silver ribbon of smoke mounted into the air on the plain behind him, a parting shot cut the glittering stillness. He uttered a cry and fell, his face illumined by the joy of his victory, while the stealing sunlight changed the shadows about him to the white splendor of a winter day.

Half an hour later he opened his eyes to stare vaguely at the whitewashed walls of his room in the hospital. He glanced in wonder from them to his blood-stained bandages and the surgeon in attendance. The clatter of hoofs outside roused him to a sudden and more vivid interest. The doctor was a man who had seen service and proved his mettle on various fields, but there was a certain inflection of reverence in his voice when he answered the unspoken inquiry in the lad's face.

"They are starting the reinforcements for your colonel," he said, "and you are to make yourself quite easy. General B—— told me to tell you there was no doubt they would get there in time."



## OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

FOURTH PAPER.

### XIII. THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.

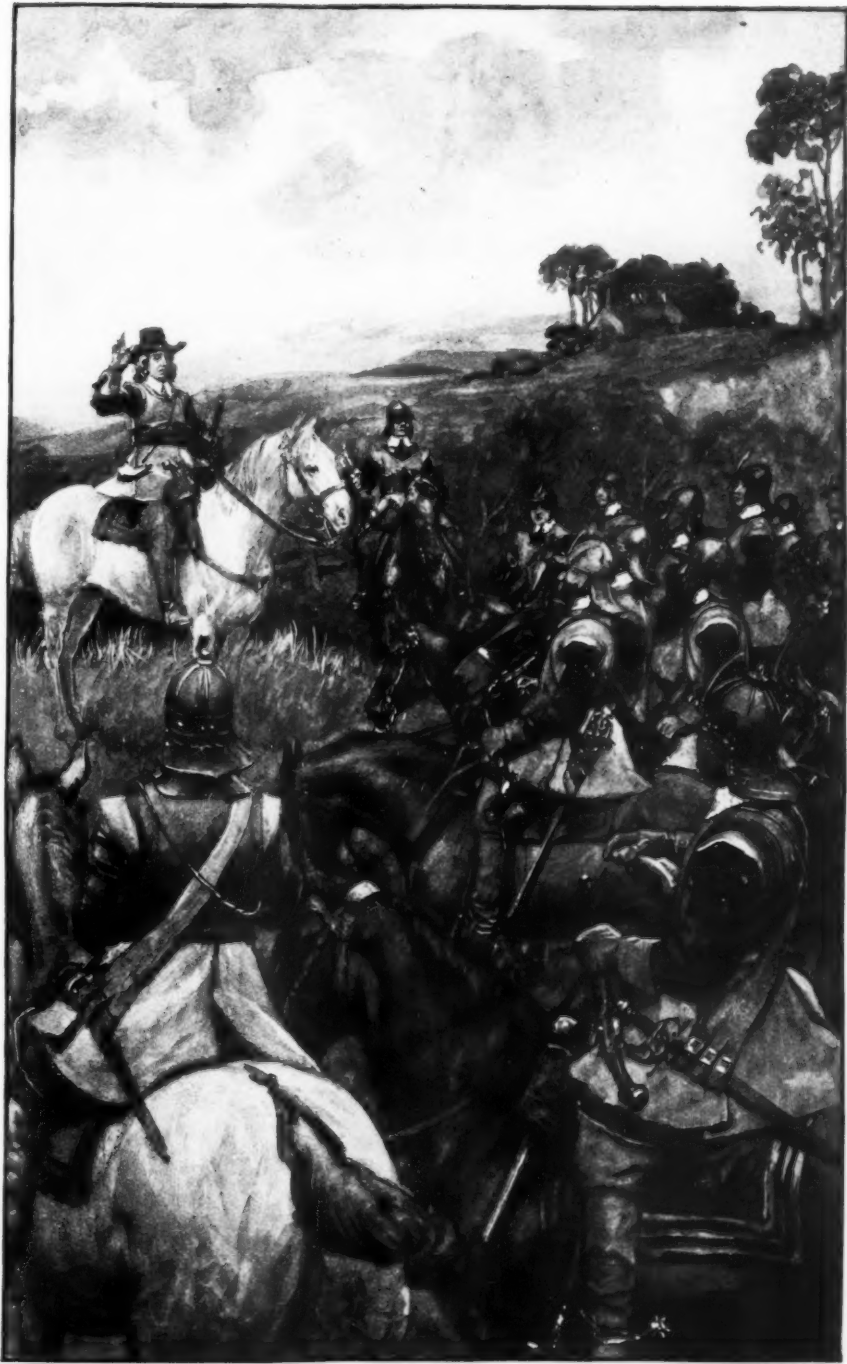


LET us not forget that with the march of these events a march of ideas proceeded, of no less interest for mankind. The slow fluctuations of the war from Edgehill to Marston left room for strange expansions in the sphere of religion, which were quite as important as the fortune of battle itself. The Solemn League and Covenant in the autumn of 1643, and the entry of the Scots upon the scene, gave a new turn to religious forces, and ended in a remarkable transformation of political parties. We have already seen the break-up of the Parliament, in the year before the raising of the royal standard, into Royalist on the one hand and non-Episcopalian on the other. Now occurred a further division. Every war tends to create a peace party, even if for no other cause, from the innate tendency of men to take sides. By the end of the year of Marston Moor, political differences of opinion upon the terms of peace had become definitely associated with the religious difference between Presbyterian and Independent. The Presbyterians were the peace men, and the Independents were for relentless war until the ends of war were gained. Henceforth these are the two great party names, and of the Independents Cromwell's energy and military success rapidly made him the most powerful figure. When it was that Cromwell embraced Independent views of church organization, we cannot with precision tell. He deferred signing the Presbyterian Covenant as long as possible (February, 1644), and he was to show himself in later years as indifferent to details of church government as he was to the endless series of propositions for peace with the king, or the early proposals for constitutional reform, which were so fruitless at the time, and remain so infinitely tiresome since. He was against exclusion

and proscription, but on grounds of policy, and from no reasoned attachment to the ideal of a free church. He had a kindness for zealots, because zeal, enthusiasm, even fanaticism, was in its best shape his own temper, and even in its worst shape promoted or protected his own policy. In other words, his was the practical character, in the sense, that is, that he first asked about a thing whether it helped or hindered some other thing being done. Even men who did not like Independents perceived that the Independent Thorough marked the true course. The fact that the Presbyterians were the peace party was quite enough to make Cromwell Independent. When his policy of war yet hung in the balance, it was the Independents who, by their action, views, and temper, created his opportunity. By their fervor and sincerity they partly impressed him with their tenets, and opened his mind to a range of new ideas that lay beyond their own. Three months before Marston he had made the side he took so clear as to be called the "great Independent."

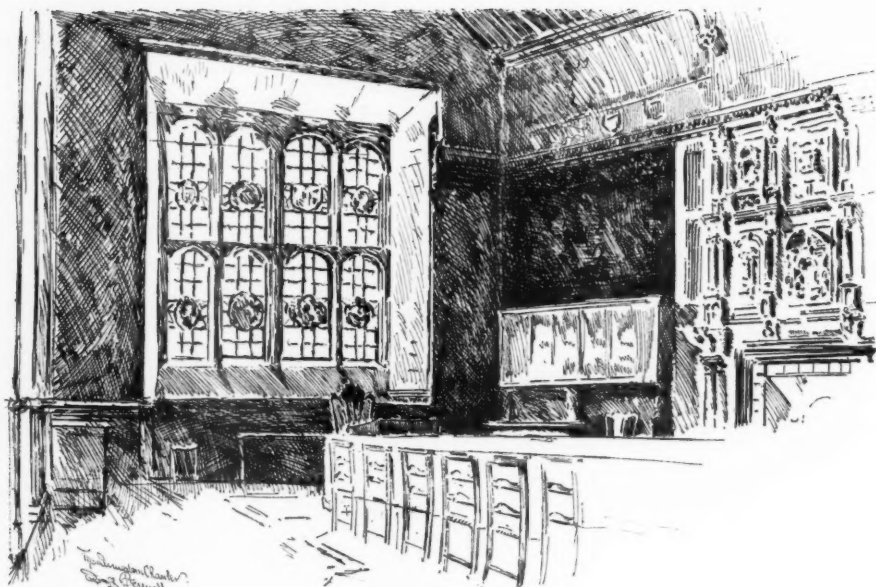
A grander intellect than Cromwell's was, in the sphere of the idealist, at the same time making the same advance. Near the end of 1644 was published "*Areopagitica*," that noble plea for human freedom, in which, among other things of deeper and more durable concern, Milton now pronounced bishops and presbyters to be just the same to him both in name and thing—each a dominion no better than the other, and neither of them a friend to the seeker after truth. Nor was it only among the master spirits that ancient landmarks were swiftly disappearing. The flames of fanaticism were blazing with a fierceness not congenial to the English temper, and that has hardly possessed Englishmen before or since. It was not merely that controversy was rough and coarse, though it was not much less coarse in Puritan pulpits than it had ever been on the lips of German friars or Jesuit polemicists in earlier stages. In Burton's famous sermon,





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

CROMWELL DRILLING HIS TROOPERS.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER.

for which he suffered punishment so barbarous, he calls the bishops Jesuitical polypragmatics, antichristian mushrooms, factors for Antichrist, dumb dogs, ravening wolves, robbers of souls, miscreants. Even the august genius of Milton could not resist the virulent contagion of the time. As difficulties multiplied, coarseness grew into ferocity. The fiery rage of the old Red Dragon of Rome itself, or the wild battle-cries of Islam, were hardly less appalling than these dark transports of Puritan imagination. Even prayers were often more like imprecation than intercession. When Montrose lay under sentence of death, he declined the offer of the Presbyterian ministers to pray with him, for he knew that the address to Heaven would be: "Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud, incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy kirk." It was a day of wrath, and the gospel of charity was for the moment sealed.

The ferment was tremendous. Milton, in striking words, shows us how London of that time (1644), the city of refuge encompassed with God's protection, was not busier as a shop of war, with hammers and anvils fashioning out the instruments of armed justice, than it was with pens and heads sitting by

their studious lamps, musing, searching, and revolving new ideas, or others fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. Another observer, of a different spirit, tells how hardly a day passed (1646) without the brewing or broaching of some new opinion. People are said to esteem an opinion mere diurnal—after a day or two scarce worth the keeping. "If any man have lost his religion, let him repair to London, and I'll warrant him he shall find it. I had almost said, too, and if any man has a religion, let him come but hither now, and he shall go near to lose it." Well might the zealots of uniformity tremble. Louder and more incessant, says Baxter, than disputes about infant baptism or antinomianism, waxed their call for liberty of conscience, that every man might preach and do in matters of religion what he pleased. All these disputes, and the matters of them, formed a focus in the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

THE only great Protestant council ever assembled on English soil has, for various reasons, lain mostly in the dim background of our history. Yet it is no unimportant chapter in the eternal controversy between spiritual power and temporal, no transitory bubble in the troubled surges of the Reformation. Dead are most of its topics, or

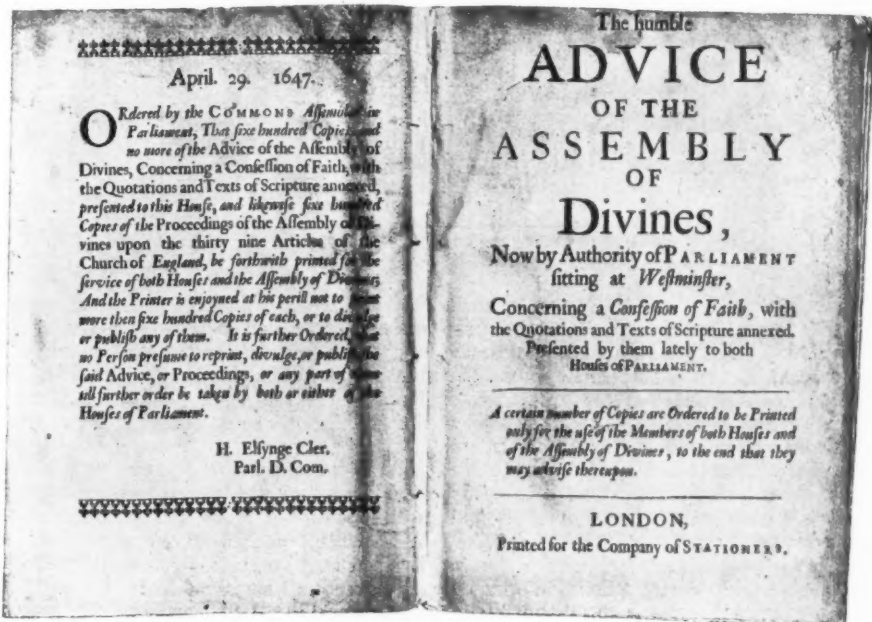
else, in the ceaseless transmigration of men's ideas as the ages pass, its enigmas are now propounded in many altered shapes. Still, as we eye these phantoms of old debate, and note the faded, crumbling vesture in which once vivid forms of human thought were clad, we stand closer to the inner mind of the serious men and women of that time than when we ponder political debates either of soldiers or of Parliament. In a Puritan age citizenship in the secular state fills a smaller space in the imaginations of men than the mystic fellowship of the *civitas Dei*, the city of God; hence the passionate concern in many a problem that for us is either settled or indifferent. Nor should we forget, either, what is a main element in the natural history of intolerance, that in such times error ranks as sin, and the most monstrous shape of sin.

In the first year of the Long Parliament men had desired a general synod of pious, learned, and judicious divines, both home and foreign, to consider the discipline, liturgy, and government of the Church of England. It was not until the summer of 1643 that this synod was appointed by the Parliament. It was nominally composed of one hundred and fifty members, including

not only Anglicans, but Anglican bishops, and comprehending, besides divines, ten lay peers and twice as many members of the other house. The Anglicans never came, or else they immediately fell off; the laymen, with the notable exception of Selden, took but a secondary part; and it became essentially a body of divines, some seventy in number, mainly Presbyterian, and all deeply imbued with Calvinism. Episcopacy had been abolished, and the chief question was what form of church government to instal in its place.

The Assembly was simply to advise. Parliament had no more intention of letting the divines escape its own direct control than Henry VIII or Elizabeth would have had. The Assembly was the creature of a parliamentary ordinance. To Parliament it must report, and without assent of Parliament its proceedings must come to naught.

They first met in Henry VII's Chapel (July 1, 1643), but when the weather grew colder they moved into the Jerusalem Chamber—that Old-World room, where anybody apt, “in the spacious circuit of his musing,” to wander among far-off things may find so many memorable associations, and none of them more memorable than this. For most



FROM A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION OF FAITH—FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AND LAST PAGES.

of five years and a half they sat—over one thousand sittings. On five days in the week they labored from nine in the morning until one or two in the afternoon. Each member received four shillings a day, and was fined sixpence if he was late for prayers at half-past eight. Not seldom they had a day of fasting, when they spent from nine to five very graciously. "After Dr. Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr. Marshall prayed large two hours most divinely. After, Mr.

replies that many of them do usually make." But their prolixity, he says, beat even the Council of Trent, and that, too, with church and kingdom lying in open confusion. The divines knew they were setting up a scheme of worship and discipline for all time to come, and they insisted on examining every point solidly and at their leisure.

There were learned scholars and theologians, but no governing churchman of the grand type rose up among them—nobody



FROM A MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER AT MONTAGU HOUSE. BY PERMISSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUCCELEUCH.

JOHN MILTON.

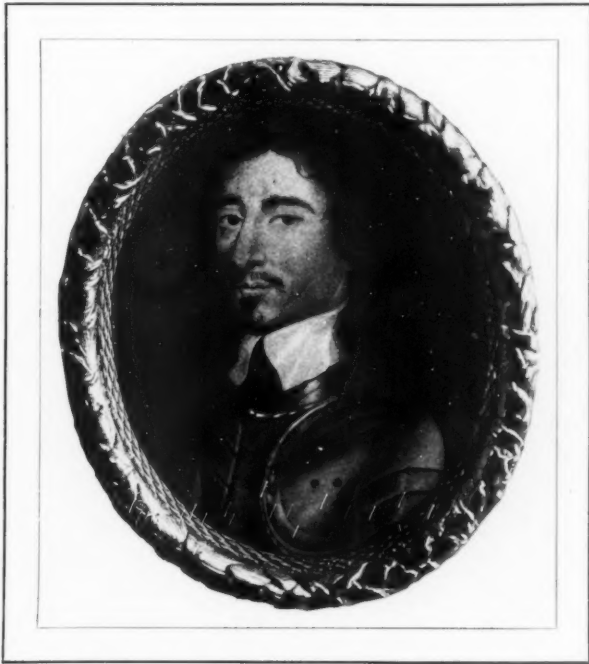
Arrowsmith preached one hour, then a psalm, thereafter Mr. Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr. Palmer preached one hour, and Mr. Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm. After, Mr. Henderson brought them to a short, sweet conference of the heart confessed in the Assembly, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the convenience to preach against all sects, especially Baptists and Antinomians." Debate proceeded by parliamentary rules. They harangue long and very learnedly, says Baillie, studying the questions beforehand, and preparing their speeches; "but withal they are prompt and well spoken, and I do marvel at the very accurate and extemporal

who at the same time comprehended states and the foundation of states, explored creeds and the sources of creeds, knew man and the heart of man. No Calvin appeared, nor Knox, nor Wesley, nor Chalmers. Alexander Henderson was possessed of many gifts in argument, persuasion, counsel, but he had not the spirit of action and command. Sincere Presbyterians of to-day turn impatiently aside from what they call the miserable logomachies of the Westminster divines. Even in that unfruitful gymnastic, though they numbered pious and learned men, they had no athlete. They made no striking or original contribution to the strong and compacted doctrines of Calvinistic faith. To

turn over the pages of Lightfoot's journal of their proceedings is to understand what is meant by the description of our seventeenth century as the middle ages of Protestantism. Just as medieval schoolmen discussed the nature and existence of universals in one century, and the mysteries of immortality and a superhuman First Cause in another century, so now divines and laymen discussed predestination, justification, election, reprobation, and the whole unfathomable body of

any other particular form, or the practice of all forms indifferently? The Presbyterian majority answered the questions in principle just as Laud or the Pope would have answered them—one church, one uniform rule and no other. Covenanted uniformity was the key to their ideals; they held in equal horror popish prelacy on one side and Protestant schism on the other.

It was now that Cromwell began to stand out as the champion of the other way. He



FROM THE MINIATURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THOMAS, LORD FAIRFAX.

theological metaphysics by the same method—verbal logic drawing sterile conclusions from unexplored authority.

The two most momentous questions of the age, Uniformity and Toleration, were forced into full view, and issues opened of the first magnitude. If this were a general history we should have to inquire what are the true principles of religious freedom, what multifarious causes have promoted them, and what schools of thought have done most to embody them in modern society. As it is, the questions at Westminster were narrower. Ought the state to associate itself with one common rule of religious ordering and belief? Ought it to tolerate the practice of

had inspired an order in Parliament (September, 1644) recommending an accommodation between the two parties in the Assembly, or else the seeking of a way by which tender consciences unable to submit to the common rule should be borne with. His authority after Marston Moor carried it; but as the military impression faded, the accommodation order was left a dead letter.

Not less powerful in fact than either the Presbyterian theory or the Independent was that other doctrine named with dubious propriety from the renowned Thomas Erastus, the Swiss physician and divine, who had died at Heidelberg in 1583. What Erastus actually intended to teach does not concern



us here. The Erastians, who vexed the souls of the orthodox at Westminster, as do the bearers of the same ill-omened nickname to this day, were men who upheld the authority of the civil magistrate in the sphere of spiritual interests, and limited the powers of church officers to teaching and persuasion. No doctrine offended the Presbyterian more.

things, liberty in things indifferent, and charity in all things, could not be heard. The result, instead of a moderate settlement on the basis of toleration, was the transfer of the open quarrel to the army, and the end of that quarrel, when it came, was ruin to both sides, Presbyterian and Independent alike.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALKER & BOUTALL OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.  
BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

The minority again urged that to set up a national synod for church purposes would be destructive to the civil state, and Selden brought all his learning and acuteness to the same view, that church supremacy must be the foe of political freedom. Yet even the least illiberal among them were strong that the magistrate beareth not the sword for naught. So far from accommodation drawing nearer, the breach widened as time went on, and by 1645 its repair was hopeless.

A deliberative assembly tends to make party spirit obdurate. "Oh, what may not pride do!" cries Baxter; "and what mis-carriages will not faction hide!" The Rec-  
oncilers, who called for unity in necessary

WE need not follow the vicissitudes of party, or the changing shadows of military and political events as they fell across the zealous scene. One incident must be noted. While Presbytery had been fighting its victorious battle in the Jerusalem Chamber, the man whose bad steering had wrecked his church was sent to the block. The execution of Archbishop Laud (January 10, 1645) is the best of all the illustrations of the hard temper of the time. Laud was more than seventy years old. He had been for nearly five years safe under lock and key in the Tower. His claws were effectually clipped, and it was certain that he would never again be able to do mischief, or if he

were, that such mischief as he could do would be too trivial to be worth thinking of in sight of such a general catastrophe as could alone make the old man's return to power possible. The execution of Strafford may be defended as a great act of retaliation or prevention, done with grave political purpose. So, plausibly or otherwise, may the execution of King Charles. No such high con-

In January, 1645, the Westminster Directory of Worship was adopted, and a few months later the use of the Prayer-book was made penal even in private houses. In the autumn of 1646 Episcopacy was abolished by Parliament, and, what was still more important, the church lands were ordered to be sold for the public use. That uniformity which had rooted itself in Scotland, and had been the



FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR JACOB ASTLEY, AFTERWARD LORD ASTLEY.

siderations justify the execution of Laud, several years after he had committed the last of his imputed offenses and had been stripped of all power of ever committing more. It is not necessary that we should echo Dr. Johnson's lines about Rebellion's vengeful talons seizing on Laud, and Art and Genius weeping round his tomb; but if we rend the veil of romance from the Cavalier, we are bound not to be over dazzled by the halo of sanctity in the Roundhead.

In January, 1645, Parliament, by resolution, definitely adopted Presbyterianism as the national substitute for Episcopacy, though it was not until March, 1646, that the new system was established by ordinance.

center of the Solemn League and Covenant, was now nominally established throughout the island. But in name only. It was soon found, in the case of church and state alike, that to make England break with her history is, as it has ever been in all her ages, a thing more easily said than done.

The Westminster divines went plowing manfully through their Confession of Faith until the end of the year. They were far from accepting Bishop Hall's proposition that the most useful of all books of theology would be one with the title of "*De paucitate credendorum*"—of the fewness of the things that a man should believe. After long and tough debates about the

decrees of election, they had duly passed the heads of Providence, Redemption, Covenant, Justification, Free Will, and a part of Perseverance. But they were still haunted by the red specter of Toleration, the burning question that severed parties. The Independents had advanced a demand for toleration not only for themselves, but even for all the other sects (November, 1645). With horror the Presbyterians saw schisms and heresies, for want of saving discipline, daily increasing in every corner of the land. Never, they exclaimed, in the history of man and churches had blasphemy been so rampant; yet they beheld the sectarian party persisting in their infatuations, and joined with Erastian lawyers in persuading Parliament to spoil that scheme of church government which, they were very sure, would soon have made an end of the scandalous scene.

One vastly important fact survived, and still abides. The Assembly, as has been pointedly said, though called by an English Parliament, held on English ground, and composed of English divines, with only a few Scotsmen among them, still, as things turned out, existed and labored mainly for Scotland. In England the Presbyterian system struck no abiding root. Why Presbyterianism, which at one time seemed to attract so many leading minds in England, should with such rapidity have lost its chance as a solution of church difficulties is an interesting political question, which deserves more attention than it seems to have received. But the formularies of doctrine, discipline, and church government, the Confession of Faith, and the catechisms, settled by the Westminster Assembly, and ratified by the Long Parliament,

are still the standards not only of the Church of Scotland, but of the great body of Presbyterian churches grouped all over the English-speaking world, and numbering many millions of strenuous adherents. The effect of familiarity with the Shorter Catechism upon the intellectual character of the Scottish peasantry, and the connection between Presbyterian government and a strongly democratic turn of thought and feeling in the community, are accepted com-

monplaces. Perhaps this fruit of the labors of the Westminster Assembly, appraise it as we may, was in one sense the most lasting and positive product of the far-famed Long Parliament that set it up and controlled it.

TOLERATION rapidly became the fighting issue, and Cromwell was the man of action who did most to make it so. A long series of controversies as to what a man ought to believe was in England, as elsewhere, followed, as the result of events, by another series as



FROM THE PORTRAIT AT HINCHINBROOK, BY STONE, AFTER VAN DYCK. BY PERMISSION OF THE EARL OF SANDWICH. BORDER DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

WILLIAM LAUD, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

to the right way of treating differences of belief. What is the true form of church government—prelacy, Presbytery, Independency? Ought the bishop or the synod to have coercive jurisdiction against the outward man, his liberty, life, or estate? Ought the state to impose one form of church government upon all citizens, or to leave to free choice, or to favor one form, but without compulsion on dissidents? Ought the state to proscribe or punish the practices of any church, or adhesion to any faith?

This great group of questions, one following another, arose upon the very threshold of the Reformation. Of all the changes that have swept in turn the minds of men, none is more striking than the decline in the demand

or hope for religious uniformity. Variation is now as widely accepted as unity ever was. Toleration has become a standard commonplace, springing often from indifference, often from languor, sometimes from skepticism, but rooted among men of understanding in the perception that the security for a living conscience is freedom, not authority. At the Reformation things were different. Unity of belief about the truths of religion seemed as natural as to-day seems unity about the law of gravitation. The Reformers dislodged the Pope and tore up tradition, but they placed in the vacant shrine the open Bible; one infallibility followed another; and to dispute the new was as much rebellion against Heaven as it had been to dispute the old. This was natural. All truth was in the Book. All the grounds of belief, all its forms, all the history of the typical dealings of the Creator with his creation, all his purposes, the government of his church upon earth, its discipline and services—everything that concerned the right ordering of life and the saving of souls was in the inspired Word. What the Reformers exulted in was not so much the call of the individual conscience to awake and rise erect as the recovery of a body of priceless truth and the unsealing of fresh and abundant fountains of spiritual life.

For the rulers of states a practical perplexity rose up. How was a system resting on the rights of individual conscience and private reason to be reconciled with either authority or unity? Calvin had not been many years in Geneva before he saw the thorny path that was opening out in front of him. He refused admission into the pastoral body to Castellion, who was for excluding the Song of Solomon from the canon of the sacred books (1544). This was only a beginning. Castellion's case was decided with soberness and even with a breath of regret. But only nine years later the intervention of the civil power for the repression of heresy had grown under Calvin's influence to be accepted both as doctrine and practice. The grim Genevan crowd complacently watched the unhappy Servetus at the stake, and heard from the flames and the smoke his pitiful cry to Heaven for mercy on his soul. The spirit of that atrocious crime passed with Knox into Scotland, and the theory of it in mitigated forms haunted the Jerusalem Chamber.

Religious toleration was no novelty either in great books or in the tractates of a day. Men of broad minds, like More in England

and L'Hôpital in France, had not lived for nothing; and though Bacon never made religious tolerance a political dogma, yet his exaltation of truth, knowledge, and wisdom tended to point that way. Nor should we forget that Cromwell's age is the age of Descartes and of Grotius, men whose lofty and spacious thinking, both directly and indirectly, contributed to create an atmosphere of freedom and of peace in which it is natural for tolerance to thrive. To say nothing of others, the irony of Montaigne, in the generation before Cromwell was born, had drawn the true moral from the bloodshed and confusion of the long, fierce wars between Catholic and Huguenot. Beyond theories in books, Presbyterians at Westminster might have seen both in France and in Holland rival confessions standing side by side, each protected by the state. At one moment, in this very era, no fewer than five Protestants held the illustrious rank of marshals of France. The Edict of Nantes, indeed, while it makes such a figure in history (1598-1685), was much more of a forcible practical concordat than a plan reposing on anybody's acceptance of a deliberate doctrine of toleration. It was never accepted by the clergy, any more than it was in heart accepted by the people. Even while the edict was in full force, it was at the peril of his authority with his flock that either Catholic bishop or Protestant pastor in France preached moderation toward the other communion, or hinted that its tenets were not soul-destroying, the mystery of iniquity, and the shame of Babylon. It was in vain that a writer here and there insisted that the state rests ultimately on constraint, while religion rests upon gentleness and persuasion. The natural history of toleration seems simple, but it is in truth one of the most complex of all the topics that engage either the reasoner or the ruler; and until nations were, by their mental state, ready for religious toleration, a statesman responsible for order might pause before committing himself to a system which might mean only that the members of rival communions would fly at one another's throats, like Catholics and Huguenots in France, or Spaniards and Beghards in Holland. In history we ought to try to understand the possible reasons and motives for everything, even for intolerance. For all this, religious liberty prevailed in France while it was still unknown in England. It was not French example, but domestic necessities, that in England tardily brought toleration into men's minds. Helwisse, Busher, Brown,



sectaries whose names find no place in literary histories, had from the opening of the century argued the case for toleration, before the more powerful plea of Roger Williams; but the ideas and the practices of Amsterdam and Leyden had perhaps a wider influence than either colonial exiles or homebred controversialists in gradually producing a political school committed to freedom of conscience.

Slow in England was the dissolution of the deep-rooted idea of Catholic unity and ecclesiastical uniformity. Schism, indeed, was too flagrant a fact not to be recognized, both among the sects at home and the dispersed churches abroad. But Protestants deplored it, and cast the blame on the ancient pride and corruption of Rome. They sought comfort for a time in the idea of a grand communion, of which all reformed churches in every land should be incorporated members.

The limit set to toleration in the earlier and unclouded days of the Long Parliament had been fixed and definite. So far as Catholics were concerned, Charles stood for toleration, and the Puritans for rigorous enforcement of persecuting laws. The growth of sects opened another channel for the bitter stream, and one school of Puritanism became as ready for tormenting another school as they both were for suppressing popery itself. In that great protest for freedom, the Grand Remonstrance itself, the authors had declared it to be far from their purpose or desire to let loose the golden reins of discipline and government in the church, to leave private persons of particular congregations to take up what form of divine service they please; "for we hold it requisite," they went on to say, "that there should be throughout the whole realm a conformity to that order which the laws enjoin according to the Word of God." It was the rise of the Independents to political power that made Toleration a party question and forced it into the effective prominence that belongs to party questions.

Milton's lofty genius performed the noble work of bringing great universal ideas into active relation with what all men could understand, and what all practical men wished for. There were others, indeed, who set the doctrine of toleration in a fuller light; but in Milton's writings on church government he satisfies as well as Socinus, or Roger Williams, or any of his age, the test that has been imposed of making toleration "at once a moral, a political, and a theolog-

ical dogma." With him the law of tolerance is no birth of skepticism or languor or indifference. It is no politician's argument for reconciling freedom of conscience with public order, nor a pungent intellectual demonstration, like Bayle's half a century later. Intolerance is dishonor to the victim, dishonor to the tyrant. The fountainhead from which every worthy enterprise issues forth is a pious and just honoring of ourselves; it is the sanctity and freedom of the man's own soul. The scornful distinction between lay and cleric is an outrage on this noble self-esteem. The coercive power of ecclesiastics is an impious intrusion into that inner sanctuary of the soul into which shame may enter, and remorse and reverence for good men may enter, and a dread of becoming a lost wanderer from the communion of the just and holy may enter, but never the boisterous and carnal tyranny of unlawful and unscriptural jurisdiction. In all this Milton was constructing a plea against prelacy, but in fact his moving argument, at once so delicate and so haughty, for the rights and self-respecting obligations of "that inner man which may be termed the spirit of the soul," contains the mainspring of Puritanism under all its aspects, both religious and political. It is the clue to the revolt against formalism, against authority, and almost against church organization in any of its forms. Finally, it is the base of toleration. Alas! even Milton halts and stammers when he comes to ask himself why, on the same arguments, popery may not plead for toleration. Here he falls back upon the regulation commonplaces. Popery is not a religion, it is a Roman principality; and reason of state, not ground of religion, justifies the civil magistrate in proscribing it. Well may Clarendon say of these times that the very whisper of popery "intoxicated all men and deprived them of all faculties to examine and judge."

Milton's ideas, which were at the heart of Cromwell's vaguer and less firmly molded thinking, were in direct antagonism to at least three broad principles that hitherto ruled the minds of men. These ideas were fatal, first, to uniformity of belief, not merely as a thing within reach, but as an object to be desired. Next, they shattered and destroyed authority, whether of clergy or laity, or of a king by the grace of God over Parliament and people. Finally, Milton's ideas dealt to history as a moral power one of the blows that seem so naturally to mark the course of all modern revolutions. For it is the essence of every appeal to reason or to the



individual conscience to discard the heavy-woven garments of tradition, custom, inheritance, prerogative, and ancient institution. History becomes, in Milton's own exorbitant phrase, no more than the perverse iniquity of sixteen hundred years. Uniformity, authority, history—to shake these was to move the foundations of the existing world in England. History, however, shows itself a standing force; it is not a dead, but a living hand; the sixteen hundred years that Milton found so perverse had knit fibers into England's national growth that even Cromwell and all the energy of Puritanism were powerless to pluck out.

#### XIV. THE NEW MODEL.

AFTER the victory at Marston, followed, as it was, by the surrender of York, men expected other decisive exploits from Lord Manchester and his triumphant army. He was directed to attend on the motions of the indomitable Rupert, in whom the disaster before the walls of York seemed to have stirred fresh energy. Manchester saw a lion in every path. His men needed rest, he said. The Eastern Association, which had raised his army and was supposed to pay it, would stop both pay and recruiting if its protectors started after Rupert. If they went off toward Chester and the west, their supplies would have to pass under the walls of half a dozen strong places of the king, which they could neither take nor block. These and the other difficulties made by Manchester were not devoid of reason, but a nation in a crisis seeks a general whom difficulties confront only to be overcome.

Essex meanwhile had been overtaken by grievous disaster in the southwest. He had escaped by sea from Plymouth, leaving his army to find their way out by fighting or surrender, as best they could. So great was his influence and popularity that, even in face of this miscarriage, Essex almost at once received a new command. Manchester was to coöperate with him in resisting the king's eastward march from Cornwall to his fixed headquarters at Oxford. He had objected to the plan in council, and insisted that to oppose the king in the present condition of the respective armies would expose them to scorn and ruin. He professes to obey, but he loiters, delays, and finds excuses, until even the Derby House Committee lose patience, and send a couple of their members to kindle a little fire in him, just as in the next century the French Convention used to send two commissioners to spur

on the revolutionary generals. "Destroy but the king's army," cried Waller, "and the work is ended." This temper Manchester could not, for reasons of his own, be brought to share. At length the forces of Essex, Waller, and Manchester combined, and attacked the king at Newbury. In this second battle of Newbury (October 27, 1644), though the Parliamentarians under Manchester and Waller were nearly two to one, the result was so little conclusive that the king made his way almost without pursuit from the field. He even returned within a fortnight, offered battle once more on the same ground, and, as the challenge was declined, returned at his ease to Oxford.

At length vexation at inactivity and delay grew so strong that Cromwell (November 25), seizing the apt moment, as was his wont, startled the House by opening articles of charge against his commander. Manchester, he said, ever since the victory of Marston Moor, had acted as if he deemed that to be enough; had declined every opportunity of further advantage upon the enemy; and had lost occasion upon occasion, as if he thought the king too low and the Parliament too high. It was not the military, but the moral and political slackness that provoked Cromwell. "Oversights of a commander," he said, "can rarely be avoided in military affairs, and I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversight." He anticipated the modern saying that all generals make mistakes, and the greatest is only he who makes the fewest. No man had ever less in him than Cromwell of the malcontent subordinate. "At this time," Waller says of him before Marston, "he had never shown extraordinary parts, nor do I think he did himself believe that he had them; for although he was blunt, he did not bear himself with pride or disdain. As an officer he was obedient, and did never dispute my orders or argue upon them." His letters to Fairfax at a later date are a pattern of the affectionate loyalty due from a man second in command to a general whom he trusts. What alarmed him was not Manchester's backwardness in action, his aversion to engagement, his neglect of opportunities, but the growing certainty that there was behind all this half-heartedness some actual principle of downright unwillingness to prosecute the war to a full victory, and a deliberate design not to push the king too hard nor to reduce him too low. We do not know what view Cromwell took at this time of the possibility or the necessity of some ultimate accommodation with the king, nor

whether he thought differently now from what he thought two years later, when he himself tried to deal with the king. This, at least, is certain, that he never at any time swerved as to the destruction of the king's military power being an indispensable preliminary. If Manchester thought otherwise, in Cromwell's eyes it could only be because the accommodation that he desired was really no better than a surrender of the good cause. Cromwell recalled many expressions of Manchester that plainly betrayed a desire not to end the war by the sword, but to make a peace on terms that were to his own taste. On one occasion the advocates of a fight urged that to let the king get off unassailed would strengthen his position at home and abroad, whereas if they only beat him now, he and his cause were forever ruined. Manchester vehemently urged the alternative risks. "If we beat the king ninety-nine times," he cried, "he will be king still and his posterity, and we subjects still; but if he beat us but once, we shall be hanged and our posterity undone." "If that be so," said Cromwell, "why did we take up arms at first? This is against fighting ever hereafter. If so, let us make peace, let it be never so basely." Within the next eighteen months he was to find to his cost that there might be more in Manchester's leanings than he now supposed, and that some of his own soldiers would, retort his present taunts upon himself.

There were abundant recriminations. The military question became a party question. It was loudly flung out that on one of the disputed occasions nobody was so much against fighting as Cromwell, and that, after Newbury, Cromwell, when ordered to bring up his horse, asked Manchester in a discontented manner whether he intended to flay the horse, for if he gave them more work, he might have their skins, but he would have no service. He once made a speech very nearly a quarter of an hour long against running the risk of an attack. While insinuating now that Manchester had not acted on the advice of his councils of war, yet he had at the time loudly declared that any man was a villain and a liar who said any such thing. He was always attributing to himself all the praise of other men's actions. Going deeper than such stories as these, were the reports of Cromwell's inflammatory sayings; as that he once declared to Lord Manchester his hatred of all peers, wishing there was never a lord in England, and that it would never be well till Lord Manchester was plain Mr. Montagu. Then he expressed himself with con-

tempt of the Westminster divines, of whom he said that they were persecutors of honest men than themselves. He desired to have none in the army but such as were of the Independent judgment, because these would withstand any peace but such as honest men would aim at. He vowed that if he met the king in battle he would as lief fire his pistol at the king as at anybody else. Of their brethren the Scots he had used contumelious speech, and had even said that he would as cheerfully draw the sword upon them as upon any in the army of the king.

The exasperation to which events had brought both the energetic men like Cromwell and the slower men like Essex had reached a dangerous pitch. In the French Revolution such situations were instant questions of life and death, and it depended on the swift decision of a moment which party sent the other to the guillotine. Ours was a tamer rehearsal of the "revolution swallowing its children." One evening very late the two lawyers Whitelocke and Maynard were summoned to attend Lord Essex. They found the Scotch commissioners with him, along with Holles, Stapleton, and others of the Presbyterian party. The question was whether by English law Cromwell could be tried as an incendiary, as one who kindles coals of contention and raises differences in the state to the public damage. Of this move the Scots were the authors. "Cromwell is no good friend of ours," they said, "and ever since our army came into England he has used all underhand and cunning means to detract from our credit." He was no friend, either, to their church. Besides that, he was no well-wisher to the lord general, whom they had such good reason to love and honor. Was there law enough in England to clip his wings?

The lawyers gave a sage reply. English law, they said, knows, but not very familiarly, the man who kindles the burning flames of contention. But were there proofs that Oliver was such an incendiary? It would never do for persons of so great honor and authority as Essex and the Scots to go upon ground of which they were not sure. Again, had they considered the policy of the thing? "I take Lieutenant-General Cromwell," said Whitelocke, "to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained no small interest in the House of Commons; nor is he wanting of friends in the House of Peers, or of abilities in himself to manage his own defense to the best advantage." "As for proofs and particulars,"

said Maynard, "I confess I do not in my private knowledge assure myself of any such particulars, and I believe it will be harder than some of us imagine to fasten this upon him." The bitter Holles and his Presbyterian group were very keen for proceeding; they thought that there was plenty of evidence, and they did not believe Cromwell to be so strong in the Commons as was supposed. It was the Scots who judiciously saved their English allies from falling into the scrape. They were not so forward to adventure after they had heard the good sense of the lawyers, and at two o'clock in the morning the party broke up. Whitelocke or another secretly told Cromwell what had passed, with the result that he grew only more eager than before.

A HUNDRED and thirty years later a civil war again broke out among the subjects of the British crown. The issues were not in form the same. Cromwell fought for the supremacy of Parliament within the kingdom; Washington fought against the supremacy of Parliament over Englishmen across the Atlantic Ocean. It is possible that if the Stuart king had only possessed an ampler leaven of the tough cunning of the Hanoverian king the struggle on English ground might have run a different course. However that may be, in each case the two wars were in their earlier stages not unlike, and both Marston Moor and Bunker Hill rank among those engagements that have a lasting significance in history, where military results were secondary to moral effect.

It was these encounters that first showed that the champions of the popular cause intended, and were able to make, a stand-up fight against the forces of the monarchy. In each case the combatants expected the conflict to be short. In each case the battle of popular liberty was first fought by weak bodies, ill paid, ill disposed to discipline, mounted on cart-horses and armed with fowling-pieces, mainly anxious to get back to their homes as soon as they could, and fluctuating from month to month with the humors, the jealousies, or the means of the separate counties in England or the separate States in America. "Short enlistments," said Washington, "and a mistaken dependence on militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes; the evils of a standing army are remote, but the consequence of wanting one is certain and inevitable ruin. To carry on the war systematically, you must establish your army on a permanent and na-

tional footing." What Washington said in 1776 was just what Cromwell said in 1644.

It is unjust to Essex and Manchester to lay all the blame on their want of heart in the cause. The system had broken down. Officers complained that their forces melted away, because men thought they would be better treated in other counties, and all comers were welcomed by every association. One general grumbles that another general is favored in money and supplies. The governors of strong towns are in hot feud with the committee of the town. Want of pay made the men sulky and mutinous, and there were always "evil instruments" ready to trade on such moods. Furious passages took place between pressed men and the county committees.

Apart from the squalor and brutality intrinsic in all war, the general breakdown of economic order might well alarm the instincts of the statesman. "Honest industry," cried one voice of woe, "is quite discouraged, being almost useless. Most men that have estates are betrayed by one side or another, plundered, sequestered. Trading—the life and substance of thousands—decaying, eaten up with taxes; your poor quite ready to famish, or to rise to pull relief from rich men's hands by violence. Squeezed by taxes, racked by war, the anvil, indeed, of misery, upon which all the strokes of vengeance fell. A woeful nation! Once the finest people in the world, now the veriest slaves—slaves not to one, but many masters." A covetous eye had long been cast upon the emoluments of the church. "The stop of trade here," Baillie wrote even so far back as 1641, "has made this people much poorer than ordinary; they will nowadays be able to bear their burden if the cathedrals fall not." From its first phases in all countries the Reformation went with designs upon the church lands. And so it was in England now.

With such a spectacle every day before him, with the knowledge of all the discontent that must be burning in the hearts of his countrymen, Cromwell's inborn love of good order, and his passionate interest in the good cause, must alike have fired him with the conviction that only a new system of action could avert ruin. Hypotheses of selfishness or personal ambition are superfluous.

"You will never get your service done," said Waller, "until you have an army entirely your own, and at your own command." This theme was the prime element in the New Model—the substitution of one army under a single commander-in-chief, supported by the Par-





est Skippon, a valiant fighter and a faithful man, was made major-general, and the higher post of lieutenant-general was left significantly open. It is curious to find that the army was reduced in numbers. The army of which Essex was lord general numbered twenty-five thousand foot and five thousand horse. The army of the New Model was to consist only of twenty-two thousand men in all, fourteen thousand four hundred being foot and the rest horse and dragoons. A trooper received about what he would have received for labor at the plow or with the wagon.

We have a picture of discipline at its highest in Hutchinson's orders to the garrison at Nottingham. Anybody found idly standing in the street, or playing any game on Sabbath or fast day, was fined half a crown. Anybody drinking in a tavern on Sabbath or fast day was to pay a shilling, and the innkeeper was also to pay a shilling, and for a second offense to be allowed to sell liquor no more. If anybody swore, for every oath he was liable to a fine of three-pence. Burnet says he well remembers three English regiments coming to Aberdeen when Monk was busy in subduing Scotland. There was an order and discipline, he says, and a face of gravity and piety among them, that amazed all people. Most were Independents and Anabaptists; they were all gifted men, and preached as they were moved. But they never disturbed the public assemblies in the churches save once. They came and reproved the preachers for laying things to their charge that were false. Burnet was present; the debate grew very fierce; at last they drew their swords, but there was no hurt done; yet Cromwell displaced the governor for not punishing even this.

The average substantive wealth in the army was not high. Royalists were fond of taunting them with their meager means, and vowed that the whole pack of them, from the lord general to the horse-farrier, could not muster one thousand pounds a year in land among them. Yet in Fairfax's new army, of the officers of the higher military rank no fewer than thirty out of thirty-seven were men of good family. Pride the drayman, and Hewson the cobbler, and Okey the ship-chandler, were among the minority who rose from the common ranks. When Cromwell spoke to Hampden about an army of decayed serving-men and tapsters, his own men had never been of the tapster tribe. They were most of them freeholders and freeholders' sons, who upon matter of con-

science engaged in the quarrel, and "thus being well armed within by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man stand firmly and charge desperately."

That was the ideal of the New Model. We cannot, however, assume that it was easy or possible to procure twenty thousand men of militant conscience, willing for the cause to leave farm and shop, wife and home, to submit themselves to iron discipline, and to face all the peril of battle, murder, and sudden death. Even if Cromwell's ideal was the prevailing type, it has been justly pointed out that constant pay must have been a taking inducement to volunteers in a time when social disorder had made work scarce. If we remember, again, that a considerable portion of the new army were not even volunteers, but had been impressed against their will, the influence of Puritan zeal can hardly have been universal, even if it were so much as general.

There were several steps in the process of military transformation. In December the Commons, acting upon Cromwell's argument from the suspicion with which people looked upon lords and commoners in places of high command, passed the famous ordinance by which no member of either house should have any office of civil or military command. In January the handful who now composed the House of Lords threw out the ordinance. A second ordinance was sent up to them in February, and they passed it with amendments. In the middle of February (1645) the New Model ordinance was finally passed. Six weeks later the Self-denying Ordinance was brought back in a revised form, only enacting that within forty days members of either of the two houses should resign any post that the Parliament had intrusted to them. Essex, Manchester, Denbigh, Warwick, Waller, resigned without waiting for the forty days.

It must have been an anxious moment, for Essex was still popular with the great body of the army, and if he had chosen to defy the ordinance he might possibly have found support both in public opinion and in military force. "But he was not for such enterprises," says Clarendon, with caustic touch. Honorable and unselfish men have not been so common in the history of states and armies that we need approve the sarcasm. Clarendon might better have deplored his royal master's wretched statesmanship, when even in this crucial hour he could not see the wisdom of so framing his



policy as to make such men as Essex and Manchester his friends.

Cromwell followed a line that was peculiar, but might easily have been foretold. The historian in our own day tells us that he finds it hard to avoid the conclusion that Cromwell was ready to sacrifice his own

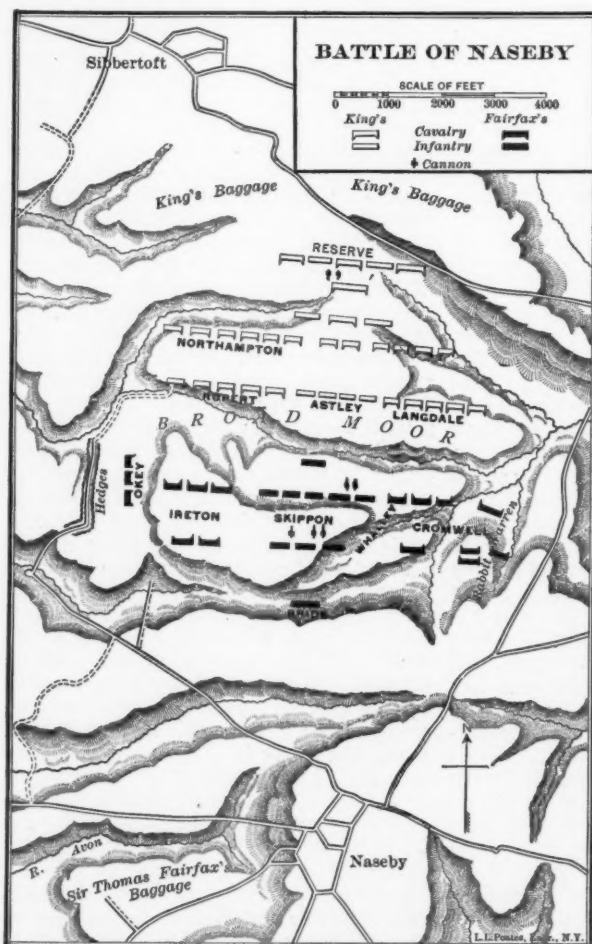
ter of his own labors in the field. Yet nobody can deny that his proceedings were oblique. It is incredible that the post of lieutenant-general should have been left vacant otherwise than by design. It is incredible that even those who were most anxious to pull Cromwell down should not have foreseen

that, if the war was to go on, the most successful and popular of all their generals would inevitably be recalled. That he had confidence in the courage and military talents of Fairfax, and that his confidence was justified, was true. But it would have been an incredibly foolish underestimate of himself to suppose that his own influence, his fierce energy, his determination, and his natural gift of the soldier's eye, could all be spared at an hour when the struggle was drawing to its most hazardous stage.

What happened actually was this. The Self-denying Ordinance was passed on April 3, and Cromwell was bound to lay down all military command within forty days. Meanwhile he was despatched toward the west. The end of the forty days found him in the Oxford country. The Parliament passed a special ordinance, not without misgivings in the Lords, extending his employment for forty days more, until June 22. Before the expiry of this new term, Fairfax and the officers, following the Common Council who had demanded it before, peti-

unique position in the army, and to retire from military service. This is surely not easy to believe, any more than it is easy to believe another story, for which the evidence comes to extremely little, that at another time he meant to take service in Germany. It is true that in inspiring and supporting the first version of the Self-denying Ordinance, Oliver seemed to be closing the chap-

tioned the houses to sanction the appointment of Cromwell to the vacant post of lieutenant-general, with command of the horse. The Commons agreed (June 10), and Fairfax formally appointed him. At the moment, Cromwell had been sent from Oxford (May 26) into the eastern counties to protect the Isle of Ely. He was taken by legal fiction or in fact to have complied with the Self-denying



Ordinance by resigning, and, strictly speaking, his appointment required the assent of both houses. But the needs of the time were too sharp for ceremony. The campaign had now begun that almost in a few hours was to end in the ever-famous day of Naseby.

#### XV. THE DAY OF NASEBY.

ARMED Puritanism was now first to manifest all its strength. Faith that the God of Bat-

1645, which was to end in the destruction of the king's arms, were confused and unimportant. The Committee of Both Kingdoms hardly knew what to do with the new weapon now at their command, and for many weeks both Fairfax and Cromwell were employed in carrying out ill-conceived orders in the west. In May Charles left his headquarters at Oxford, with a design of marching through the midlands northward. On the last day of the month he took Leicester by storm. The



FROM A PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

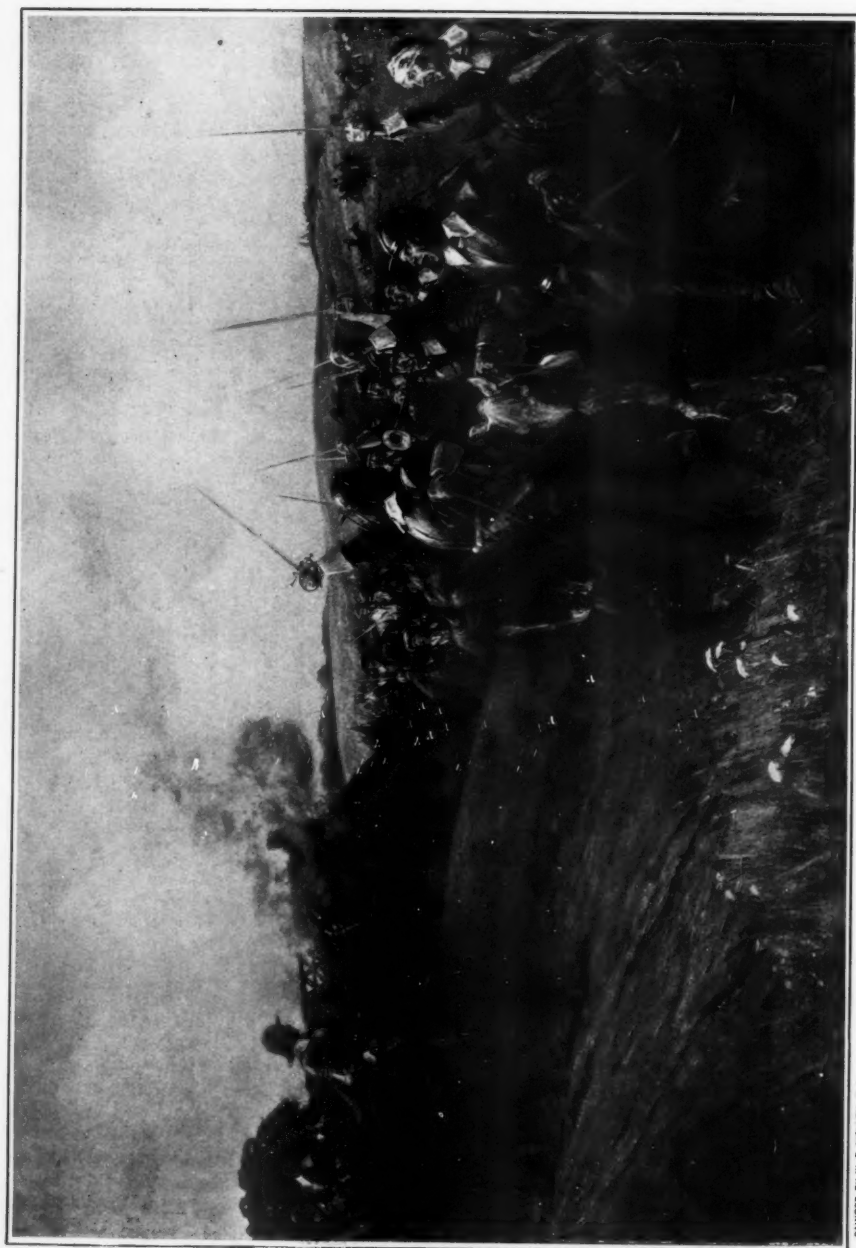
SIR MARMADUKE LANGDALE, THE FIRST LORD LANGDALE.

tles was on their side nerved its chosen and winnowed ranks with stern confidence. The fierce spirit of the Old Testament glowed like fire in their hearts. But neither these moral elements of military force, nor discipline, technical precision, and iron endurance, would have sufficed to win the triumph at Naseby without the intrepid genius of Oliver. This was the day on which the great soldier was first to show himself, in modern phrase, a Man of Destiny.

The first movements of the campaign of  
Vol. LIX.—71.

committee at Westminster were filled with alarm. Was it possible that he intended an invasion of their stronghold in the eastern counties? Fairfax, who lay before the walls of Oxford, was immediately directed to raise the siege and follow the king.

The modern soldier is struck all through the war with the ignorance on both sides of the movements, plans, and position of the enemy. By June 13 the two armies were in Northamptonshire, only some seven miles apart, Fairfax at Guilsborough, Charles at



PAINTED BY W. B. WOLLEN, R. A.

AFTER NASEBY.

Daventry; and yet it was not until the Parliamentary scouts were within sight of the Royalist camp that the advance of Fairfax became known. The Royalists undoubtedly made a fatal mistake in placing themselves in the way of Fairfax after they had let Goring go; and the cause of their mistake was the hearty contempt felt by the whole of them, from king to drummer, for the raw new army and its clownish recruits. The Cavaliers had amused themselves, we are told, by cutting a wooden image in the shape of a man, and "in such a form as they blasphemously called it the god of the Roundheads, and this they carried in scorn and contempt of our army in a public manner a little before the battle began." So confident were they of teaching the rabble a lesson. While the king had scores of officers of military experience, the Parliamentarians "had not ten that could pretend to any experience beyond what the war had given them." Charles spoke of Fairfax as "their new brutish general," a man as much above Charles in loyalty and sense of honor as in the talents of the soldier. Doubting friends thought as ill of the New Model as overweening foes. "Their new-modeled army," says Baillie, like all the Presbyterians at this moment, hardly knowing what he ought to wish, "consists for the most part of raw, unexperienced, pressed soldiers. Few of the officers are thought capable of their places; many of them are sectaries; if they do great service, many will be deceived."

Disaster, however, was not to be. Cromwell, as we have seen, had been ordered off eastward, to take measures for the defense of the Isle of Ely. These commands, says a contemporary, "he, in greater tenderness of the public service than of his own honor, in such a time of extremity disputed not, but fulfilled." After securing Ely he applied himself to active recruiting in Cambridgeshire, with the extraordinary success that always followed his magnetic energy. As soon as the king's movements began to create uneasiness, Fairfax, knowing Cromwell's value as commander of horse, applied in haste to the Parliament that he should be specially permitted to serve. The Committee of Both Kingdoms gave him plenary leave accordingly (June 2). The general despatched constant expresses to Cromwell himself, to inform him from time to time where the army was, so that he might know in case of danger where to join them. When he found battle to be imminent, Oliver hastened over the county border as hard as he and six hundred horsemen with him could go. They rode into

Fairfax's quarters at six o'clock on the morning of June 13, and were hailed, as we can easily conceive, with the liveliest demonstrations of joy by the general and the whole army. "For it had been observed," says an onlooker of those days, "that God was with him, and that affairs were blessed under his hand." He was immediately ordered to take command of the marshaling of the horse. There was not an instant to lose, for before the field-officers could even give a rough account of the arrangements of the army, the enemy came on again in excellent order, while the plan of the Parliamentary commanders was still an embryo. This was the moment that Cromwell has himself in glowing phrase described: "I can say this of Naseby, that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor, ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle,—the general having commanded me to order all the horse,—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not bring to naught things that are."

The number of men engaged, like the manœuvres that preceded the battle, is a matter of much uncertainty. One good contemporary authority puts the Parliamentary forces at eleven thousand, and says that the two armies were about equal. Mr. Gardiner, on the other hand, believes the Parliamentarians to have been 13,600, and the Royalists only 7500, or not much more than one to two—a figure that is extremely hard to reconcile with two admitted facts. One is that nobody puts the number of Royalist prisoners lower than four thousand (and one contemporary even makes them six thousand), while the slain are supposed to have been not less than one thousand. This would mean the extinction by death or capture of two thirds of the king's total force, and no contemporary makes the disaster so murderous as this. The admission, again, that the Royalist cavalry after the battle was practically intact, increases the difficulty of accepting so low an estimate for the total of the king's troops, for nobody puts the Royalist horse under four thousand. The better opinion undoubtedly seems to be that, though Fairfax's troops outnumbered the king's, yet the superiority can hardly have approached the proportion of two to one.

The country was open, and the only fences were mere double hedges with an open grass-track between, separating Naseby from Sulby on the west and Clipston on the

east. On the right of Fairfax's line, where Cromwell and his troopers were posted, the action of cavalry was much hindered by rabbit burrows, and at the bottom there was boggy land, equally inconvenient to the horsemen of the king. The level of the Parliamentary position was some fifty feet, that of the Royalist position not more than

faced Cromwell, while Lord Astley led the infantry in the center. Fairfax directed the disposition of his men, and was conspicuous during the three hours of the engagement by his energy, vigilance, and persistence. He was by constitution a slow-footed man, but when he drew near action in the field then another spirit came upon him, men said,



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

1. NASEBY, THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE. 2. OBELISK ON OR NEAR NASEBY. THE INSCRIPTION SAYS "ON THIS FIELD," BUT ACCORDING TO LOCAL TRADITION THE FIGHT WAS ABOUT A MILE OFF.
3. ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF NASEBY.

thirty, above the open hollow between them. The slope was from three to four degrees, thus offering little difficulty of incline to either horse or foot.

If the preliminary manœuvres cannot be definitely made out in detail, or carried beyond a choice of alternative hypotheses each as good as the other, the actual battle is as plain as any battle on rather meager and fragmentary reports can be considered plain. As usual on both sides, the infantry were posted in the center, with the cavalry on each flank. Fairfax seems to have taken up his ground on the ledge of the hill running from east to west. Then, possibly at Cromwell's suggestion, he drew his men back a hundred paces from the ledge, so as to keep out of the enemy's sight, knowing that he could recover the advantage when he pleased. The Royalists took this move for retreat, and hastened their advance. As they drew nearer, the Parliamentarians marched up to the brow again. Such, so far as can be made out from very entangled evidence, is the simplest view of Fairfax's position. Cromwell, in command of the horse, was stationed on the Parliamentary right, and Ireton on the left. The veteran Skippon commanded regiments of foot in the center. On the opposite slope, across Broadmoor, Rupert faced Ireton, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with his northern horse in the doubtful humor of men who wished to go homeward,

and another soul looked out of his eyes. King Charles, though inferior in military capacity, was not behind him in either activity or courage.

The word was on the one side "Mary," the king's favorite name for the queen; on the other side, "God with us." The Royalists, opening the attack, advanced their whole line a hundred yards or so across the flat and up the slope toward the opposite ridge. The Parliamentarians came into view upon the brow from which they had recently retired. In a few moments the foot in the center were locked in stubborn conflict. They discharged their pieces, and then fell to it with clubbed muskets and with swords. The Royalist infantry pressed Skippon so hard that his first line at last gave way and fell back on the reserve. Ireton, with his horse on the Parliamentary left, launched one of his divisions to help the foot on his right, but with little advantage to them and with disaster to himself. For Rupert, dashing through the smart musketry fire from Okey's dragoons posted behind Sulby hedges, came crashing with irresistible weight upon the other portion of Ireton's horse on the western slope of the ridge, broke them up, and pursued the scattered force toward Naseby village. On the right, meanwhile, things had gone better, for here Cromwell stood. He had detailed a force of his cavalry under Whalley to meet Langdale in front with the



Royalist right wing, and himself swept round on to Langdale's left flank with the main body of his own horse. Whalley, thundering down the slope, caught the left of the opposing horse with terrific impetus, before the enemy could charge up the higher ground. Nothing could stand against him. Oliver's charge on the other flank completed Langdale's ruin, some of the enemy dashing in headlong flight from the field toward others finding their way to the king's reserve, and there halting huddled together until they were by and by re-formed. They were mainly from Yorkshire and the north, and had gone into battle with half a heart. Such was Cromwell's first onset.

The main battle was less victorious. The right of the Parliamentary foot stood firm, but the rest, being overpressed, gave ground and fell back in disorder. The officers made fruitless attempts to check the confusion of their inexperienced forces, and were obliged to fall into the reserves with their colors, "choosing rather to fight and die than to quit the ground they stood on." It was at this point that Cromwell executed his second movement; it was the crisis of the battle. With singular exactness he repeated the tactics that had won the memorable day at Marston. There as here, Cromwell's wing victorious, the other wing worsted, the foot in the center hard pressed, Cromwell re-forming to the rescue. Rupert, like Goring's men at Marston, instead of leaving a detachment to pursue Ireton's fugitive horse, and turning to help the king's infantry in their work at the center, lost time and a decisive opportunity. Cromwell, as at Marston, observing the difficulties of the Parliamentary foot, collected his whole force, save one regiment detailed to watch or pursue the flight of Langdale's horsemen,

formed them again in line, set a new front toward the left flank of the enemy's foot, and flung them with uplifted right arms and flashing swords to the relief of the hotly pressed infantry of Fairfax and Skippon. One of the Royalist brigades offered an obstinate resistance. "The Parliamentarians strove hard to break them, but even the Ironsides could not drive them in, they standing with incredible courage and resolution, though we attempted them in flank, front, and rear." No impression was made until Fairfax called up his own regiment of foot. Then the stubborn

brigade gave way, and in a short time there was little left in the whole of the field but the remnant of the king's horse.

Though some, says the modern soldier, may hold Marston to offer a greater variety of striking pictures and moments of more intensity (Hoenig, i. 203), there is scarcely a battle in history where cavalry was better handled than at Naseby. Of the tactics of Naseby this second charge of the Cromwellian horse stands out conspicuous for skill and vigor. There was still, however, one more move to make before victory was secure.

Though aware of the disaster that was overwhelming him, the king strove bravely to rally the broken horse of his left wing. He was joined by Rupert, at last returning from the baggage-wagons and Naseby village, with his men and horses exhausted and out of breath. Here the Royalists made their last stand. It was in vain. The Parliamentary generals, with extraordinary alacrity, prepared for a final charge, and their preparation was hardly made before all was over and the day won. Ireton, though severely wounded in the beginning of the battle, had got his men together again, and he took an active part in the new attack. The Parliamentary foot, who had been thrown



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.

ARMOR OF CHARLES I.

into disorder by the first charge, and had then rallied "in a shorter time than imaginable," now advanced at the best of their speed to join the horse. For Oliver had got his force of cavalry once more in hand, and made ready to bear down on the enemy for a third and final charge. The horsemen were again drawn up in two wings within carbine-shot of the enemy, "leaving a wide space between the wings for the battle of the foot to fall in.

Thereby," says the eye-witness, "there was framed, as it were in a trice, a second good bat-talia at the latter end of the day, which the enemy perceiving, and that if they stood they must expect a second charge from our horse, foot, and artillery (they having lost all their foot

and guns before), and our dragoons having already begun to fire upon their horse, they, not willing to abide a second shock upon so great disadvantage as there was like to be, immediately ran away, both fronts and reserves, without standing one stroke more." To the king, gallantly heading his line, a curious and characteristic thing happened. Lord Carnwath, riding by his side, suddenly laid his hand upon the king's bridle, and swearing sundry Scotch oaths, cried out, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" "Then," says Clarendon, "before the king understood what he would have, he turned his horse round, and upon that they all turned their horses and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself."

The fight, which was desperately main-

tained at every point throughout the day, with its issue often doubtful, lasted three hours. The killed and wounded were about five thousand. The Irish camp-followers were slaughtered in cold blood. All the king's guns, all his wagons and carriages, his colors and standards, were taken, and, worst of all, his private cabinet, containing his most secret correspondence and papers. This did him an injury almost as deep as

the loss of a battle, for the letters disclosed his perfidy, his truthlessness, and the impossibility of trusting him.

Toward the end of May, Digby writes in one of his letters, "Ere one month be over, we shall have a battle of all for all." The prediction came true. If the battle had gone the other

way, Goring and the king would have marched up to London, heartening their men with the promise of the spoil of the richest city in the realm, and the presence of the king and his army in the metropolis might have created a situation that nothing could retrieve. As it was, the king had not even lost his crown. Time had still golden opportunities to offer him. Yet Naseby was for all this one of the decisive battles of English history. It destroyed the last organized force that Charles was able to raise; it demonstrated that the New Model had produced an invincible army; it transformed the nature of the struggle and the conditions of the case; it released new interests and new passions; it changed the balance of parties; and it brought Cromwell into decisive preëminence in all men's minds.



MEDAL OF CHARLES I AND HENRIETTA MARIA, BY T. RAWLINS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SWORD AT CHEQUERS COURT, BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.

SWORD CARRIED BY CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

## SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD.

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE EXPERIENCES OF THE SLOOP "SPRAY"  
ON HER SINGLE-HANDED VOYAGE OF 46,000 MILES.

BY CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY AND GEORGE VARIAN.

### PART VI. THE HOMEWARD TRIP FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

A PLEASANT visit from Admiral Sir Harry Rawson of the Royal Navy and his family brought to an end the *Spray's* social relations with the Cape of Good Hope. The admiral, then commanding the South African Squadron, and now in command of the great Channel fleet, evinced the greatest interest in the diminutive *Spray* and her behavior off Cape Horn, where he was not an entire stranger. I have to admit that I was delighted with the trend of Admiral Rawson's questions, and that I profited by some of his suggestions, notwithstanding the wide difference in our respective commands.

On March 26, 1898, the *Spray* sailed from South Africa, the land of distances and pure air, where she had spent a pleasant and profitable time. The steam-tug *Tigre* towed her to sea from her wonted berth at the Alfred Docks, giving her a good offing. The light morning breeze, which scantily filled her sails when the tug let go the tow-line, soon died away altogether, and left her riding over a heavy swell, in full view of Table Mountain and the high peaks of the Cape of Good Hope. For a while the grand scenery served to relieve the monotony. One of the old circumnavigators (Sir Francis Drake, I think), when he first saw this magnificent pile, sang, "T is the fairest thing and the grandest cape I've seen in the whole circumference of the earth."

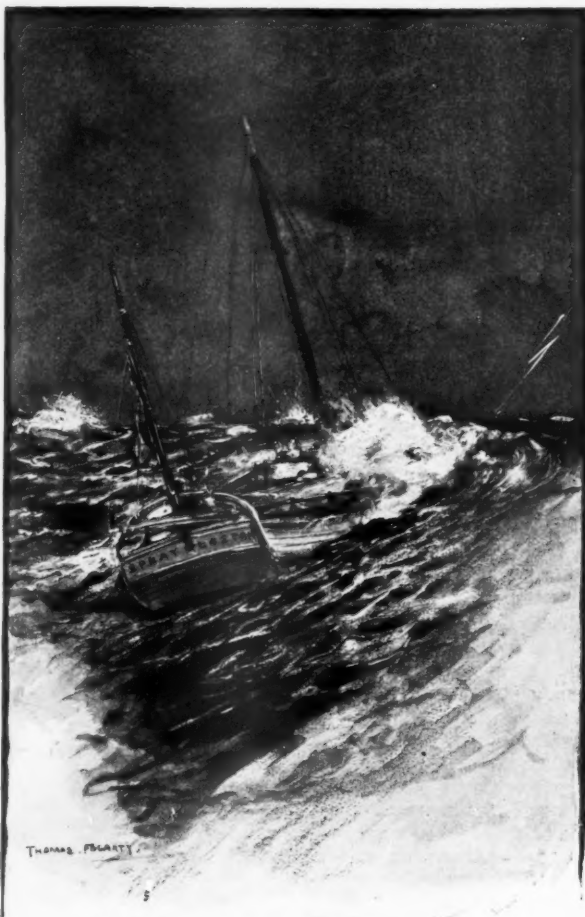
The view was certainly fine, but one has no wish to linger long in a calm to look at anything, and I was glad to note, finally, the short heaving sea, precursor of the wind which followed on the second day. Seals playing about the *Spray* all day, before the breeze came, looked with large eyes when, at evening, she sat no longer like a lazy bird with folded wings. They parted company now, and the *Spray* soon sailed the highest peaks of the mountains out of sight, and the world

changed from a mere panoramic view to a homeward-bound voyage. Porpoises and dolphins, and such other fishes as did not mind making a hundred and fifty miles a day, were her companions now for several days. The wind was from the southeast; this suited the *Spray* well, and she ran along steadily at her best speed, while I dipped into the new books given me at the cape, reading day and night. March 30 was for me a fast-day in honor of them. I read on, oblivious of hunger or wind or sea, thinking that all was going well, when suddenly a comber rolled over the stern and slopped saucily into the cabin, wetting the very book I was reading. Evidently it



THOMAS FOGARTY.

LEAVING ST. HELENA (THE BEACON-LIGHT).



THE STORM OFF NEW YORK.

was time to put in a reef, that she might not wallow on her course.

March 31 the fresh southeast wind had come to stay. The *Spray* was running under a single-reefed mainsail, a whole jib, and a flying-jib besides, set on the Vailima bamboo, while I was reading Stevenson's delightful "Inland Voyage." The sloop was again doing her work smoothly, hardly rolling at all, but just leaping along among the white horses, a thousand gamboling porpoises keeping her company on all sides. She was again among her old friends the flying-fish, interesting denizens of the sea. Shooting out of the waves like arrows, and with outstretched wings, they sailed on the wind in graceful curves, then falling till again they touched the crest of the waves to wet their delicate

wings and renew the flight. They made merry the live-long day. One of the joyful sights on the ocean of a bright day is the continual flight of these interesting fish.

One could not be lonely in a sea like this. Moreover, the reading of delightful adventures enhanced the scene. I was now in the *Spray* and on the Oise in the *Arethusa* at one and the same time. And so the *Spray* reeled off the miles, showing a good run every day till April 11, which came almost before I knew it. Very early that morning I was awakened by that rare bird, the booby, with its harsh quack, which I recognized at once as a call to go on deck; it was as much as to say, "Skipper, there 's land in sight." I tumbled out quickly, and sure enough, away ahead in the dim twilight, about twenty miles off, was St. Helena.

My first impulse was to call out, "Oh, what a speck in the sea!" It is in reality nine miles in length and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-three feet in height. I reached for a bottle of

port-wine out of the locker, and took a long pull from it to the health of my invisible helmsman of the *Pinta*.

It was about noon when the *Spray* came to anchor off Jamestown, and "all hands" at once went ashore to pay respects to his Excellency the governor of the island, Sir R. A. Sterndale. His Excellency, when I landed, remarked that it was not often, nowadays, that a circumnavigator came his way, and he cordially welcomed me, and arranged that I should tell about the voyage, first at Garden Hall to the people of Jamestown, and then at Government House—which is in the hills a mile or two back—to his Excellency and the officers of the garrison and their friends. Mr. Poole, our worthy consul, introduced me at the castle, and in



the course of his remarks asserted that the sea-serpent was a Yankee.

Most royally was the crew of the *Spray* entertained by the governor. I remained at Plantation House a couple of days, and one of the rooms in the mansion, called the "west room," being haunted, the butler, by command of his Excellency, put me up in that—like a prince. Indeed, to make sure that no mistake had been made, his Excellency came later to see that I was in the right room, and to tell me all about the ghosts he had seen or heard of. He had discovered all but one, and wishing me pleasant dreams, he hoped I might have the honor of a visit from the unknown one of the west room. For the rest of the chilly night I kept the candle burning, and often looked from under the blankets, thinking that maybe I should meet the great Napoleon face to face; but I saw only furniture, and the horseshoe that was nailed over the door opposite my bed.

St. Helena has been an island of tragedies—tragedies that have been lost sight of in wailing over the Corsican. On the second day of my visit the governor took me by carriage-road through the turns over the island. At one point of our journey the road, in winding around spurs and ravines, formed a perfect W within the distance of a few rods. The roads, though tortuous and steep, were fairly good, and I was struck with the amount of labor it must have cost to build them. The air on the heights was cool and bracing. It is said that, since hanging for trivial offenses went out of fashion, no one has died there, except from falling over the cliffs in old age, or from being crushed by stones rolling on them from the steep mountains! Witches at one time were persistent at St. Helena, as with us in America in the days of Cotton Mather. At the present day crime is rare in the island. While I was there, Governor Sterndale, in token of the fact that not one criminal case had come to court within the year, was presented with a pair of white gloves by the officers of justice.

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Returning from the governor's house to Jamestown, I drove with Mr. Clark, a countryman of mine, to "Longwood," the home of Napoleon. M. Morilleau, French consular agent in charge, keeps the place respectable and the buildings in good repair. His family at Longwood, consisting of wife and grown daughters, are natives of courtly and refined manners, and spend here days, months, and years of contentment, though they have never seen the world beyond the horizon of St. Helena.

On the 20th of April the *Spray* was again ready for sea. Before going on board I took luncheon with the governor and his family at the castle. Lady Sterndale had sent a large fruit-cake, early in the morning, from Plantation House, to be taken along on the voyage. It was a great high-decker, and I ate sparingly of it, as I thought, but it did not keep as I had hoped it would. I ate the last of it along with my first cup of coffee at Antigua, West Indies, which, after all, was quite a record. The one my own sister made me at the little island in the Bay of Fundy, at the first of the voyage, kept about the same length of time, namely, forty-two days.

After luncheon a royal mail was made up for Ascension, the island next on my way.



"I READ DAY AND NIGHT."





CHART OF THE "SPRAY'S" ATLANTIC TRACKS FROM BOSTON TO GIBRALTAR AND THENCE TO THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN IN 1896, AND FINALLY HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE IN 1898.

Then Mr. Poole and his daughter paid the *Spray* a farewell visit, bringing me a basket of fruit. It was late in the evening before the anchor was up, and I bore off for the west, loath to leave my new friends. But fresh winds filled the sloop's sails once more, and I watched the beacon-light at Plantation House, the governor's parting signal for the *Spray*, till the island faded in the darkness astern and became one with the night, and by midnight the light itself had disappeared below the horizon.

When morning came there was no land in sight, but the day went on the same as days before, save for one small incident. Governor Sterndale had given me a bag of coffee in the husk, and Clark, the American, in an evil moment, had put a goat on board, "to

eating my chart of the West Indies, in the cabin, one day, while I was about my work for'ard, thinking that the critter was securely tied on deck by the pumps. Alas! there was not a rope in the sloop proof against that goat's awful teeth!

It was clear from the very first that I was having no luck with animals on board. There was the tree-crab from the Keeling Islands. No sooner had it got a claw through its prison-box than my sea-jacket, hanging within reach, was torn to ribbons. Encouraged by this success, it smashed the box open and escaped into my cabin, tearing up things generally, and finally threatening my life in the dark. I had hoped to bring the creature home alive, but this did not prove feasible. Next the goat devoured my straw

butt the sack and hustle the coffee-beans out of the pods." He urged that the animal, besides being useful, would be as companionable as a dog. I soon found that my sailing-companion had to be tied up entirely. The mistake I made was that I did not chain him to the mast instead of tying him with grass ropes, and this I learned to my cost. Except for the first day, before the beast got his sea-legs on, I had no peace of mind. After that, actuated by a spirit born, maybe, of his pasturage, this incarnation of evil threatened to devour everything from flying-jib to stern-davits. He was the worst pirate I met on the whole voyage. He began depredations by

hat, and so when I arrived in port I had nothing to wear ashore on my head. This last unkind stroke decided his fate. On the 27th of April the *Spray* arrived at Ascension, which is garrisoned by a man-of-war crew, and the boatswain of the island came on board. As he stepped out of his boat the mutinous goat climbed into it, and defied boatswain and crew. I hired them to land the wretch at once, which they were only too willing to do, and there he fell into the hands of a most excellent Scotchman, with the chances that he would never get away.

In the loneliness of the dreary country about Cape Horn I found myself in no mood to make one life less in the world, except in self-defense, and as I sailed this trait of the hermit character grew till the mention of killing food-animals was revolting to me. However well I may have enjoyed a chicken stew afterward at Samoa, a new self rebelled at the thought suggested there of carrying chickens to be slain for my table on the voyage, and Mrs. Stevenson, hearing my protest, agreed with me that to kill the companions of my voyage and eat them would be indeed next to murder and cannibalism.

As to pet animals, there was no room for a noble large dog on the *Spray* on so long a voyage, and a small cur was for many years associated in my mind with hydrophobia. I witnessed once the death of a sterling young German from that dreadful disease, and about the same time heard of the death, also by hydrophobia, of the young gentleman who had just written a line of insurance in his company for me. I have seen the whole crew of a ship scamper up the rigging to avoid a dog racing about the decks in a fit. It would never do, I thought, for the crew of the *Spray* to take a canine risk, and with these just prejudices indelibly stamped on my mind, I have, I am afraid, answered impatiently too often the query, "Did n't you have a dog?" with, "I and the dog would n't have been very long in the same boat, in any sense." A cat would have been a harmless animal, I dare say, but there was nothing for puss to do on board, and she is an unsociable animal at best. True, a rat got into my vessel at the Keeling Cocos Islands, and another at Rodriguez, along with a centiped stowed away in the hold; but one of them I drove out of the ship, and the other I caught. This is how it was: for the first one with infinite pains I made a trap, looking to its capture and destruction; but the wily rodent, not to be deluded, took the hint and got ashore the day the thing was completed.

It is, according to tradition, a most reassuring sign to find rats coming to a ship, and I had a mind to abide the knowing one of Rodriguez; but a breach of discipline decided the matter against him. While I slept one night, my ship sailing on, he undertook to walk over me, beginning at the crown of my head, concerning which I am always sensitive. I sleep lightly. Before his impertinence had got him even to my nose I cried "Rat!" had him by the tail, and threw him out of the companionway into the sea.

As for the centiped, I was not aware of its presence till the wretched insect, all feet and venom, beginning, like the rat, at my head, awakened me by a sharp bite on the scalp. This also was more than I could tolerate. After a few applications of kerosene the poisonous bite, painful at first, gave me no further inconvenience.

From this on for a time no living thing disturbed my solitude at sea; no insect even was present in my vessel, except the spider and his wife, from Boston, now with a family of young spiders. Nothing, I say, till sailing down the last stretch of the Indian Ocean, where mosquitos came by hundreds from rain-water poured out of the heavens. Simply a barrel of rain-water stood on deck five days, I think, in the sun, then music began. I knew the sound at once; it was the same as heard from Alaska to New Orleans.

Again at Cape Town, while dining out one day, I was taken with the song of a cricket, and Mr. Branscombe, my host, volunteered to capture a pair of them for me. They were sent on board next day in a box labeled, "Pluto and Scamp." Stowing them away in the binnacle in their own snug box, I left them there without food till I got to sea—a few days. It seems that Pluto was a cannibal, for only the wings of poor Scamp were visible when I opened the lid, and they lay broken on the floor of the prison-box. Even with Pluto it had gone hard, for he lay on his back stark and stiff, never to chirrup again.

Ascension Island, where the goat was marooned, is called the Stone Frigate, R. N., and is rated "tender" to the South African Squadron. It lies in 7° 55' south latitude and 14° 25' west longitude, being in the very heart of the southeast trade-winds and about eight hundred and forty miles from the coast of Liberia. It is a mass of volcanic matter, thrown up from the bed of the ocean to the height of two thousand eight hundred and eighteen feet at the highest point above sea-level. It is a strategic point, and belonged to Great Britain before it got cold. In the lim-



THE "SPRAY" PASSED BY THE "OREGON."

ited but rich soil at the top of the island, among the clouds, vegetation has taken root, and a little scientific farming is carried on under the supervision of a gentleman from Canada. Also a few cattle and sheep are pastured there for the garrison mess. Water storage is made on a large scale. In a word, this heap of cinders and lava rock is stored and fortified, and would stand a siege.

Very soon after the *Spray* arrived I received a note from Captain Blaxland, the commander of the island, conveying his thanks for the royal mail brought from St. Helena, and inviting me to luncheon with him and his wife and sister at headquarters, not far away. It is hardly necessary to say that I availed myself of the captain's hospitality at once. A carriage was waiting at the jetty when I landed, and a sailor, with a broad grin, led the horse carefully up the hill to the captain's house, as if I were a lord of the admiralty, and a governor besides; and he led it as carefully down again when I returned. On the following day I visited the summit among the clouds, the same team being provided, and the same old sailor leading the horse. There was probably not a man on the island at that moment better able to walk than I. The sailor knew that. I finally suggested that we change places. "Let me take the bridle," I said, "and keep the horse

from bolting." "Great Stone Frigate!" he exclaimed, as he burst into a laugh, "this 'ere 'oss would n't bolt no faster nor a turtle. If I did n't tow 'im 'ard we 'd never get into port." I walked most of the way over the steep grades, whereupon my guide, every inch a sailor, became my friend. Arriving at the summit of the island, I met Mr. Schank, the farmer from Canada, and his sister, living very cozily in a house among the rocks, as snug as conies, and as safe. He showed me over the farm, taking me through a tunnel which led from one field to the other, divided by an inaccessible spur of mountain. Mr. Schank said that he had lost many cows and bullocks, as well as sheep, from breakneck over the steep cliffs and precipices. One cow, he said, would sometimes hook another right over a precipice to destruction, and go on feeding unconcernedly. It seemed that the animals on the island farm, like mankind in the wide world, found it all too small.

On the 26th of April, while I was ashore, rollers came in which rendered launching a boat impossible. However, the sloop being securely moored to a buoy in deep water outside of all breakers, she was safe, while I, in the best of quarters, listened to well-told stories among the officers of the Stone Frigate. On the evening of the 29th, the

sea having gone down, I went on board and made preparations to start again on my voyage early next day, the boatswain of the island and his crew giving me a hearty handshake as I embarked at the jetty.

For reasons of scientific interest, I invited in mid-ocean the most thorough investigation concerning the crew-list of the *Spray*. Very few had challenged it, and perhaps few ever will do so henceforth; but for the benefit of the few that may, I wished to clench beyond doubt the fact that it was not at all necessary in the expedition of a sloop around the world to have more than one man for the crew, all told, and that the *Spray* sailed with only one person on board. And so, by appointment, Lieutenant Eagles, the executive officer, in the morning, just as I was ready to sail, fumigated the sloop, rendering it impossible for a person to live concealed below, and proving that only one person was on board when she arrived. A certificate to this effect, besides the official documents from the many consulates, health offices, and custom-houses, will seem to many superfluous; but this story of the voyage may find its way into hands unfamiliar with the business of these offices and of their ways of seeing that a vessel's papers, and, above all, her bills of health, are in order.

The *Spray*, nothing loath, now filled away clear of the sea-beaten rocks, and the trade-winds, comfortably cool and bracing, sent her flying along on her course. On May 8, 1898, she crossed the track, homeward bound, that she had made October 2, 1895, on the voyage out. She passed Fernando de Noronha at night, going some miles south of it, and so I did not see the island. I felt a contentment in knowing that the *Spray* had encircled the globe, and even as an adventure alone I was in no way discouraged as to its utility, and said to myself, "Let what will happen, the voyage is now on record." A period was made.

On the 10th there was a great change in the condition of the sea; there could be no doubt of my longitude now, if any had before existed in my mind. Strange and long-forgotten current ripples pattered against the sloop's sides in grateful music; the tune arrested the ear, and I sat quietly listening to it while the *Spray* kept on her course. By these current ripples I was assured that she was now off St. Roque and had struck the current which sweeps around that cape. The trade-winds, we old sailors say, produce this current, which, in its course from this point forward, is governed by the coast-line

of Brazil, Guiana, Venezuela, and, as some would say, by the Monroe Doctrine.

The trades had been blowing fresh for some time, and the current, now at its height, amounted to forty miles a day. This, added to the sloop's run by the log, made the handsome day's work of one hundred and eighty miles on several consecutive days. I saw nothing of the coast of Brazil, though I was not many leagues off and was always in the Brazil current.

I did not know that war with Spain had been declared, and that I might be liable, right there, to meet the enemy and be captured. Many had told me at Cape Town that, in their opinion, war was inevitable, and they said: "The Spaniard will get you! The Spaniard will get you!" To all this I could only say that, even so, he would not get much. Even in the fever-heat over the disaster to the *Maine* I did not think there would be war; but I am no politician. Indeed, I had hardly given the matter a serious thought when, on the 14th of May, just north of the equator, and near the longitude of the river Amazon, I saw first a mast, with the Stars and Stripes floating from it, rising astern as if poked up out of the sea, and then rapidly appearing on the horizon, like a citadel, the *Oregon*! As she came near I saw that the great ship was flying the signals "C B T," which read, "Afe there any men-of-war about?" Right under these flags, and larger than the *Spray's* mainsail, so it appeared, was the yellowest Spanish flag I ever saw. It gave me nightmare some time after when I reflected on it in my dreams.

I did not make out the *Oregon's* signals till she passed ahead, where I could read them better, for she was two miles away, and I had no binoculars. When I had read her flags I hoisted the signal "No," for I had not seen any Spanish men-of-war; I had not been looking for any. My signal, "Let us keep together for mutual protection," Captain Clark did not seem to regard as necessary. Perhaps my small flags were not made out; anyhow, the *Oregon* steamed on with a rush, looking for Spanish men-of-war, as I learned afterward. The *Oregon's* great flag was dipped beautifully three times to the *Spray's* lowered flag as she passed on. Both had crossed the line only a few hours before. I pondered long that night over the probability of a war risk now coming upon the *Spray* after she had cleared all, or nearly all, the dangers of the sea, but finally a strong hope mastered my fears.

On the 17th of May, the *Spray*, coming out



of a storm at daylight, made Devil's Island, two points on the lee bow, not far off. The wind was still blowing a stiff breeze on shore. I could clearly see the dark-gray buildings on the island as the sloop brought it abeam. No flag or sign of life was seen on the dreary place.

Later in the day a French bark on the port tack, making for Cayenne, hove in sight, close-hauled on the wind. She was falling to leeward fast. The *Spray* was also close-hauled, and was lugging on sail to secure an offing on the starboard tack, a heavy swell in the night having thrown her too near the shore, and now I considered the matter of supplicating a change of wind. I had already enjoyed my share of favoring breezes over the great oceans, and I asked myself if it would be right to have the wind turned now all into my sails while the Frenchman was bound the other way. A head current, which he stemmed, together with a scant wind, was bad enough for him. And so I could only say, in my heart, "Lord, let matters stand as they are, but do not help the Frenchman any more just now, for what would suit him well would ruin me!"

I remembered that when a lad I heard a captain often say in meeting that in answer to a prayer of his own the wind changed from southeast to northwest, entirely to his satisfaction. He was a good man, but did this glorify the Architect—the Ruler of the winds and the waves? Moreover, it was not a trade-wind, as I remember it, that changed for him, but one of the variables which will change when you ask it, if you ask long enough. Again, this man's brother maybe was not bound the opposite way, well content with a fair wind himself, which made all the difference in the world.<sup>1</sup>

On May 18, 1898, is written large in the *Spray's* log-book: "To-night, in latitude 7° 13' N., for the first time in nearly three years I see the north star." The *Spray* on the day following logged one hundred and forty-seven miles. To this I add thirty-five miles for current sweeping her onward. On the 20th of May, about sunset, the island of Tobago, off the Orinoco, came into view, bearing west by north, distant twenty-two miles. The *Spray* was drawing rapidly toward her home destination. Later at night, while running free along the coast of Tobago, the

wind still blowing fresh, I was startled by the sudden flash of breakers on the port bow and not far off. I luffed instantly off-shore, and then tacked, heading in for the island. Finding myself, shortly after, close in with the land, I tacked again offshore, but without much altering the bearings of the danger. Sail whichever way I would, it seemed clear that if the sloop weathered the rocks at all it would be a close shave, and I watched with anxiety, while beating against the current, always losing ground. So the matter stood hour after hour, while I watched the flashes of light thrown up as regularly as the beats of the long ocean swells, and always they seemed just a little nearer. It was evidently a coral reef,—of this I had not the slightest doubt,—and a bad reef at that. Worse still, there might be other reefs ahead forming a bight into which the current would sweep me, and where I should be hemmed in and finally wrecked. I had not sailed these waters since a lad, and lamented the day I had brought on board the goat that ate my chart. I taxed my memory of sea lore, of wrecks on sunken reefs, and of pirates harbored among coral reefs where other ships might not come, but nothing that I could think of applied to the island of Tobago, save the one wreck of Robinson Crusoe's ship in the fiction, and that gave me little information about reefs. I remembered only that in Crusoe's case he kept his powder dry. "But there she booms again," I cried, "and how close the flash is now! Almost aboard was that last breaker! But you'll go by, *Spray*, old girl! 'T is abeam now! One surge more! and oh, one more like that will clear your ribs and keel!" And I slapped her on the transom, proud of her last noble effort to leap clear of the danger, when a wave greater than the rest threw her higher than before, and, behold, from the crest of it was revealed at once all there was of the reef. I fell back in a coil of rope, speechless and amazed, not distressed, but rejoiced. Aladdin's lamp! My fisherman's own lantern! It was the great revolving light on the island of Trinidad, thirty miles away, throwing flashes over the waves, which had deceived me! The orb of the light was now dipping on the horizon, and how glorious was the sight of it! But, dear Father Neptune, as I live, after a long life at sea, and much among corals, especially on this voyage, I would have made a solemn declaration to that reef! Through all the rest of the night I saw imaginary reefs, and not knowing what moment the sloop might fetch up on

<sup>1</sup> The Bishop of Melbourne refused to set aside a day of prayer for rain, recommending his people to husband water when the rainy season was on. In like manner, a navigator husbands the wind, keeping a weather-gage where practicable.



a real one, I tacked off and on till daylight, as nearly as possible in the same track, all for the want of a chart. I could have nailed the St. Helena goat's pelt on the galley door!

My course was now for Grenada, to which I carried letters from Mauritius. About midnight of the 22d of May I arrived at the island, and cast anchor in the roads off the town of St. George, entering the inner harbor at daylight on the morning of the 23d, which made forty-two days' sailing from the Cape of Good Hope. It was a good run, and I doffed my cap again to the pilot of the *Pinta*.

Lady Bruce, in a note to the *Spray* at Port Louis, said Grenada was a lovely island, and she wished the sloop might call there on the voyage home. When the *Spray* arrived, I found that she had been fully expected. "How so?" I asked. "Oh, we heard that you were at Mauritius," they said, "and from Mauritius, after meeting Sir Charles Bruce, our old governor, we knew you would come to Grenada." This was a charming introduction, and it brought me in contact with people worth knowing.

The *Spray* sailed from Grenada on the 28th of May, and coasted along under the lee of the Antilles, arriving at the island of Dominica on the 30th, where, for the want of knowing better, I cast anchor at the quarantine ground; for I was still without a chart of the islands, not having been able to get one even at Grenada. Here I not only met with some disappointment, but was threatened with a fine for the mistake I made in the anchorage. There were no ships either at the quarantine or at the commercial roads, and I could not see that it made much difference where I anchored. But a negro chap, a sort of deputy custom-house officer, coming along, thought it did, and he ordered me to shift to the other anchorage, which, in truth, I had already investigated and did not like, because of the heavier roll there of the sea. And so instead of springing to the sails at once to shift, I said I would leave outright as soon as I could procure a chart, which I begged he would send and get for me. "But I say you mus' move befo' you gets anyt'ing 'tall," he insisted, and raising his voice so that all the people alongshore could hear him, he added, "An' jes now!" Then he flew into a towering passion when they snickered to see the crew of the *Spray* sitting calmly by the bulwark instead of hoisting sail. "I tell you dis am quarantine," he shouted, very much louder than before. "That 's all right, gen-

eral," I replied; "I want to be quarantined anyhow." "That 's right, boss," some one on the beach cried, "that 's right; you get quarantined," while others shouted to the deputy to "make de white trash move 'long out o' dat." They were about equally divided on the island for and against me. The man who had made so much fuss over the matter gave it up when he found that I wished to be quarantined, and sent for an all-important half-white, who soon came alongside, starched from clue to earing. He stood in the boat as straight up and down as a fathom of pump-water—a marvel of importance. "Charts!" cried I, as soon as his shirt-collar appeared over the sloop's rail; "have you any charts?" "No, sah," he replied with much-stiffened dignity; "no, sah; cha'ts do's n't grow on dis island." Not doubting the information, I tripped anchor immediately, as I had intended to do from the first, and made all sail for St. John, Antigua, where I arrived without further incident on the 1st of June, having sailed with great caution in mid-channel all the way.

The *Spray*, always in good company, now fell in with the port officers' steam-launch at the harbor entrance, having on board Sir Francis Fleming, governor of the Leeward Islands, who, to the delight of "all hands," gave the officer in charge instructions to tow my ship into port. On the following day his Excellency and Lady Fleming, along with Captain Burr, R. N., paid me a visit. The court-house was tendered free to me at Antigua, as was done also at Grenada, and at each place a highly intelligent audience filled the hall to listen to a talk about the seas the *Spray* had crossed, and the countries she had visited.

On the 4th of June the *Spray* cleared from the United States consulate, and her license to sail single-handed, even round the world, was returned to her for the last time. The United States consul, Mr. Hunt, before handing the paper to me, wrote on it, as General Roberts had done at Cape Town, a short commentary on the voyage. The document, by regular course, is now lodged in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

On June 5, 1898, the *Spray* sailed for a home port, heading direct for Cape Hatteras. On the 8th of June she passed under the sun from south to north; the sun's declination on that day was  $22^{\circ} 54'$ , and the latitude of the *Spray* was the same just before noon. Many think it is excessively hot right under the sun. It is not necessarily so.

As a matter of fact the thermometer stands at a bearable point whenever there is a breeze and a ripple on the sea, even exactly under the sun. It is often hotter in cities and on sandy shores in higher latitudes.

The *Spray* was booming joyously along for home now, making her usual good time, when of a sudden she struck the horse latitudes, and her sail flapped limp in a calm. I had almost forgotten this calm belt, or had come to regard it as a myth. I now found it real, however, and difficult to cross. This was as it should have been, for, after all of the dangers of the sea, the dust-storm on the coast of Africa, the "rain of blood" in Australia, and the war risk when nearing home, a natural experience would have been missing had the calm of the horse latitudes been left out. Anyhow, a philosophical turn of thought now was not amiss, else one's patience would have given out almost at the harbor

entrance. The term of her probation was eight days. Evening after evening during this time I read by the light of a candle on deck. There was no wind at all, and the sea became smooth and monotonous. For three days I saw a full-rigged ship on the horizon, also becalmed.

Sargasso, scattered over the sea in bunches, or trailed curiously along down the wind in narrow lanes, now gathered together in great fields, strange sea-animals, little and big, swimming in and out. But on the 18th of June a gale began to blow from the southwest, and the sargasso was dispersed again in windrows and lanes.

On this day, however, there was wind enough and to spare. The same might have been said of the sea, and the *Spray* was in the midst of the turbulent Gulf Stream itself. She was jumping like a porpoise over the uneasy waves. As if to make up for lost time, she seemed to touch only the high places. Under the sudden shock and strain her rigging began to give out. First the main-sheet strap was carried away, and then the peak hal-yard-block broke from the gaff. It was time

to reef and refit, and so when "all hands" came on deck I went about doing that.

The 19th of June was fine, but on the morning of the 20th another gale was blowing, accompanied by cross-seas that tumbled about and shook things up with great confusion. Just as I was thinking about taking in sail the jibstay broke at the masthead, and fell, jib and all, into the sea. It gave me the strangest sensation to see the bellying sail fall, and where it had been suddenly to see only space. However, I was at the bows, with presence of mind to gather it in on

the first wave that rolled up, before it was torn or trailed under the sloop's bottom. I found by the amount of work done in three minutes' or less time that I had by no means grown stiff-jointed on the voyage; anyhow,



AGAIN TIED TO THE OLD STAKE AT FAIRHAVEN.

scurvy had not set in, and being now within a few degrees of home, I might make the voyage, I thought, without the aid of a doctor. Yes, my health was still good, and I could skip about the decks in a lively manner, but could I climb? The great King Neptune tested me severely at this time, for the stay being gone, the mast itself switched about like a reed, and was not easy to climb; but a gun-tackle purchase was got up, and the stay set taut from the masthead, for I had spare blocks and rope on board with which to rig it, and the jib, with a reef in it, was soon pulling again like a "sodger" for home. Had the *Spray's* mast not been well stepped, however, it would have been "John Walker" when the stay broke. Good work in the building of my vessel stood me always in good stead.

On the 23d of June I was at last tired, tired, tired of baffling squalls and fretful cobble-seas. I had not seen a vessel for days and days, where I had expected the company of at least a schooner now and then. As to the whistling of the wind through the rigging, and the slopping of the sea against the sloop's sides, that was well enough in its way, and we could not have got on without it, the *Spray* and I; but there was so much of it now, and it lasted so long! At noon of that day a winterish storm was upon us from the northwest. In the Gulf Stream, late in June, hailstones were pelting the *Spray*, and lightning was pouring down from the clouds, not in flashes alone, but in almost continuous streams. By slants, however, day and night I worked the sloop in toward the coast, where, on the 25th of June, off Fire Island, she fell into the tornado which, an hour earlier, had swept over New York city with lightning that wrecked buildings and sent trees flying about in splinters; even ships at docks had parted their moorings and smashed into other ships, doing great damage. It was the climax storm of the voyage, but I saw the unmistakable character of it in time to have all snug aboard and receive it under bare poles. Even so, the sloop shivered when it struck her, and she heeled over unwillingly on her beam ends; but rounding to, with a sea-anchor ahead, she righted and faced out the storm. In the midst of the gale I could do no more than look on, for what is a man in a storm like this? I had seen one electric storm on the voyage, off the coast of Madagascar, but it was unlike this one. Here the lightning kept on longer, and thunderbolts fell in the sea all about. Up to this time I was bound for New York; but when all was over I rose,

made sail, and hove the sloop round from starboard to port tack, to make for a quiet harbor to think the matter over; and so, under short sail, she reached in for the coast of Long Island, while I sat thinking, or watching the lights of coasting-vessels which now began to appear in sight. Reflections of the voyage so nearly finished stole in upon me now; many tunes I had hummed again and again came back once more. I found myself repeating fragments of a hymn often sung by a dear Christian woman of Fairhaven when I was rebuilding the *Spray*. I was to hear once more and only once, in profound solemnity, the metaphorical hymn:

By waves and wind I 'm tossed and driven.

And again:

But still my little ship outbraves  
The blust'ring winds and stormy waves.

After this storm I saw the pilot of the *Pinta* no more.

The experiences of the voyage of the *Spray*, reaching over three years, had been to me like reading a book, and one that was more and more interesting as I turned the pages, till I had come now to the last page of all, and the one more interesting than any of the rest.

When daylight came I saw that the sea had changed color from dark green to light. I threw the lead and got soundings in thirteen fathoms. I made the land soon after, some miles east of Fire Island, and sailing thence before a pleasant breeze along the coast, made for Newport. The weather after the furious gale was remarkably fine. The *Spray* rounded Montauk Point early in the afternoon; Point Judith was abeam at dark; she fetched in at Beavertail next. Sailing on, she had one more danger to pass—Newport harbor was mined. The *Spray* hugged the rocks along where neither friend nor foe could come if drawing much water, and where she would not disturb the guard-ship in the channel. It was close work, but it was safe enough so long as she hugged the rocks close, and not the mines. Flitting by a low point abreast of the guard-ship, the dear old *Dexter*, which I knew well, some one on board of her sang out, "There goes a craft!" I threw up a light at once and heard the hail, "*Spray*, ahoy!" It was the voice of a friend, and I knew that a friend would not fire on the *Spray*. I eased off the main-sheet now, and the *Spray* swung off for the beacon-lights of the inner harbor. At last she reached port in safety, and there at 1 A. M. on June

27, 1898, cast anchor, after the cruise of more than forty-six thousand miles round the world, during an absence of three years and two months, with two days over for coming up.

Was the crew well? Was I not? I had profited in many ways by the voyage. I had even gained flesh, and actually weighed a pound more than when I sailed from Boston. As for aging, why, the dial of my life was turned back till my friends all said, "Slocum is young again." And so I was, at least ten years younger than the day I felled the first tree for the construction of the *Spray*.

My ship was also in better condition than when she sailed from Boston on her long voyage. She was still as sound as a nut, and as tight as the best ship afloat. She did not leak a drop—not one drop! The pump, which had been little used before reaching Australia, had not been rigged since that at all.

The first name on the *Spray's* visitors' book in the home port was written by the one who always said, "The *Spray* will come back." The *Spray* was not quite satisfied till I sailed her around to her birthplace, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, farther along. I had myself a desire to return to the place of the very beginning whence I had, as I have said, renewed my age. So on July 3, with a fair wind, she waltzed beautifully round the coast and up the Acushnet River to Fairhaven, where I secured her to the cedar spile driven in the bank to hold her when

she was launched. I could bring her no nearer home.

If the *Spray* discovered no continents on her voyage, it may be that there were no more continents to be discovered; she did not seek new worlds, or sail to powwow about the dangers of the seas. The sea has been much maligned. To find one's way to lands already discovered is a good thing, and the *Spray* made the discovery that even the worst sea is not so terrible to a well-appointed ship. No king, no country, no treasury at all, was taxed for the voyage of the *Spray*, and she accomplished all that she undertook to do.

To succeed, however, in anything at all, one should go understandingly about his work and be prepared for every emergency. I see, as I look back over my own small achievement, a kit of not too elaborate carpenters' tools, a tin clock, and some carpet-tacks, not a great many, as already mentioned in the story. But above all to be taken into account were some years of schooling, where I studied with diligence Neptune's laws, and these laws I tried to obey when I sailed over seas; it was worth the while.

And now, without having wearied my friends, I hope, with detailed scientific accounts, theories, or deductions, I will only say that I have endeavored to tell just the story of the adventure itself. This, in my own poor way, having been done, I now moor ship, weather-bitt cables, and leave the sloop *Spray*, for the present, safe in port.

NOTE.—As a conclusion to the record of the *Spray's* voyage, Captain Slocum will, in the March CENTURY, describe, for professional sailors and yachtsmen, the construction, gear, and rig of the sloop, and offer careful drawings to illustrate the subject.—EDITOR.



CHART OF THE "SPRAY'S" TRACK AROUND THE WORLD, APRIL 24, 1895, TO JULY 3, 1898.



## BILLY LAPPIN'S SEARCH FOR A FORTUNE.<sup>1</sup>

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS,

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "In Chimney Corners," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



BILLY he lived on dher the same roof with Shamus<sup>2</sup> a-Ruadh (or Red Shamus), as we called him. Billy had his thrade, an' what ground the four walls stood on. Shamus, poor man, had niver a thrade at all,—if we bar Adam's thrade, delvin' an' diggin',—but had a wee patch of three acres. Billy was a shoemaker, an' a first-class han', too, an' could make piles o' money if he only knew how to keep it; but that was what Billy, poor man, niver could do, or niver choose to do. It was like puttin' corn into the mill-hopper to put money intil Billy's purse, for there was a hole in the bottom of it, an' it emp'ied as fast. Not to say, aither, that Billy was a dissipated man, or a man of on-different char-acth-er: be no mains; Billy was only jolly an' jovial. Billy had naither wife, wain,<sup>3</sup> chick, nor chile in the wurrl'—he was his lee-alone, an' it was "no cow, no care" with him. "Sure, I'm both well fed an' well cled," Billy would tell ye, "an' afther that money's only a hindhrance: it would burn a hole in my pocket if I kep' it. I work hard airly an' late, an' it's little enough I'd enjoy meself at a fair or a market, thrate me fren's an' customers, an' make the money spin for it. Phew-w-w!" he would whistle, snappin' his fingers at the same time, "afther what I ait, dhrink, an' wear, an' spen' on me fren's, a big button for all the money in the kingdom of Irelan'!"

That was the description of Billy Lappin for long enough, as busy as a bumbee, an' as happy as a beggar, spendin' fast, an' makin' it faster; an' there was no mavish<sup>4</sup> at sung as Billy whistled an' sung over his work, airly in the mornin' an' far in the evenin', an' there was n't (if I say it) a cozier or a

heartsomer chimbley-corner to sit in, from end to wynd of Dinnygal.

Shamus a-Ruadh (as we called him), poor man, he lived, as I toul' ye, on dher the same roof with Billy: but poor Shamus he had a wife an' a congregation of wains on his han's, an' had only a spade an' a stout heart to fight the wurrl' with: an' a wondherful fight, considherin' the odds was again him, he did make. Shamus was the heart an' sowl of an industhrous man, an' he had his three acres in such rotation as a flower-garden, his wee patch a parable to the counthry. He worked with Tom, Dick, an' Harry, Paddy an' Shan, every day he could get employ; an' every wet day, or every day he could n't get work with his naybour, he wrought like a black on his own wee farm, besides workin' afore hours in the mornin' an' after-time at night. But he had such a charge on his hards, an' such a small way of supportin' it, that at first people was niver tired, when they had nothin' betther to talk of, pityin' poor Shamus a-Ruadh, an' wondherin' how in the name o' Goodness he'd manage to keep his head above wather till the childer'd get up an' be useful to themselves, at all, at all. But lo an' behoul' ye, he astonished the counthry when he bought in Peadhar a-Boyle's lan' for two-an'-twenty poun'—half down, an' the other half to be ped up inside two years—when Peadhar soul' out to go to Canaday. But if that astonished them, maybe it is n't dumfoundedher they wor when not four years afther he bought Dinnis a-Meehan's Lowlan' fiels, the bate of the baronry, for twoscore an' three poun's, an' ped for it on the nail! An' two years more was n't over his head when it was given intil him that he had the most head of stock, an' the best quality, too, in the parish—an'

<sup>1</sup> A thifrechaun, or leprechaun, is the fairy shoemaker. If the reader has ever the good luck to surprise and catch a thifrechaun, then, having the presence of mind not to remove his eye from him for a fraction of an instant (thereby rendering the little fellow powerless of melting into thin air), he must at once command him to disclose where there is a crock of gold hid. The little

scoundrel will first endeavor to trick you into lifting your eye off him, and, failing in this, will try fifty little dodges; but, finding all useless, will discover to you what you want, on condition of being set free. The rest is easy.

<sup>2</sup> Properly spelled *Seumas*.

<sup>3</sup> Child.

<sup>4</sup> Thrush.



a warmer house than Shamus's or a more thrivin' man was n't to be met withinside the three parishes. An' people was a'most past wondherin' now.

It was two days after the big May fair of Ballyshanny, where Shamus had purchased five-an'-twenty poun's' worth of young stock, that there was a big debate, of an' evenin', in Billy Lappin's consarnin' Shamus an' his wondherful rise in the wurrl'. Billy himself was as much moidhered<sup>1</sup> about the how an' the why of it all as the nixt, an' Billy hammered away, an' discoursed very knowin'ly entirely on luck, for it seemed to be the general verdict all round that it was the luck was with Shamus,—an' them has the luck with them, it's well known what-somiver they put their han' to prosper.

"Himph!" says Andy Shuvlin of Tullyalt, who was sittin' listenin' to the debate—"himph!" says he, "blatheration on yer luck! Yez know as much of what ye're talkin' about as a goat knows about sayin' the baid's. Luck, moryah! I'll tell ye the luck Shamus a-Ruadh fell in with—his luck was nothin' more nor less than that he caught a lhifrechaun. That's Shamus's luck, an' it's small credit till a mouse in a mill to grow fat. I have the story from them knows it. It's six year ago, last Ware, that Shamus met with his luck, caught it be the scroof o' the neck; an' so signs on it he's a rich man iver since, but it's only be degrees he's lettin' it out. Ay, faith, the luck is with Shamus a-Ruadh—a crock full of it, that ye might bury yer arm in up till the elbow; an' he took it out of Barney Melly's forth<sup>2</sup>—it has a yalla look about it an' a jingle would rise yer heart. Ay, Shamus has got the luck, an' no mistake!"

Faith, it tuk away the breath from Billy. He stopped the peggin', with the hammer raised in his han', an' his mouth open that ye might daub a shoe intil it, while Andy was spaikin' it; an' there was n't a sowl in the house, moreover, but was as much consternated as Billy. An' thrue enough, an' it was the wondher o' the wurrl' none of them iver thought of it afore, but there was the whole mystery about Shamus a-Ruadh's good fortune riddled now. It was the lhifrechaun an' the crock o' goold out o' Barney Melly's forth was the whole thing!

Well, a hard bed an' a cowl wan to Andy Shuvlin! He was a vagabone, anyhow, iver an' always delightin' in nothin' more nor in puttin' his naybours asthray, an' then laughin' in his sleeve at them—an iver an' always,

<sup>1</sup> Mixed up; puzzled.

<sup>2</sup> Fort, or rath.

too, he could make a story, an' dhress it, while a houn' would be shakin' its lug. A hard bed an' a very cowl wan, I say, to the same Andy! for, from that day an' that minute, Billy Lappin was a changed man. Six words more did n't pass his lips that night; but he hammered away, an' thought away, an' more times let the hammer rest where it fell till he'd take a good long think till himself. An' the nixt mornin', when aforetimes he'd 'a' been whistlin' an' singin' at his work, Billy was out mayandherin' about the ditches, thinkin'. He joined Shamus a-Ruadh where he was workin' in a tattie-patch, an' the devil a wan o' Shamus but yocked to think there something odd comed over him, for no matter on what subject he set out to discourse him, poor Billy in a jiffy would, be hook or be crook, have the discourse immadiately round upon lhifrechauns, an' fairy forths, an' crocks o' goold. An' when Shamus, too, went intil the house for a bit o' brakwis, there was Billy in at his heels; an' Shamus was n't at his brakwis till Billy was at the lhifrechauns again. "Be this an' be that, Una," Shamus says to the wife, when Billy did go, "but there's a somethin' comed over poor Billy Lappin (God take care of him!), whatsomiver it is." The short an' the long of it was, Billy Lappin, who niver afore set his heart in the money he could get, was now settin' his heart an' sowl in the money he could not get. An' mopin' an' doitherin' about the ditches an' hedges Billy goes that day, an' the nixt, an' the day after that again. "My goghen-dies!" Billy'd say till himself, "is n't it the poor thing for me be workin' the very skin off me bones—workin' airly an' workin' late—for jist as much money as houl's body an' sowl together, an' to say that there's crocks full of it hid all roun' me, nearly cryin' out for people to come an' find them! My goghendies! Oh, if I could only pick up wan o' them crocks, same as Shamus a-Ruadh done, is n't it Billy Lappin would be the happy an' the contented man all the days of his life after! Och, och, och! Billy avourneen, if ye could only get yer fist on such a crock what would n't ye do! There would n't be a livin' sowl within ten miles o' where ye're standin' that would n't be the better for yer find—all days o' the year should be fair days for them! It's then ye could thrate yer fren's as ye'd wish to thrate them. Och, Billy, Billy, Billy! it's dead ye might as well 'a' been all yer life, for all the speed ye've come. Five-an'-forty years o' hard work an' hardships, an' as poor now as ye wor the first

day ye dhrew breath! Och, Billy, Billy, Billy, darlin', God pity ye!"

An' there was poor Billy's song night, noon, an' mornin'. There was more work comin' intil him to do than would keep a journeyman along with himself goin', but poor Billy he would n't be aither coaxed or coerced to do a hand's thurn. He had lost heart entirely, an' could be got to do nothing at all, at all, barrin' go sthreeelin' afther Shamus a-Ruadh, from wan of his farms to

less. An' Billy starts an' he aises his mind to Andy, him sittin' on the end of a praitie sheuch where Andy was weedin'. "An' now," says he, when he had finished the paramble of his woes to Andy—"an' now, Andy," says he, "I don't begridge poor Shamus a-Ruadh his good fortune," says he, "God knows. I don't or would n't begridge it aither to Shamus or Una, or wan a dhrap's blood to them—an' shame be on me if I would! But Andy avic, is n't it a sort of hard," he



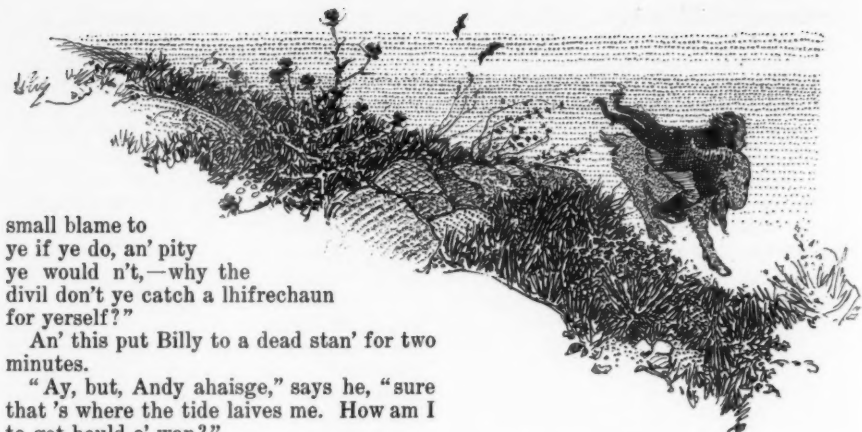
"AN' THINK, AN' THINK, AN' THINK."

the other, not sayin' much, only lookin' at Shamus with his mouth open as if he was wan o' the seven wondhers of Aigyt—an' poor Shamus he did n't know no more nor the man o' the moon what Billy maint at all, at all; only himself an' Una they agreed the poor fella's head was turned, an' they wor as kindly with him, an' spoke till him as coaxin'ly, as they could. An' when Billy was tired throttin' after Shamus he'd doither over the hill to Barney Melly's forth, an' walk roun' it, an' roun' it, an' then over it; an' then he'd sit him down right atop of it, with his elbows on his knees an' his chin in his hands, an' think, an' think, an' think, for hours together.

Well an' good, this went on for as good as a week, an' Billy had made himself a spectac-le for the naybourhid, when, wan evenin' he was sittin' on the forth, thinkin', he all of a suddint jumps up, an' starts hot foot across the country, an' niver stopped till he was in Tullyalt, with Andy Shuvlin himself, no

says, "me that lived on dher the same roof with Shamus all me life—for me be left to end me days as hard as I begun them, when, in wan hour's time, if only God sent the luck my way, I might be as rich as a lan'lord, an' never move a han' for the remaindher of me natural life except to make much of them I wish well to—an' Andy, you know them same would make a purty good-sized fair if they wor gathered together."

"Himph!" says Andy, says he, who had stopped his weedin' an' taken a sate on the broo o' the ridge beside him—"himph! Throe enough words for ye, Billy Lappin, an' it's meself, throth, feels for ye—an' ye know it. That it should put purty hard on ye is only natural; an' purty hard, I 'm sartint sure, it would put on meself on dher the same sarcumstances. Yis, hard, in throth. But Billy, me lad," says Andy, says he, turnin' on him an' not movin' a muscle in his face—"Billy, me lad," says he, "if you want to meet with Shamus a-Ruadh's luck,—an'



small blame to  
ye if ye do, an' pity  
ye would n't,—why the  
devil don't ye catch a lhifrechaun  
for yerself?"

An' this put Billy to a dead stan' for two minutes.

"Ay, but, Andy ahaisge," says he, "sure that's where the tide laives me. How am I to get hould o' wan?"

"Phoo!" says Andy, "if that's all's botherin' ye, ye can aisy enough get over that," says he.

"What! Aisy?" says Billy, the eyes startin' in his head.

"As aisy as kiss yer han'," says Andy. "Now, Billy Lappin, you just pay attention to the words I'm goin' to tell ye. You heerd me rehearse in your house not very many nights ago how Shamus a-Ruadh come by his good luck?"

"Yis, yis," says Billy.

"Then, Billy, I repate what I sayed afore, that it's as aisy as winkin' for you to catch a lhifrechaun."

"Andy, ye sowl ye, I'll make a rich man of ye," says Billy, jumpin' till his feet. "How am I to catch him? Hurroo!"

"Sit down, sit down here, Billy, an' be quate, an' let me go on with me story. I'll not ax ye to make a rich man o' me. The devil all else I'll ax ye do than, afther ye've caught the lhifrechaun, an' then got the goold, to jus' len' me the price of a small wee donkey till afther I've thrashed in the harwust, an' for that I'll be very mightily obliged to you," says Andy.

"The price of a—small—wee—donkey! Andy achuisle, I'll stock yer farm with elephants!"

"Och, throth, an' it's too kind ye are, an' ever an' always wor, Billy agraph—but I thank you an' I don't want no elephants, only just a nice handy wee bit of a donkey that'll fetch home the winther's thurf for me, an' do wee odd jobs for meself an' a naybour or two I wish well to—an' I'll pay ye, as I sayed, when I thrash."

"Pay be hanged, Andy Shuvlin! Is it want to instill me ye do? I'll buy ye all the asses

"IT WAS PURTY COGGLESOME RIDIN'."

from Galway to Ginnyland, an' make them a present to ye."

"Oh, no, no, no," says Andy, says he, "I would n't think of it—I could n't think of it; ye'll have to let me pay ye back the last black ha'penny of it—afther I have thrashed. But, to come to what we're at, Billy Lappin. I'll give you all the knowledge on the subject I got meself, an' give it to ye as I got it, an' if you folly it to the letter, small chance but ye're a made man. You can catch a lhifrechaun in this way: ye must find a he-goat that belongs to a man who's naither a bachelor nor married, that's naither ould nor young, an' that has naither horns nor no horns, an' that naither feeds on bushes nor grasses; ye're to get sthrag-legs on that goat when it's naither night nor day; ye're to mount him naither in yer own parish nor in any other parish—an' all that done, ye're to give the goat his head, an' houl' on lake grim daith; let him run till he stops, then look out atween his lugs an' yer lhifrechaun's there fornenst ye, hammerin' away at his thrade—an', Misther Lappin, you're too knowledgable a man for me have the imperance to tell ye what ye're to do afther."

Billy, who had n't known for joy whether he was on his head or his heels, got down in the mouth as Andy went on.

"Arrah, but, Andy," says he, "sure, man a-dear, ye might as well talk Spanish to pavin'-stones. It's onpossible for a mortal man to go through with them diractions."

"On the contrary," says Andy, "let me tell ye that Providence is playin' intil yer han's in the most exthronery way ever I knew."

"Make me sensible, Andy," says Billy.

"You know Matthew Mulhern of Sthrabeg?" says Andy.

"I do," says Billy.

"Matthew Mulhern of Sthrabeg," says Andy, says he, "has a goat with only the wan horn—beca'se it smashed the other clane off a twelvemonth ago buttin' the tillygraph pole was put up bye Matthew's, thinkin' it was some new sort of a polisman. Wan horn is n't horns; no more is it *no horns*."

"By Jaiminty, yis," says Billy, clappin' his hands.

"Matthew's naither a marriid man nor a bachelor, beca'se, as ye know, he's a widda; he's naither ould nor young, for he's middle-aged; he naither feeds on bushes nor grasses, be raison Matthew keeps him on the Black Moor, where there grows divil a blade else but heather."

"Right ye are, Andy, me hearty," says Billy.

"If you mount the goat in the twilight it'll be naither night nor day. An' ye know as well as I can tell ye, that at the wan corner o' Matthew's Black Moor the three parishes joins, an' that's the spot for you, beca'se it's naither in yer own parish nor in any other. An' there's for ye now, Mister Lappin!"

Whew! me brave Billy give three leaps into the air, like a kid on May-day, an' yelled for the very joy, an' then threw his arms round Andy Shuvlin, the rascal, an' hugged an' hugged him till he near a'most squeezed the sowl out of him—an' meself's thinkin' that same would n't be much sin.

That selfsame evenin' seen me brave Billy powlin' away for Sthrabeg, with his head higher, an' carryin' himself airier than he done for a week past. When he reached there he went jookin' an' creepin' roun' be the ditches, for he did n't want no wan—much less Matthew—to see him; an' when the sun popped down behin' Munthermulagh, Billy was stretched among the heather on the Black Moor, an' the goat tethered not fifty yards from him, munchin' an' crunchin' away at the heather, like as if it was the sweetest lettises he ever tasted.

Now, more betoken, the same was the fair evenin' of Ballinthra, an' there was few people to be met with, for they wor all gone to the fair; an' this suited Billy down to the groun'. But, all the same, he did n't wait long, only let it get a wee thrifle duskish, for he was itchin' to get his fist on the lhif-rechaun; an' when he thought it was close enough in the middle atween night an' day,

an' he could houl' out no longer, Billy starts up an' lifts the tether to lead the goat to the mearin' of the parishes. But, mo bhron! afore Billy knew where he was he foun' himself goin' head over heels, an' thought there was some sort of a wee earthquake sthruck him behind—for there was n't a bigger an' sthronger nor a boulder he-goat in all the counthry than Matthew Mulhern's Brian Boru, as the boys had christened this wan, beca'se of his fondness for fightin', an' his luck in always gettin' the upper han'. Billy started, now that he did get up, off in the diraction of the spot he wanted to reach, with the goat, as he well expected, keepin' close tack till him, an' givin' him an odd lift back an' forrid, if he slacked in his gallop at all: an' as he did raich the spot atween the three parishes, an' tried to dhrav up, Brian Boru hoisted him from behind like a keg of gun-powdher, an' over he went with Brian head an' heels over on top of him. In the scrimmage, somehow or other, Billy managed to come out atop, and sthrag-legs he was on Brian Boru's back in the shakin' of an ass's lug.

Now, Billy was but a small moiety of a man, an' Brian Boru could carry two like him, an' jump over his own head with them, if he had only a mind. But the goat had n't the mind—at first, at any rate; for he riz on his hind legs an' then riz on his fore, an' he bucked an' wriggled an' twisted, in hopes of throwin' Billy: but, me sowl, Billy knew it was too much throuble an' vexation he had gettin' where he got, to persuade himself to be taken down off it so soon.

Billy held on to the goat like a miserd to his bag, an' Brian Boru might as soon think to rattle down a creelful of stars with his horn as to shake Billy from his sate. So, when he thried, an' thried, an' thried over again, till he seen thryin' was no use, off he starts at a run, as straight ahead as an arra would fly; an' Billy on his back took a tighter grip, an', "Now," says he—"now, glory be to Goodness! I'm in for it! If ye can only houl' yer houl't, Billy Lappin, it's a made man ye are this night." An' if he did n't just altogether cut as good a figure, there was niver yet a jockey rode a race-horse that held to his sate as fast as Billy held his.

It was purty cogglesome ridin', was the moor, an' every joul't Billy got ye might think it was enough to loosen the teeth in his head; but he bore it lake the warrior he was. For Matthew's broken fiel' the goat first made; there was a sheuch of a sizable width, an' poor Billy thought he'd meet doom





"POOR BILLY HAD N'T A GASP IN HIM."

in it; but, tiddyfallal! over it with a skip went Brian Boru. Billy's heart went out of his mouth, an' he did n't catch it again till he was half-ways over the fiel'.

There was a thorn-hedge atween that fiel' an' the nixt, an' sweet sarra to the goat if anywhere else would do it to cross but through the hedge. "Ram ye, for an ass of a goat," Billy yells, "have ye no aiser place to cross!" But the words was n't out of his mouth till through went the goat, an' through, somehow or another, went Billy; but he thought there was n't two pieces of him stickin' together, and could n't be sure there was till he groped himself with his han'. He was runnin' the blood like the hill of Aughrim, but Billy's spirit was n't cowed for all that. "The morra mornin'," says he, "an' plaise God, I 'll be able to buy stickin'-plaster to sheet Ben-

Bulbin." He had an undauntless sowl, had poor Billy. "But what the devil's this he's goin' to do with me now?" says he; an' the next minute he thought the left leg was gone off of him for good an' all against Archie Barron's gate-post. "Phew! who cares for a miserly leg!" says Billy. "A beautiful wan of goold an' mother-of-pearl 'ill be more befittin' a man o' my wealth an' station, anyhow, afther this night."

Down through Archie's garden went the goat like a race-horse; but fareer! what was the nixt tanthrum come intil his head but to carry Billy right slap through the middle of Archie's bee-skeps! "Melia-murther!" says Billy, an' over went two of the skeps! An' out with a buzz, an' a whuzz, an' the devil's own roolye-boolye, rises the two hives o' bees, an' afther Billy an' Brian Boru like a rajiment of polis afther a mad dog! "Sents purtect me this night!" says Billy. "I'm as good as a dead man! Run, ye devil ye," says he, diggin' his knees into Brian. "Run, ye devil ye, as ye niver run afore!"

But if Brian Boru had been as smart again, the bees wor still smarter nor him; an' Billy, I tell you, had a purty busy time of it thryin' to houl' his grip on the goat with wan hand an' fight the bumbees with the other; but when there got a bee or two into Billy's lug, and half a han'ful of them into Brian's, there was throuble in the air, believe you me. Billy he roared like a bull a-stickin', an' he used more langidge then ever he foun' in his prayer-book. But lo! at the foot of Archie's garden there was a dhry sheuch both wide an' deep, an' well overgrown with both briars an' nettles. The goat he come gallopin' right to the brink of it like a race-horse that did n't mane to be last, an' right there he stuck his four legs and come till a dead halt, while poor Billy, Lord help him, was shot out right over Brian's wan horn, an' crash through briars an' nettles he went, crown first, feelin' for the bottom, an' there he stuck with the soles of his feet just appearin' above the ontherwood like some new kind of a wild flower! Brian Boru, as soon as he got rid of his load, turns, an' helter-skelther off in a new diraction he makes, with the two hives o' bees afther, givin' him all the encouragement they could.

Billy he might have stuck there till he'd have grown to the bottom, only Andy Shuvlin, the veg<sup>1</sup> that he was, was n't far away,

<sup>1</sup> Vagabond.



watchin' the whole coorse of Billy's gymnasticks; an' when he seen Billy stuck safely in the sheuch, he run into Archie Barron's an' toul' Archie he b'lieved Billy Lappin had a wee dhrap o' dhrink aboard an' was intherfairin' with his bees without, an' he thought, if he was n't mistaken, the bees had give him a chase into the sheuch at the bottom of the garden, an' it might be as well for Archie see to him laist harm would come till him on his groun'; an' then Andy left.

Archie, as mad as a score an' a half of hatters, went leapin' down the garden. He got Billy Lappin be the heels an' dhragged him out, with the full intention o' givin' him such another dhrubbin' as he had n't got in his born days afore. But behould ye, when Archie got him out, poor Billy had n't a gasp in him, an' without a word or a sign he sthretched himself out as stiff as a corp. Archie raised the whillalew at wanst till a wheen o' the naybours come runnin' to his help, an' they carried Billy home an' poured brandy intil him an' put him till his bed, an' he did n't open an eye till the next mornin'; an' for a day an' a night afther it was few was the words Billy spoke; but he was thinkin' at the rate of a mill.

The mornin' of the second day he hilloed on Shamus a-Ruadh, an' Shamus comed in. "Shamus," says Billy, "sit ye down there on the fut o' the bed till I start ye a queskin, an' look me in the eye an' answer me sthr'ight."

Shamus, not knowin' what in the wurrl' Billy would be dhrivin' at now, sat him down on the bottom of the bed, an' Billy he put it sthr'ight till him that he had caught a lhifrechaun, an' in that way come intil all his wealth; an' axed Shamus for God's saketo tell him how he was to set about catchin' wan for himself. When Shamus heerd this he set up a laugh that made the raffthers dinle, an' he now seen intil all Billy's exthornory ways an' talk for the past while.

"Well, Billy, me son," says Shamus, says he, when he got his tongue with him, "I did

catch a lhifrechaun, sure enough, an' the how I caught it is no great saicret; yerself or e'er another man in the parish can collar wan for himself in the selfsame way an' with no more throuble than me,—though in throth even if it was a saicret, it's yerself, Billy, would be welcome till it an' a *cead mile faillté*. I caught me lhifrechaun, Billy avourneen, be mindin' me farm an' stickin' to me spade, workin' airly an' workin' late, goin' to few fairs an' markets, barrin' them I could n't stay from, an' stoppin' late in none of them; without, I thrust, bein' either niggardly or near-goin', or passin' me naybour when I did meet him from home without axin' him had he a mouth on him, still knowin' the valuey of a penny, an' knowin' that while wan an' wan made two with a careful man, an' two an' two four, wan an' wan with a spendthrift made nothin', an' two an' two a broken head. Doin' an' knowin' all this, an' havin'—thanks be to him!—God's blessin' about me, an' his grace, I do thrust, I caught me lhifrechaun, an' the lhifrechaun fetched me not money so much as aise an' content an' happiness; beca'se, Billy, happiness an' content an' a feelin' of thankfulness to God is, afther all, the great thing, an' money is useful an' enjoyable only in so far as it helps you to these. So much so, Billy, that if ye find happiness an' content with tenpence a day, ye have caught a lhifrechaun; while if ye got a poun' a minute, an' did n't get content with it, it was only a divil ye caught in a lhifrechaun's shape.

"An' now, Billy, me child, I'm inclined to think that you had your lhifrechaun in your hands, an' let him go whilst ye went huntin' a divil."

Billy Lappin he rowled over in the bed without spaikin' a word to this, good, bad, or on-different; an' he lay thinkin' for a day an' a night more.

On the nixt mornin' Shamus a-Ruadh was wakened at the brak o' day be hearin' through the wall Billy peggin' away, an' hammerin', an' he whistlin' an' singin' like a nightingale.

"Thanks be to God!" says Shamus, "me poor Billy has caught his lhifrechaun again."



## THE HOOSIER YOUNGSTER.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE.

### OLD MAN WHISKERY-WHEE-KUM-WHEEZE

Lives 'way up in the leaves o' trees.  
An' wunst I slipped up-stairs to play  
In Aunty's room, while she 'uz away,  
An' I clumbed up in her cushion-chair  
An' ist peeked out o' the winder there;  
An' there I saw—wite out in the trees—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze  
Would bow an' bow, with the leaves in the breeze,  
An' waggle his whiskers an' raggedly hair,  
An' bow to me in the winder there!  
An' I 'd peek out, an' he 'd peek in  
An' waggle his whiskers an' bow ag'in,  
Ist like the leaves 'u'd wave in the breeze—  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze!

An' Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze,  
Seem like, says to me: "See my bees  
A-bringin' my dinner? An' see my cup  
O' locus'-blossoms they 've plum' filled up?"  
An' "Um-yum, Honey!" wuz last he said,  
An' waggled his whiskers an' bowed his head;  
An' I yells, "Gimme some, won't you, please,  
Old Man Whiskery-Whee-Kum-Wheeze?"



THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I 'm twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say  
I 'm two little girls. An' one o' me  
Is *Good* little girl; an' th' other 'n' she  
Is *Bad* little girl as she can be.  
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she 's the *funniest* Ma! 'Cause when  
My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,  
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,  
An' say, "Dear *Good* little girl, good-by!  
*Bad* little girl 's comed here again!"

Last time 'at Ma act' that a-way,  
I cried all to myse'f awhile  
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,  
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,  
An' go in where Ma 's at, an' say:  
"Morning to you, Mommy dear!  
Where 's that *Bad* little girl wuz here?  
*Bad* little girl 's goned clean away,  
An' *Good* little girl 's comed back to stay."



#### THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

WHEN little 'Pollus Morton he 's  
A-go' to speak a piece, w'y, nen  
The Teacher smiles an' says 'at she 's  
Most proud of all her little men  
An' women in her school—'cause 'Poll  
He allus speaks the best of all.

An' nen she 'll pat him on the cheek,  
An' hold her finger up at you  
Before he speak'; an' *when* he speak'  
It 's ist some piece *she* learn' him to!  
'Cause he 's her favor-ite. . . . An' she  
Ain't pop'lar as she *ust* to be.



Thomas Stone S.

When 'Pollus Morton speaks, w'y, nen  
Ist all the other childern knows  
They 're smart as him an' smart-again.  
Ef they *can't* speak an' got fine clo'es,  
Their Parunts loves 'em more 'n 'Poll-  
Us Morton, Teacher, speech, an' all.

#### THE PARENT REPRIMANDED.

SOMETIMES I think 'at Parunts does  
Things ist about as bad as *us*—  
Wite 'fore our vurry eyes, at that!  
For one time Pa he scold' my Ma  
'Cause he can't find his hat;  
An' she ist *cried*, she did! An' I  
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma  
Ever again an' make her cry,  
W'y, you sha'n't *be* my Pa!"  
An' nen he laugh' an' find his hat  
Ist wite where Ma she said it 's at!



#### A PET OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S.

UNCLE SIDNEY 's vurry proud  
Of little Elsie Janey,  
'Cause she 's so smart, an' goes to school  
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany!  
She print' an' sent a postul card  
To Uncle Sidney, telling  
How glad he 'll be to hear that she  
"Toock the onners in Speling."

#### IN FERVENT PRAISE OF PICNICS.

PICNICS is fun 'at 's purty hard to beat.  
I purt' nigh rather go to them than *eat*.  
I purt' nigh rather go to them than go  
With our Charlotty to the Trick-Dog Show.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

**DR. BARRY E. O'MEARA.**

FROM A PORTRAIT IN PENCIL AND WATER-COLOR, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY OF  
LOUIS MAILLIARD, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

## TALKS WITH NAPOLEON.

### HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION AT ST. HELENA.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD MADE BY NAPOLEON'S PHYSICIAN,  
DR. B. E. O'MEARA.

#### EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

FOR seventy-five years Dr. O'Meara's published work on his intercourse with Napoleon at St. Helena has maintained its character as one of the most remarkable records of genius ever bestowed upon a hero-worshipping world. When "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena," was issued in 1822, so great was the public interest that aid was sought from the police to restrain the ardor of the throngs which besieged the publishers' office in London. Within five years six editions were printed, and as recently as 1888 a carefully edited and very handsome edition was put forth to meet a continuing demand for a work which, in spite of official detraction and partizan assaults on its veracity, has survived by force of intrinsic honesty and merit.

For the best of reasons Dr. O'Meara made use in his famous book of less than half of his manuscript journal, and condensed and modified much of the parts that were actually utilized. In the nineteen manuscript volumes now in the possession of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (containing over one hundred and eighty thousand words) he had jotted down literally the conversation of Napoleon, and had commented without reserve on the daily happenings of Longwood and the almost daily squabbles with the English governor. He had been not less critical of Napoleon's followers than of the treatment meted out to the great prisoner by his keeper. Obviously his journal was too intimate a record for publication in the lifetime of the author and the principal persons figuring in it.

Before indicating the motives which must have impelled O'Meara to suppress more than half of his original journal, and to condense the part which was utilized in his book, his peculiar position at Longwood must be understood. Barry E. O'Meara, born in Dublin in 1786, came of cultivated stock, inherited an active mind and sprightly temperament, and, as his conduct shows, possessed a manly spirit and a cool judgment.

Entering the English army as assistant surgeon in 1804, he served against the French in Egypt, Sicily, and Calabria. In 1807 he was instrumental in bringing to a bloodless conclusion a duel between officers, but as he was second to the challenger, his school-fellow, he was ordered to leave the service, with his principal. However, he was soon after put on the naval list, and, after serving on several other men-of-war, was surgeon on the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon sought an English asylum in 1815. In the passage to England Napoleon was attracted to O'Meara by his ability to converse freely in Italian, and when his own surgeon declined to be exiled, O'Meara was asked to join the suite. The admiralty urged consent, but informally, and O'Meara went aboard the *Northumberland* in the rather difficult position of semi-private medical attendant of a state prisoner, in the service and pay of the hostile government.

For three years (from August 7, 1815, till July 25, 1818) O'Meara maintained himself in this ambiguous position only by the exercise of tact and forbearance. In the earlier part of his sojourn at Longwood, while the air was electric with the conflict between Napoleon and the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, O'Meara was, in a measure, the confidant of both sides, and a convenient go-between. He tried to satisfy the importunities of the English officials with information of a harmless character; but his intimacy with Napoleon, his independence of spirit, and his refusal to bend to the exactions of the governor, led to strained relations, and finally to his dismissal from Longwood.

On his arrival in England O'Meara informed the admiralty, by a letter dated October 28, 1818, of the treatment which, in his opinion, was threatening the life of the prisoner, the reply to which was an official letter saying that his name had been dropped from the list of naval surgeons. The following year, 1819, the gathering storm against Sir Hudson Lowe was antici-



pated by an anonymous pamphlet which attempted to justify his conduct. This was immediately riddled by O'Meara in a pamphlet of two hundred and fifteen pages, entitled "An Exposition of Some of the Transactions that have Taken Place at St. Helena," etc., a second edition of which was

Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud, and of Count de Las Cases. They all survived O'Meara, who died in 1836.

O'Meara bequeathed the nineteen precious manuscript volumes comprising his St. Helena journal to Louis Mailliard, the private secretary of Joseph Bonaparte. In this he

was guided, undoubtedly, by a sagacious desire to protect it against partial or complete destruction. It would hardly have been safe in the hands of any member of the Bonaparte family or of Napoleon's followers at St. Helena. The safest custodian would naturally be a discreet friend the furthest removed from English official life, and also

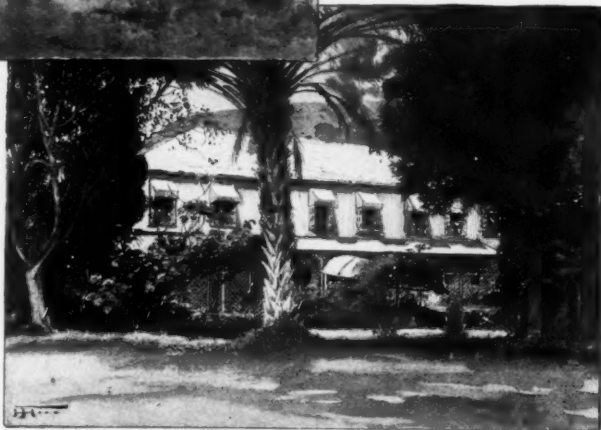


soon called for. This pamphlet produced a great sensation.

Dr. O'Meara's "Exposition" was an overwhelming arraignment. In preparing it he had not drawn directly upon his journal, for at that time he was preparing his book, "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena," which in the pamphlet he had announced as a "Narrative" that would more fully elucidate the subject; but from a sense of duty he held back the book

until 1822 (the year following Napoleon's death), and even then published it only with the knowledge of Napoleon's executors.

At the time the book appeared O'Meara was the center and mainspring of a fierce controversy, and the paramount truth in the main issue would have been obscured, perhaps, if he had published the more intimate parts of his diary. Moreover, the objection which had obtained during Napoleon's life of printing any part of it was still in force, as regarded many parts, during the lifetime of the French generals who shared the exile,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

**THE BRIARS, NAPOLEON'S FIRST RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.**

The main building of Mr. Balcombe's residence, on the left of the upper photograph, is shown in the lower one. Napoleon occupied the pavilion higher on the right.

sympathetic toward the Napoleonic record. Louis Mailliard had proved himself a man of the greatest fidelity and integrity. It was he who was one of the witnesses of the burial of Joseph Bonaparte's treasure in Switzerland in 1815, and in 1817 Joseph, then established at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey, sent him to Switzerland to recover the treasure, which he placed in Joseph's hands after a surprising adventure.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Described on page 82 of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for May, 1893, in "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown," by F. Marion Crawford. Mr. Crawford's father (the dis-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY L. G. BILLINGS.

LONGWOOD, ST. HELENA, FROM THE GARDEN SIDE.

Sail-cloth was spread over the outer end of the arbor, under which Napoleon used to dictate to Las Cases. The room at the inner end of the arbor was the library. A little of the front veranda is shown on the right of the picture.

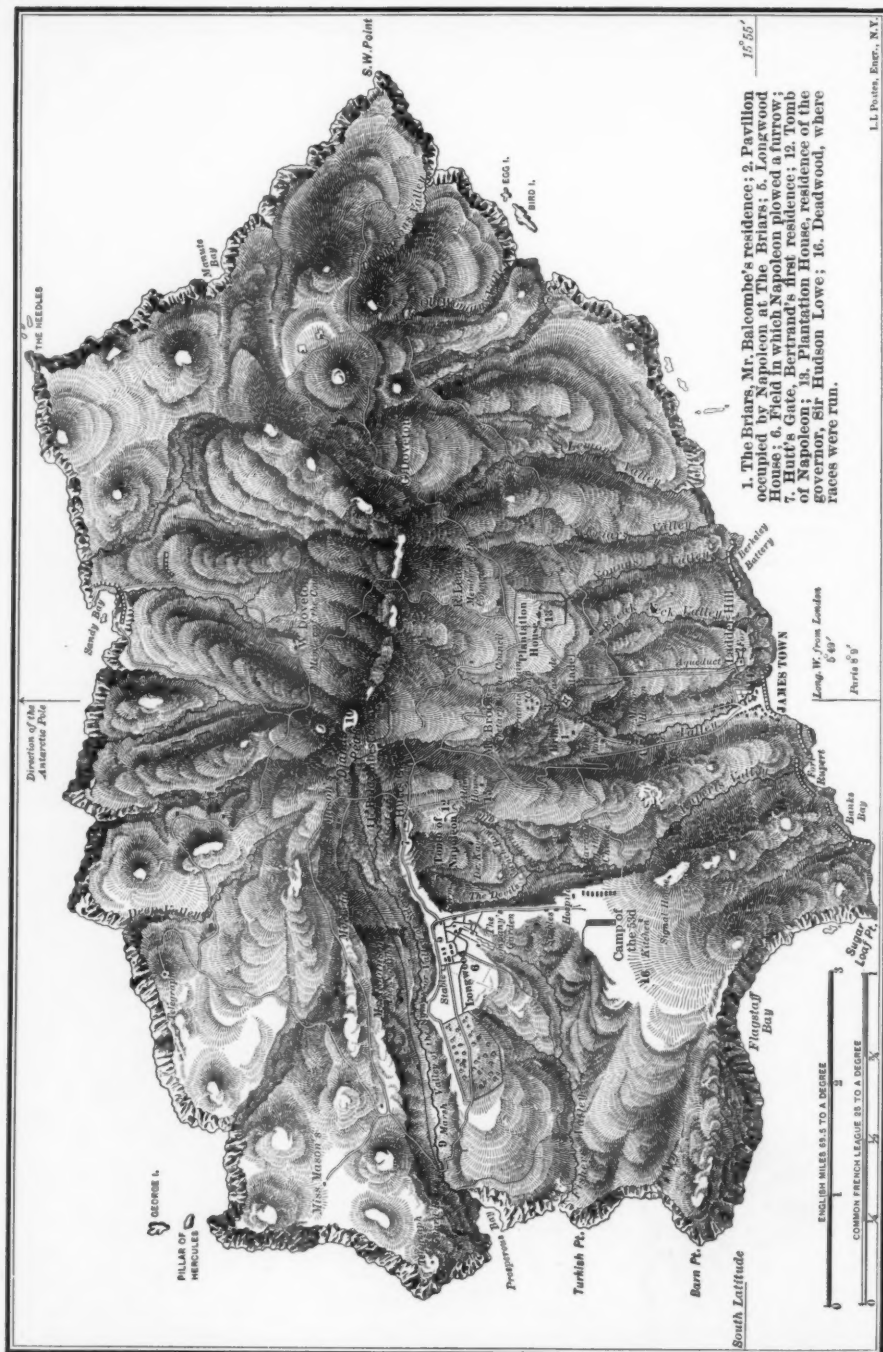
Members of Louis Mailliard's family settled permanently in the United States. Since his death the St. Helena journal has remained in the hands of his descendants. While they have had a general idea of its historical value, they have not been willing, until recently, to allow it to be deciphered with a view to publication, and until that difficult task was undertaken by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (the better part of a year being required for the painstaking work), the contents were as good as sealed up in a rapid and blind chirography, of which the specimen page shown here in facsimile is a comparatively legible example. As the diaries are not signed, a facsimile of a signed letter to Louis Mailliard is offered for comparison. Access has also been had to a signed letter by O'Meara to Baron Larrey in the manuscript department of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, which, as being more carelessly written, is even in closer resemblance to the hasty hand of the journal.

In the preface to his published work O'Meara describes the care he took to enter

tinguished American sculptor) and Adolphe Mailliard, the son of Louis, married sisters, a third sister being Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

the topics of conversation at once in his journal, and to preserve even verbal accuracy; and as he feared his notes might be taken from him, he made, with a copying-machine of that date, duplicates of parts, which from time to time were sent through a friend on a man-of-war to his agent in London.

Eighteen of the diaries are numbered from 1 to 18, the first entry in No. 1 being dated April 18, 1816. The volume that is unnumbered is not a diary or journal, but consists of O'Meara's translation of a long letter which Las Cases attempted to send to Lucien Bonaparte, a copy of which, written on satin, was found sewed in the lining of the waistcoat of a servant about to start for England. This discovery caused Sir Hudson Lowe to remove Las Cases from Longwood on November 25, 1816. That the letter was written long before that date is proved by the statement in it that "it is now about three months since a new governor has arrived over us." As Sir Hudson arrived April 14, 1816, the letter must have been written very early in July. It was designed to impart to Napoleon's brother Lucien an account of events and of their hard-



ships to that date, and inasmuch as letters of a similar character were shown at Longwood to visitors, with the view of making their contents known independent of the authorities, it would not be surprising if O'Meara had had access to this letter before Las Cases tried to smuggle it to Europe.

The last entry in diary No. 18 is dated February 8, 1817, which in point of time does not reach quite to the end of the first volume of O'Meara's two-volume book. It is estimated, consequently, that of the one hundred and eighty thousand words of the diary not much more than one third was transferred to the book manuscript. As to O'Meara's subsequent notes, they either have been lost or were placed in other hands, or, as is quite likely, from February 8, 1817, to the end of his St. Helena experience, his record was made in a form corresponding more nearly to manuscript suitable for his already formed project of a book. Accompanying the diaries are twenty-nine loose sheets, letter size, which give color to this supposition. That O'Meara decided in the first days of his appointment to collect material is proved by a letter to his friend Mr. Finlaison, a clerk in the admiralty, in which he says: "It is my intention to collect every anecdote I can from Napoleon and those about him."

Every entry in the diary has an interest to the student of Napoleon literature, and even the matters of a seemingly trivial nature throw some light on the last act of one of the most conspicuous dramas of the ages. Probably no writer near to Napoleon has got closer to the native flavor of that master genius than O'Meara, for it should not be forgotten that Italian was Napoleon's mother-tongue, and that, presumably, he expressed himself in it with greatest vigor and raciness. Indeed, while O'Meara has for the most part translated the Italian conversations into English, he, nevertheless, makes a point in the journal of reporting some of the most vigorous of Napoleon's remarks in the vernacular; and it will be remembered that in the days of his glory, when it became necessary to scold members of his own family, he had a rapid way of using "choice Italian."

In important quarters O'Meara is still an object of detraction. The "Dictionary of National Biography," so late as 1895, says: "There seems no doubt that his conduct throughout was that of an indiscreet partisan, or rather puppet, of Napoleon, and his diagnosis of his patient's case as one of liver

disease induced by the malignity of the climate was falsified by Napoleon's subsequent death from a disease [cancer of the stomach] which is not affected by climate." The journal, for the most part written while O'Meara was still on fair terms with Sir Hudson Lowe, makes plain the frankness and straightforwardness of his position as a witness at St. Helena, and disproves many of the surmises and suspicions of those who have assailed him in the interest of the other side to the controversy; and it is not surprising that his volubility and racy indiscretion supplied weapons easily turned against him.

The contention as to the treatment and proper care of Napoleon, as the journal shows, raged fiercely at St. Helena, and was continued in after years, among others, by Sir Walter Scott and General Gourgaud. The latter found fault with facts set forth in Scott's "Life of Napoleon," derived from General Gourgaud's own statements to the English authorities, and intimated that he would call Sir Walter to account. The latter prepared privately for an encounter, but the personal aspect of the storm blew over.

In addition to Napoleon's quarrel with Sir Hudson Lowe an intermittent family storm raged within the walls of Longwood. On this point O'Meara published very little, and here the journal is particularly fresh and interesting in its revelation of the character of Napoleon and his household in exile. It should be borne in mind that the leading members of the family were all comparatively young, Napoleon on reaching St. Helena being forty-six, Las Cases forty-nine, Bertrand forty-two, O'Meara thirty-seven, and Montholon and Gourgaud each thirty-two.

In selecting extracts for the magazine care has been taken to exclude matter published in Dr. O'Meara's book, except in instances where the journal is so much fuller and so characteristic as to have a special interest or importance. It should be noted also that Forsyth's defense of Sir Hudson Lowe, published in 1853, thirty-one years after O'Meara's book, contains private letters from O'Meara to his friend Mr. Finlaison, Sir Thomas Reade, and others. In these letters O'Meara repeated many interesting passages from the earlier part of his journal, which were omitted from his book. It does not seem desirable to publish these passages before the whole journal is made public in book form, though they have a special value as coming from the journal, for Forsyth arraigns O'Meara for publishing "a most un-



fair, not to say false, version of his own notes," partly on the ground that his book differed so widely from his private letters. Thus a part of the historical value of the

journal lies in the fact that it was penned from day to day, and supplies the missing link between O'Meara's book and his letters, as well as a vast amount of new material.

#### EXTRACTS FROM O'MEARA'S JOURNAL.

ON August 7, 1815, at Plymouth, "Napoleon Buonaparté," as the English officially designated him, was removed from his Majesty's ship *Bellerophon* to the 74-gun ship *Northumberland*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who was charged with the care of establishing the exile at St. Helena.

Napoleon went ashore at Jamestown, the island port, in the evening of October 17, 1815, and was lodged in the town. Early the next morning he rode a horse to Longwood, the country-seat of the lieutenant-governor, which Sir George Cockburn had selected as the shelter of the fallen emperor. The site was eighteen hundred feet above the sea, much exposed to sun and weather, and considerable additions to the low house were necessary before Napoleon could be installed. During the ride to Longwood, Napoleon had noticed the pleasing aspect of a private estate called "The Briars," where lived Mr. Balcombe, the navy agent, who became the purveyor to Longwood. On the return Napoleon stopped there, and asked to be allowed to stay during the preparatory work at Longwood. A small pavilion near the main house was given up to him, where, with a few of his attendants and servants, he lived for about two months.

During the stay at The Briars most of the suite were quartered in Jamestown. On December 9 Longwood was ready to receive Napoleon and his people, with the exception of Count Bertrand and the countess and three children, who were quartered a mile away in a little house called "Hutt's Gate," pending the erection of a separate house for them at Longwood. Under the same roof with Napoleon were Count and Countess Montholon and their child, Baron Gourgaud, Count de Las Cases and his son Emmanuel, fourteen years old, Captain Piontkowski, Dr. O'Meara, the officer of the guard, and French and English servants.

During the first winter Sir George Cockburn remained in charge of the prisoner, with whom he was on somewhat better terms than was his successor, Sir Hudson Lowe, who arrived April 14, 1816.

#### NAPOLÉON SNUBS THE RETIRING GOVERNOR.

O'Meara's first diary begins with an entry dated April 18, 1816. The day before, the retiring governor, Sir George Cockburn, had made a second effort to present to Napoleon the new governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. On the first attempt they reached Longwood at nine o'clock in the morning, and were denied an interview, Napoleon construing the early visit as an effort on Sir George's part to embroil him with the new governor. On

the 17th Sir Hudson was admitted to Napoleon's presence, but Sir George, to his great disgust, was shut out by the valet, to whom Napoleon, as reported by Las Cases, said: "Ah, my good Noverraz, you have done a clever thing for once in your life."

EDITOR.

18th April [1816]. Napoleon, after asking some questions concerning the opening of Parliament, turned the conversation by asking who had lent me the newspapers, to which a reply was made, "The admiral [Sir George Cockburn] sent them to me." He appeared surprised, and said that he believed he had been ill-treated the day he came up with the new governor. "What does he say about it?" continued he. I replied: "He conceived it certainly as an insult offered to him, and was greatly offended at it. Some explanation has, however, been given him by General Montholon concerning it." . . . "It is a pity," added he, "that a man who really has talents—for I believe him to be a very good officer in his service—should have behaved so ill as he has done to me. He had an opportunity of getting a good character by treating me well, but instead of that he has procured himself one which will cover him with disgrace to posterity. . . . It will appear in print yet."

I endeavored to explain to him that the English, and particularly naval men, were not much in the habit of going through many forms, and that it was unintentional on the part of the admiral to insult him. . . . He said: "I believe the new governor is a man of very few words, but he appears a polite man. However, it is only from a man's conduct for some time that you can judge of him." . . .

24th [April]. Napoleon at first out of spirits; the first part of the day was very gloomy and rainy. Said a great deal to me about the admiral. Said that he esteemed him as a man of talents in his profession. Believed him to be an excellent officer, but a rough and unbending, severe character who never consulted anybody; said he had broken his word with him about the captain of the guard, as he had promised him that the captain should keep out of his sight when riding out, but instead of that the other wanted to



ride by his side. I endeavored to explain that the admiral had given directions that the other was to ride in the manner which would least constrain him, and to keep as far off as he could; but he was not satisfied; said that in fact it was a duty which could not well be done by an officer, and alluded to what Sir G. B[ingham] said about "not to ride after him like a servant," which he said was right. . . . Spoke a good deal of English, which (though pronounced like a Frenchman) I understood the greatest part of. . . .

25th [April]. Told him that the governor had several French books, which he would be happy to lend him. He answered that he was much obliged to him, and if he would send him a catalogue of them he would choose some of them. Observed, while eating his breakfast, that at least while one eat one did not die. Asked me how he looked, if his countenance had not some appearance of illness, and that he had not slept the greatest part of the night.

#### O'MEARA'S STATUS AT LONGWOOD.

Though much of the following conversation with Napoleon appears in O'Meara's book, it is there stated in somewhat different terms. It is so important to a comprehension of O'Meara's position, as understood between him and his patient, that the entire entry for May 5 is given.

5th May. N. sent for me, and after asking a few questions about the news, transports arrived, etc., asked me in both French and Italian, in presence of Las Cases, whom he also desired to mention it in English for fear of a mistake, the following questions: "You know that it was in consequence of my application that you were appointed to attend upon me. Now I want to know from you, precisely and truly, as a man of honor, in what situation you conceive yourself; whether as my surgeon, such as M. Maingaud was, or the surgeon of a prison and prisoners? Whether you have orders to report every trifling occurrence to the governor, such as my having a boil or anything like that; what I say to you, and everything else [that] takes place, because I do not wish that if I have a trifling illness it should either be reported to the governor or put in the English newspapers. Answer me candidly. What situation do you conceive yourself in?" I told him as a surgeon to attend upon him and his followers, and that I had received no other orders than to make an immediate report in case of his being taken seriously, in order to have the advice and assistance of other physicians. "First obtaining my consent to

call in others," demanded he; "is it not so?" I answered I certainly would not do it without doing so first.

He then said: "If you were appointed as a surgeon to a prison or prisoners, and to give reports of everything about me to the governor, whom I conceive to be a chief of spies (*un capo di spioni*), I would never see you again; or if you were to report what I say. Do not," added he, "conceive that I suppose you to be" (said he, on my answering that I was a surgeon placed about him, and not by any means a spy), "that I take you for, a spy; on the contrary, I have never had the least occasion to find fault with you, and I have a friendship for you and esteem your character, a great proof of which is my asking you candidly your own opinion of your situation, as you being an Englishman, and paid by the English government, you might be obliged perhaps to do what I have asked you about." I answered as before.

He then said: "If I have the misfortune to have any trifling illness, or a boil, or a scratch, do not mention it to the governor or anybody else; if he asks you anything about me, tell him that you are my surgeon, and not my confessor, and that it would be a breach of confidence. If I am taken seriously ill, then acquaint me, and ask my consent to call in others, and tell Maréchal Bertrand of it, or report it yourself. The English government, of course, would be anxious to show that I was well taken care of, if I was to die. That is all right."

"Has not this governor brought out a physician with him?" I answered yes. "He, in fact," said he, "insulted Maréchal Bertrand by wanting to send his physician to see me during the five or six days I kept my room, under the pretext of inquiring after my health, but really to be a spy. I told Bertrand to tell him that I had not sufficient confidence in his physician to take anything from his hands as being sent by him. I could suppose nothing else than that he was sent to poison me. That if I was really sick I would call you in, whom I have confidence in, and not him, but that if I was melancholy in consequence of the treatment I received, or had some mental affliction and did not choose to go out in order not to *ennuyer* others, a physician was no use in such cases, and I only wanted to be alone."

#### NAPOLEON TO DEFEND HIS PRIVACY.

"I understand," said he, "that an officer is placed here to report about me, and to see



Saturday night  
May 20

Dear Maillard

Nothing has been sent  
from the Lithographien, (which I was  
very angry and expressed himself in  
a way which I hope he will be  
sorry for, upon cool reflection. He said  
that he would not go to Deauville  
to-morrow. This I would not mention,  
but he has advised me to communicate  
it as I have no wish to make  
mischief. At the same time I think  
that it is my duty to give a hint  
of the way in which it appears from  
his own assertion, he is likely to conduct  
himself. On leaving this, he said he  
would proceed to the Prince de C. in  
order to express similar sentiments  
to those he had given to me, some  
of which I declined to communicate

Truly yours  
J. O'Meara

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM DR. O'MEARA TO LOUIS MAILLIARD, TO WHOM  
THE ST. HELENA JOURNAL WAS BEQUEATHED.

August 15, 1832, Joseph Bonaparte arrived in England to direct the Bonapartist campaign against Louis Philippe. M. Maillard was with him as secretary, and until 1836, the year of O'Meara's death, the doctor was a close friend of the French exiles. The letter hints at a considerable party quarrel.

me two or three times in the twenty-four hours, and that they were talking of making him go into my chamber to see me if I did not come out. Any person," said he then, with considerable agitation, "who endeavors to force his way into my apartment will be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat afterward I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on. I know that I will be killed afterward, as what can one do against a camp? But what of that? I have faced death many a time. Besides, I am convinced that this governor, this chief of jailers, has been sent out on purpose to poison me, or put me to death some way or another, or under some pretext, by Lord Castlereagh. I have seen," continued he, "Russians, Prussians, Arabs, Cossacks, Tatars, Spaniards, Persians, Turks" (here he enumerated a great many more), "and never in my life before did I behold so ill-favored and forbidding a countenance, or so down and horrid a look. He carries crime imprinted on his countenance. (*Il porte le crime empreint sur son visage.*) He is a man, to judge from his physiognomy, that one would select for the committal of any atrocious crime, and as such has been selected out by your ministers, I suppose, on purpose to make away with me."

I endeavored in vain to assure him that the English government would never do such a thing, that poisoning and assassination were crimes foreign to Englishmen. "I had reason to complain," said he, "of the admiral, but he, though he treated me roughly and was not inclined to do as much good as lay in his power, never behaved in such a manner as this new jailer, this Prussian more than Englishman. The other day he in a manner insisted on seeing me, when I was undressed, and a prey to melancholy in my chamber; demanded twice to see me, and even in an indecent manner to urge my receiving him in my chamber. The admiral never asked to see me a second time when it was intimated to him that I was unwell or undressed. I was fifteen days at The Briars without stirring out, but the admiral never sent such messages as this last, as he knew well that though I did not go out I was still to be found.

"He endeavored to embroil me with this new man certainly, seeing what kind of a man he was, by sending him up to me at nine o'clock, without asking at what time I would wish to be seen." Here I told him that the admiral had assured me, upon his honor, that it was no such thing, that it was

done without reflection and without having the smallest intention either of insulting him or embroiling him with the new governor, adding that the admiral was, like all other admirals and seamen, an enemy to form, though at bottom a good man.

He stopped and said: "Well, I believe it may be so, but I thought it was done on purpose." I assured him not. He then appeared to be convinced, and said: "I believe he is not at bottom a bad man, but if he called on Lord St. Vincent he would ask at what hour he could see him, and in my peculiar situation he ought to be still more delicate." I said that on duty he would not.

He then said: "There is a captain here, I find, who is to make reports of my presence. It is an office unworthy of an officer. It is an inferior spy to a superior. I will tell his commanding officer that it is an office unworthy of one of his officers. He wants to see. Cannot he easily know that I am in my room though he does not exactly see me? Where can I go? It is he who makes mischief by his reports of not being able to see me." He then repeated what he said about what he would do to any person entering forcibly his chamber. I told him that the captain had particular orders as to his conduct and could not do otherwise. "Let them put me in irons at once," said he.

After some more conversation, nearly the same, he said that Sir [Hudson] [Lowe] had written some letters officially to government, during the time he was with Maréchal Blücher, which were entirely untrue. "They do not," said he, "contain a syllable of truth. I asked himself the other day if he was the author of them. They were in a collection of campaigns he sent me to read, and on his shrugging up his shoulders and answering 'Yes,' I told him how mistaken he was in his report. *Plein de sottises*," said he again.

He then said to me that he was afraid of getting the gout, and mentioned some symptoms like it. I told him that he ought to take a great deal more exercise. "What can I do?" answered he. "They send me here to this execrable isle, where you cannot ride a mile without being wet through—[an] island that even the English themselves, though used to humidity, complain of, and send the dregs (*les fèces*) of mankind as a guard over me," alluding to S. H. L. He here complained very much of Sir [Hudson] [Lowe] sending his secretary and aide-de-camp round the shops, forbidding the shopkeepers to trust him with any goods on credit, on pain of severe punishment, adding that it had been

said that the admiral had done so, but that he had denied doing so.

6th May. N. sent for me. Had some more conversation with him of the same nature as yesterday about reporting his conversations. Repeated to him nearly the same as I had done before, and that I was a surgeon and not a spy. "Are you," said he, "my private surgeon, or surgeon *d'un galère* [of a galley], and are you expected to report my conversations?" I replied that I was his surgeon and not a spy, and one in whom I hoped he might place confidence. That I was not surgeon *d'un galère*, and that I would forget the conversations of my patients on leaving the room, unless such parts of them as were contrary to my allegiance, such as tending to his escape, or otherwise contrary to my duty to my own sovereign. He said: "That *beja* [hangman] wanted me to send you away and to take his own surgeon in your place. What a *coglione* [dullard] to think that a man in my situation would take a surgeon selected and sent to him by his jailer! Being sent by him, I could have no sure idea that he was n't come for the purpose of poisoning me. If he had the least delicacy he would never have made such a proposal, and that, too, almost immediately after his arrival."

#### A QUESTION OF VERACITY.

In a private letter to Finlaison, dated March 16, 1816, O'Meara makes the following statement, which Forsyth quotes and indorses: "The people he [Napoleon] is surrounded with at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St. Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything even here is disguised and mutilated in the representation to him, particularly by Montholon. Marshal Bertrand, however, is an exception to this, and is, in my opinion, really an honest and good man."

Two or three days after the arrival of Sir H. Lowe, Montholon went down to the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] and had a long conversation with him, partly about the circumstance of the servant's having refused admission to him when Sir H. was introduced for the first time to Bonaparte. During this conversation Montholon asserted that the principal thing which had caused the rupture between B[onaparte] and the admiral was that the former had supposed that the admiral had broken his word with him by having promised that Captain Poppleton [officer of the guard] should, whenever B. wanted to go out, ride at such a distance from him as not to be visible, and that

every measure would be taken to prevent his appearing to be under any restraint. Whereas, that, instead of that, the second time that Bonaparte wished to ride out with Poppleton, the latter (Montholon said) came up while Napoleon had his foot in the stirrup, preparing to mount, and in a loud and high tone of voice said that he would no longer ride with General Bonaparte as a servant, that he would ride alongside of him as a companion, and close by him wherever he went, and that he had the admiral's orders for so doing, which he would implicitly obey. This, says Montholon, the emperor considered as a breach of promise and an insult, and was very much hurt at it, and accordingly took his foot out of the stirrup and went his way into his room.

"Two or three days after this," added he, "Poppleton came to me and told me that he was extremely sorry for what had passed, but that he was forced to do it by the admiral." "However," said Poppleton (according to Montholon), "if the emperor will ride out with me, I will, notwithstanding the admiral's orders, disobey him, and I will ride behind or where the emperor likes, at such a distance so that he will never see me, and he may go where he likes; but do not let this be known." He also said that Poppleton had offered to write a letter to the emperor, expressing his sorrow for what had happened, and craving forgiveness, with a similar offer of riding behind him or where he liked, which, said he, the emperor refused with indignation, saying, "What sort of an officer must this be, who sends me word that he will disobey the orders he has received from his superior?" and that his anger was so great that in consequence of it Bonaparte had never asked Captain Poppleton to his table (a lie).

He also said that Captain Mackay had assigned as a reason for his declining to continue as captain of the guard over B[onaparte] was that it was not a situation which any man of honor could hold, as there were such orders and such things to execute as no man of honor could perform. He added that General Gourgaud was so much alarmed at this that he said he supposed that the captain had orders some night or another, when they were all asleep, to bring a guard in with loaded muskets and despatch them all. He [Montholon] concluded with various protestations of the great regard that Bonaparte had for the admiral; that they had the same *cœur* [heart], and that the emperor, if he were on the throne of France, would desire nothing



so much as a man like him to command the French navy, etc., with such like flummery!

The admiral thought it necessary to call upon Captains Poppleton and Mackay for an explanation of this apparently strange conduct, though he was almost sure, from the general total absence of truth in all Montholon's assertions, that it was wholly or partly false. I was the bearer of directions from him to Poppleton, advising him of what Montholon had said, and requesting an explanation of it. This produced a written one from him [Poppleton], in which he completely disavowed and disproved all Montholon's lies, and the like took place with Captain Mackay.

The admiral shortly after sent for me, and after some conversation gave me the two answers of Captain P[oppleton] and M[ackay], with a desire that I would read and explain them to General Montholon, and express the admiral's astonishment how he could think of making such reports to him. When I explained my business to Montholon he turned pale and appeared very much confused; said that the conversation he had with the admiral was private, and never intended to be made known; that the Sir Admiral had made *des bêtises* in making it public. I said that as it concerned so deeply the character of two officers under the admiral's orders, and also on his own account required to be searched into, the admiral had thought it unavoidable to demand an explanation of those gentlemen, in order that, if innocent, they might be justified; if they had committed themselves, that suitable measures might be put in execution, and the admiral's apparent breach of word accounted for.

I then wanted him [Montholon] to read the answers, which he refused to do, shrugging up his shoulders and making a thousand pitiful grimaces, saying he would have nothing more to say to it; that he did not want it to be made public (which last I gave implicit credit to). I, however, repeated to him what he (Montholon) had told the admiral, word by word, with Captain P[oppleton's] answers, when, to my great astonishment, he denied ever having said a syllable of the kind to him! Lifted up his hands, as if with astonishment, at each circumstance I related, and with an air of surprise appealed to his amiable consort, who was sitting on the sofa by me, who in her turn declared that she knew her dear husband never said anything of the kind.

He also allowed that Poppleton had never been near B[onaparte] that day, and that such

a circumstance as his addressing him when he had his foot in the stirrup had never taken place, and also that no offer had been made by him to write a letter imploring forgiveness and offering to disobey his orders, etc. Totally denied ever saying so to the admiral, and said that the admiral *had gone beyond his orders*, and that finding, on the arrival of Sir Hudson, that he had done too much, he had endeavored to *throw the blame upon the shoulders* of Poppleton and Mackay, upon those two poor fellows, continued he, without caring whether they were broke or not by it, so as he got himself out of the scrape. "This," said he, "is the case. He has given orders it was impossible for an officer to execute unless he became a gendarme, a constable, and now he wants to exculpate himself to the British ministry by throwing the whole blame upon the backs of two poor officers who have always behaved well."

#### NAPOLÉON'S GRIEVANCES AND SUSPICIONS.

16th May. Saw N. in the garden; gave him the "Dictionnaire des Girouettes" ["Dictionary of the Weather-cocks"] and three "Examiners." After he had asked from whom I got them (I ought to mention first that the G[overnor] had been to call on him, and had seen him after some difficulty, as word was sent at first that he was not well, and on my arrival in the garden he appeared very thoughtful and displeased), he said: "Here has been this hangman-like face to see and torment me (*viso di boja a tormentarmi*). I wish he would stay away and not annoy me with his forbidding and gallows-like countenance." I told him he had come on purpose to inquire where he wished to have the new house placed, to which he answered: "I never want to see him or to ask any favor from him, or in fact to have any dealings with him." He here observed an officer walking outside the ditch, and asked me and Las Cases who he was, and on being informed that he was Captain Strangers of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, who had come up on purpose to pay his respects to him, he told Las Cases to call him, and beckoned to him himself. After he had asked him a great many questions, he made his bow to him.

He then turned towards me, and said: "I cannot accustom myself to that gallows-like visage of the governor (*viso di boja del governatore*). I wish he would never come to see me. I know that he has orders to make away with me some way or another. Let him

do it as soon as he likes, but let him not come near to annoy me with his countenance, so forbidding and full of crime. I have reason to complain of the admiral's [Sir George Cockburn's] conduct to me, but he at least used to leave me to myself, and not annoy me with his presence when he knew that I did not want to see him. Tell him [Sir Hudson],” said he to me, “that I never want to see him, and not to come near to annoy me with his hateful presence. Let him do what he likes, so as he leaves me free of his company.” He then said: “I have never seen a countenance which gives me such an idea of atrocity as his. It makes me almost shudder to look at him.” He then asked some questions about Lady Moira.<sup>1</sup> He also asked me to feel his pulse, and if he had not some fever, etc.

17th [May]. N[apoleon] in a very good humor. Asked several questions about Montholon and Bertrand. . . . He asked about Sir [Thomas] R[eade], how long he had been with Sir H[udson] L[owe]. I told him that he had commanded a flotilla at Messina, and had behaved very well; that he had taken ten gunboats from the Neapolitans, and several troop-boats, etc. “What,” said he, “an officer of the army command a flotilla!” I told him that at that time no naval officers had been appointed, and that the general had then appointed army ones. I told him that Sir [Thomas] would at any time, if he wished to ride out of the limits, think it an honor to accompany him (if he did not like to go out with Poppleton), and that any of the general's staff, or he himself, or Sir G. B[ingham] would do so. He replied he was obliged to him, but that he would never go out of the limits; that it was an unnecessary persecution to him, obliging him to take an officer on such occasions; that to prevent him from going into the town or down to the seaside was all right and necessary, but to deprive him of the liberty of the interior was unnecessary annoyance. “But,” added he, “I will be glad to see and talk to him; if he is not afraid of the governor, let him come here any day at four o'clock, and I will be very glad to see him. He appears to be *bravo giovane* [fine young man].”

19th [May]. N[apoleon] in good humor. I told

him that the governor of Java [Mr. Raffles] and his staff were arrived on their passage to England, and that they were very desirous of seeing him and doing themselves the honor of waiting on him. He asked me what kind of man the governor was. I told him that Mr. Urnston had informed me that he was a very fine fellow.

After a few more questions I told him about the upas-tree, and upon my mentioning that it was said to cause death at twelve miles off, he gave me a slap in the face, laughing. I told him I did not believe it, but that it was asserted.

“Well,” says he, “I will see them in two or three hours when I am dressed.” Asked me if I had seen the governor of St. Helena. I replied yes. He then said that he thought him a very weak man. “Imbecille e coglione [imbecile and dullard],” he repeated several times. “He has a very bad physiognomy, to be sure,” said he, “but I believe he is a man of too weak intellect to be cleverly a wicked man, as a man to be wicked must have some dissimulation, and would not have asked such foolish questions and made such weak remarks, which, though they might give reason at first to suspect that some mischief or dark plot was brewing, yet, from the weakness and imbecility displayed at the same time, I believe that he is more *coglione* and *imbecille* than *cattivo* [wicked]. The admiral, though I have reason to complain of him, never gave me reason to think for a moment that there were any sinister measures in agitation against me; on the contrary, everything he did was open and rough, and you knew what you had to trust to. If he had paid a little more respect to forms he would have been very well. You see how things are. The admiral, who really is a man of talent, has perceived the imbecility of that coglione just come out of England, and laughs within himself at it, well knowing that if we thought him bad, we must find the other a hundred times worse. Because when you have to do with a man of talent you nearly know what you may expect, and are prepared for it, but with a coglione like the other one does not know what to look for. It is better to deal with knaves than fools, especially when they have any command.

<sup>1</sup> Wife of the governor-general of India, who had arrived on her way to England. Sir Hudson and Lady Lowe wrote to General Bertrand inviting General Bonaparte to Plantation House to meet Lady Moira at dinner. Napoleon made no reply, but sent a verbal message to the lady that he would have been charmed to call upon her if she had been within his limits. Within a

circuit of about twelve miles Napoleon was free, but to pass beyond the outer pickets he must be accompanied by an English officer; Captain Poppleton, as officer of the guard, being quartered at Longwood for that purpose. Napoleon steadfastly refused to pass the limits in the custody of an officer, since to do so would be to waive the pretension that he was not legally a prisoner.—EDITOR.

"The admiral is a man who has some heart, head, and sincerity; but this other is a weak man of narrow intellect and perpetually inquiet, and if I did not reflect upon his imbecility I would be inclined to think, from his dark insinuations to Maréchal Bertrand, that there was some atrocity hatching against me. I told him," said he, "the other day that if he had any orders from Lord Castlereagh to endeavor to make away with me under some pretext or another, that he might soon have one. 'For you say that if I am sick the officer here must see me twice in the twenty-four hours. Now I tell you when I am sick or melancholy that I will see no one. Not all the powers of Europe will force me to it. Therefore if you want a pretext for it, give orders that my door shall be forced. I will make a corpse of the first who enters. Then you will despatch me, of course, and you may write home to your government that I was killed in some quarrel. Do this when you like.'

"I told him also to leave me alone and not to torment me with his presence. That the admiral in six months had not come as often as he had in fourteen days. He is," added he, "a man of no argument or powers of reasoning. He could not give me an answer.

"Another proof of great imbecility is his asking Maréchal Bertrand, the other day, if he ever asked the people whom he saw going to England whether they intended going to France or not, adding that he must not ask them such a question, to which the other, like a fool, answered that he certainly did, naturally, ask them so, in order that they might, naturally, tell his relations that they were well. (General Bertrand," says he, "ought not to have answered such a foolish question.) 'But,' says the [governor], 'you must not do it.' 'Why?' says Bertrand, astonished. 'May I not write as many letters as I like, and is it in the power of any government to restrain the liberty of speaking?' Bertrand," says he, "ought to have told him that even people under sentence of death, and galley-slaves, have permission to inquire after their relatives." . . .

"The English government will be mistaken if they imagine that by seeking every means to annoy me, such as sending me here, depriving me of all communication with my nearest and dearest relative in such a manner that I do not know whether one of my blood exists, isolating me from the world, imposing useless and vexatious restrictions upon me, which are daily increasing, send-

ing the dregs of man over me; if they imagine, I say, by these means to weary my patience out to such a degree as to induce me to make away with my life, they are mistaken. No; if they, as I told that imbecile, have given directions to form a plan of assassinating me, they have an easy way of doing it in the shape of a quarrel, as I pointed out to him.

"One would think, too," said he, "that he would be anxious to keep me alive, as all his fortune depends upon my existence. He would no longer have five or six hundred thousand francs per annum. I wonder," added he, "that the English government, out of all their officers and statesmen, could not select a man of some little talent to put about me, instead of an uneasy imbecile, a *fainéant* [drone], a man who has not even the semblance of an Englishman. I think," added he, "that if even this conversation respecting him was made known to the English government he would be removed. A government ought to choose a man of talent to represent itself. He ought at least to have talent, if he possessed no virtue. The greatest insult they could have offered me was sending such a man as governor here. It has lessened my opinion of the English nation." . . .

"I have composed the history of my own campaigns, and yours also in Egypt. I did it while I was at The Briars. But I want the 'Moniteurs' for the dates." I told him how interesting it must be, and that if it were published it would be bought up by all classes of people with the greatest avidity; that it would be an injury to the world to withhold it, at which he smiled. . . .

20th [May]. N[apoleon] did not say much. Asked some questions about the situation of the heart and liver, lungs, said he had a slight pain in the right breast. Observed what a detestable climate it was; almost incessant rain with fog, and constant vicissitudes of temperature.

22d [May]. N[apoleon] asked a good deal about the new admiral, Sir H. Popham.<sup>1</sup> Asked also about his appearance, and on being told by me that he was not very handsome, he observed that then he was just the man to match the governor. Asked about the ships which had arrived (over from England). Spoke about the income tax (five per cent.), proposed to be continued by the ministers, and upon which there were very warm

<sup>1</sup> Sir H. Popham may have been expected, but Sir P. Malcolm came to supersede Sir G. Cockburn. (See the entry for June 17, page 627).—EDITOR.

debates in Parliament. Said it was a most arbitrary and oppressive tax; that during the war there was some reason for keeping it up, but now none. That he hoped the ministry would lose the question. I showed him a copy of the estimate of the expenses of the English army, submitted by Mr. Vansittart to the House of Commons. He said that it was impossible that this could be so much; looked at those of St. Helena, which were only stated as being likely to be twelve hundred pounds, laughed, and said there was a mistake of a cipher. I said that the chancellor had only mentioned the expenses that the English nation was to pay. "France, I suppose," said he. I said France and the allies were to pay so much also. "Aye," said he, "France indeed! France will never be able to pay it. Besides," said he, looking at the paper, "what has France and the allies to do with New South Wales? and I see here that it is set down only eight hundred pounds, or with Gibraltar, Malta, the West Indies. Bah, bah!" said he, "there is a mistake of a cipher. Put two hundred thousand pounds down for St. Helena, and you will be nearer the truth." . . .

## COMPLIMENTS TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

28th May. I told him that the Queen of Portugal was dead, and that a French frigate had arrived at Rio Janeiro to demand one of the daughters of the King of Portugal in marriage for the Duc de Berri. He said that the queen was mad for a long time, the daughters are all ugly. I told him that the King of Portugal had sent for the commander of the *Hyena*, store-ship (which went there for mules for this island), and asked him whether Napoleon was really in St. Helena, to which the other answered that he was. "How do you know? Did you see him?" "No," replied the commander; "but the admiral told me that he was, and also several other officers." "But," says the king, "did you see him yourself with your own eyes?" "No," replied the other. "Then I do not believe a word of it. Get out of my sight, or go away," replied the king. He laughed immoderately at this, and observed what a driveling beast the king must be.

29th [May]. Told N[apoleon], who was playing at ninepins in the garden with his generals, about a bill being brought into Parliament concerning him, and that it was in order to enable the ministers to detain him here and to receive the necessary sums of money for his maintenance. He asked if it met with

any opposition. I told him scarcely any. "Mr. Brougham," said he, "or Sir F. Burrett, did he make any to it?" I said Mr. Brougham had said something about it, but that I had not seen the papers. Told him about the ministers losing the proposed property tax. He appeared pleased; asked by how many votes. I said thirty-six. He appeared astonished, and said: "Why, this is a great slap in the face for ministers. Don't you think that some of them will lose their situations?" I said probably they might not, as they had been so successful in all their undertakings that that might make them still retain their places. To this he assented.

I told him about the marriage proposed to take place between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. "Leopold," said he; and that the prince regent had been very seriously ill. He then asked in case of the Princess Charlotte becoming princess regent, did I not think that the Princess of Wales would have some influence. I said certainly; I believed she would, as her daughter always had loved her with great affection. He asked where the Princess of Wales was. I said the last accounts had left her at Athens, that she had intended to go to Constantinople, but was prevented by the plague raging there. He asked who had given me the French papers I brought. I said the admiral had sent them to me to give them to Maréchal Bertrand. He then asked how the admiral was; asked if the governor had received any papers. I said he had, but that I believed the admiral had not, which, by the by, was wrong, but not intentionally.

30th May. Brought up some papers to N[apoleon] from the admiral (who sent them ostensibly to Bertrand). He asked a great many questions about the Parliament; whether the bill about him had passed, and whether there was any opposition. I told him that a bill had been propounded relative to detaining him in St. Helena, but that no certain time was mentioned for the period of his detention, and that Mr. Brougham had mentioned that perhaps at some future period it might be proper, or that circumstances might require his being brought back again to Europe. "What! to England?" said he. I said to Europe. I also said that it was necessary to pass a bill of the kind in order to enable ministers to receive the necessary sums of money for the expenses of the establishment. I told him that some of the opposition papers stated the whole



of the expenses of his detention at St. Helena at three hundred thousand pounds a year. He made a calculation of how many francs it would make, and observed that it was an enormous sum. Asked if it was not likely that some of the ministers would lose their places in consequence of not having been able to carry the income tax. I said I thought it probable, and that the admiral was also of the same opinion. "Who will come in then?" said he. I said probably Mr. Canning and some of the Grenvilles. "Mr. Canning," said he, "the man who fought a duel with Castlereagh?" I said yes. He asked if there was not a good deal of jealousy in England in consequence of the prince wanting to keep up so great a land force. I said I believed that the opposition conceived that it looked like establishing a military government. He said, "It certainly does."

#### THE STRANGE STORY OF A LETTER.

N[apoleon] received a letter from his mother, signed "Madre," in which she professed her willingness to follow him to St. Helena, and I believe one from Pauline.

Piontkowski received also a letter from his wife, informing him that she was at Sir Francis Burdett's house, and that she had applied for leave to follow him out, but that the English government had replied that "her husband well knew when he married her that he would be separated from her forever."

Some time after he received this, Montholon came to him and told him that the emperor had sent orders by him to give him (M.) his wife's letter, as he wanted to read it. P[iontkowski] said that the letters from a wife to a husband were always secret, intended only for the perusal of the husband, and that there might be some things said in such letters which was not fit to be shown to anybody else, and concluded with refusing to give it up. P[iontkowski] afterwards went to Cipriani in great trouble and told him what had happened, adding that he was afraid that the E[mperor] would be displeased with him. Cipriani told him that he suspected that it was only Mme. Montholon and her husband who wanted to see this letter and made use of the E[mperor]'s name as a pretext to obtain it, and advised him to send the letter in to N[apoleon] by Marchand, explaining that, according to orders received from General M[ontholon] that it was his (N.'s) desire to see his letter, he had sent it by Marchand, though he did not like to confide it to Montholon.

N[apoleon] expressed the greatest astonishment at this, and at first did not appear to comprehend what he meant, but when it was further explained, declared that he never had sent, or expressed even a wish to see P[iontkowski]'s letter, and appeared surprised and angry that any person should suppose him capable of such an action. "Me send to a man and order him to show me his wife's letters?" said he in an angry manner, and sent the letter back unopened.

#### AN ENGLISH BOOK AMUSES NAPOLEON.

31st May. N[apoleon] told me that he had been reading all the morning an English book. I asked him what it was. He pointed to Count de Las Cases, who had it under his arm, and laughing, said, "There it is" (it was Goldsmith's "Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte"). "I have," said he, "almost burst myself laughing at this work, it is so truly ridiculous and absurdly false. I remember seeing the author of it at Bologna. He was a spy employed by the French police. But," says he, "he pretends to know everything, and yet he was most grossly ignorant of almost everything he pretends to describe. Such a work carries with it its own refutation."

"I have read," continued he, "two or three hundred similar works when I was at Elba, and I laughed at the greatest part of them." I told him that several people in England amongst the lower class, and *even others*, believed the greatest part of the work, as it had never been contradicted, but that the better informed did not. "Why, certainly," said he, "no person of education could credit a work containing such absurd falsities." He then said that he believed Goldsmith was a Scotchman, and added that he had been editor of the "Argus" newspaper.

He then spoke about the ministry having been near losing their proposition about increasing the salaries of the secretaries of the admiralty, and asked me to try and get him the "Globe," or any of the opposition or neutral papers.

7th [June]. Napoleon in good humor; asked me to breakfast with him in the garden. Spoke a good deal about medicine; said it was folly for a man to be always dosing himself with drugs in every trifling illness. "Let him," said he, "eat nothing and drink plenty of barley-water and no wine. That is my way, or sometimes I ride for several leagues and get into a perspiration."

The conversation turned upon marriage. . . . "It was always my maxim that these



religious ceremonies should never be above the laws (*prendre l'essor*). Enough of this coglioneria has existed for ages. I also advised that marriage celebrated by subjects of France in foreign countries, when performed according to the rites of those countries, should also be valid on the return of the party or parties to France." (Query: How does this accord with Jerome and Miss Patterson? I had it almost on the tip of my tongue.) . . .

#### NAPOLEON SUGGESTS LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

15th June. He asked a great many questions about London, of which I had lent him a history with some engravings. He appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the whole of the book, though he had not had it for many days; described all the plates even of the different cries, several of which he repeated in English. Added that there appeared but very few public edifices in London; all those in the plates of the book, together with the public promenades, he enumerated; admired St. Paul's; said that if he had anything to do with London he would make a grand street from St. Paul's to the Thames; added he, "I understand that most of your public buildings are disfigured with mean old buildings in the vicinity. I would remove all these," said he. "Could you make," said he, "a street along the banks of the Thames?" I answered yes, but that the present streets were very mean and narrow, and did not extend along the banks; that there was an interruption of storehouses every here and there. "I would," said he, "make two grand streets, one on each side of the river, wide and capacious, with storehouses, etc."

He then said: "I believe that you have but one bridge in London, and that though the Thames runs nearly through the middle of the town you scarcely see it except from the bridges." I said that we had three bridges and that two other magnificent ones were building, one at the Strand nearly finished. He asked of what they were built, of iron or stone. I said one of iron and one of stone. "Stone is better," said he. "When I was in Paris I built four bridges, some of them most magnificent. That of Austerlitz, of iron, cost me three millions; that of [blank] four millions; that of [blank] four millions. I also caused to be made several noble streets. There were several buildings belonging to government," said he, "convents, monasteries, old churches; I blew them all away like that," said he, holding up his finger as

if he held a feather or some other light object in it, and blowing and smiling with contempt, "and in these places I formed some streets which, at least, were of some use instead of the other coglioneria. The other houses in the way, belonging to private people, I caused to be purchased."

I told him that in London the government had purchased several houses in order to make a fine street from Carlton House, and also that some others were in contemplation. "Yes," said he, "if I had been there I would have done it long ago; in such a rich city it would be easy." He then asked about the breadth of the Thames in London; if it were not nearly that of the Seine. I said much broader, and that large ships could go up to London Bridge. "Yes," said he, "that is one great cause of the riches of London; now, the Seine has only four feet [of] water." Asked the depth of the water. . . .

He remarked how seldom the English made use of baths or unguents. I told him that in the first houses there was always a bath, and the others were used in serious illnesses. "Your climate is too humid," said he. I told him that he was like the ancient Romans, who were accustomed to eat in a bath, at which he smiled and assented.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE NEW ADMIRAL.

Naval officers were charged with the duty of guarding against the escape of Napoleon by sea. Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn had been waiting to be relieved, and the sighting of the *Newcastle*, as described below, was of interest as indicating the arrival of his successor, Rear-Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm. As Sir George was to leave in the *Northumberland*, Captain Ross of that ship began at once to call for the sailors who were on duty at Longwood.

With the new admiral came also commissioners, sent to take note of the manner of keeping the great prisoner. They were the Marquis de Montchenu for France, with his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, Count Balmaine for Russia, and for Austria Baron Stürmer, who was accompanied by his wife and an Austrian botanist. While willing to receive the commissioners in a private capacity, Napoleon declined to let them see him officially.

17th [June]. Napoleon in very good humor. Told him that the *Newcastle* was in sight, and that I had received a letter from Captain Ross announcing it. "Show it to me," said he. He could not well comprehend the first part of it, viz., alluding to some of the sailors who were as servants at Longwood: "Send all my rascals down directly," and another also, "Let us see your ugly gang,"

and laughed very heartily when they were explained. Desired me to go for my glass and point out to him the ship; ordered the carriage. I brought him the glass and found him on his way to the stables, so anxious was he to get down to see her. I pointed her out, however, to him without going much farther, to leeward and working up.

I breakfasted with him afterwards, along with Warden and [Lieut.] Blood. He spoke about Abbé [de] Pradt; said that he was a renegade priest who had abused his religion and professed himself an atheist, left the country, afterwards returned to France and become a spy for the police and for the clergy, adding that he was a man of no character, truth, or fidelity. On its being mentioned to him that the abbé had said that if it had not been for one man he (Napoleon) would have been in Petersburg, he said, without waiting for the rest of the sentence, "That was himself, I suppose," laughing, anticipating thus what the reviewers had said.

He was told about what the review said about his conduct at The Briars, of which there were many lies told, such as his tearing the cards and throwing them away with violence because they were new and could not easily be dealt; with ordering De Las Cases to go to a separate table and there play at patience with them until they could be easily shuffled and dealt, and about his extreme anger at Miss Betsy<sup>1</sup> not knowing his effigy upon the gold napoleons. He merely observed, "It will amuse the public for a while." He was told that all Europe was very anxious to know what his opinion of Lord Wellington as a general was. To this he answered nothing, and of course the question was not repeated. He was told about the Bowerbank book.

18th [June]. Informed N[apoleon] that the commissioners of Russia, France, and Austria were come. N[apoleon] asked several minute questions about them. I told him that Marquis de Montchenu was the French one; that he was an old emigrant, very fond of talking, but that he had not the appearance of a bad man. That he had come out on the terrace to a group of which I formed one, and addressing himself to me, said: "If you or any of you gentlemen speak French, for the love of God make it known to me, for I do not speak a single word of English. Here I am, come here to finish my

days amongst these rocks" (pointing up to Ladder Hill), "and cannot speak a word of the language, as I have never been in England before my arrival there to embark on board of the *Newcastle*." He also asked several questions relative to the interior.

N[apoleon] laughed very heartily at this recital, and said that he knew something of his character—*un bavard, babillard, imbécile* [a prattler, babbler, imbecile]. I said I supposed that he had never seen a shot fired in his life, at which he laughed and assented, saying that he was one of the old régime, one of those cogliones of emigrants who were fit for nothing but a drawing-room or a carriage, to stand cap in hand at the door to introduce people—*un vecchio coglione* [a great dullard]. I said, "Generale de carrozza" [literally, general of the carriage], to which he assented, and repeated it with apparent approval. "What coglioneria it is," said he, "to send such a set out here! Without charge or responsibility; merely to walk up and down the streets and make a show, and creep up some of the rocks. The Prussian government have shown themselves the wisest in not sending any one. They have both displayed more judgment and saved their money." He then asked a great deal about their salaries, and observed that the French commissioner could not exist in St. Helena upon his (£900 or £1000 per annum).

Asked about the Austrian commissioner's wife [Mme. Stürmer], if she was handsome, to which I replied in the affirmative, adding that she appeared a little sad at the sight of St. Helena. "Naturally," said he, "at the sight of such a horrid place." He asked if any of them had talent. I said I had heard that the Russian had. The Frenchman, I said, I believed not to be a bad man by his appearance, but that he was an imbecile, I believed. "Doubtless," said he, "though probably, as you say, he is not a bad man."

He asked several questions about the Bill, and I told him as much of the substance of it as I had heard from the admiral's secretary and Sir T. Reade. He did not appear to be near so much displeased about it as I thought he would be. Asked if it was published in the papers. I said no, but that the governor had it, and that the *Newcastle* had waited for some days in order to get it, at which he appeared a little thoughtful. He was very much pleased at Drouet's acquittal, praised him very much, and said that by "my

<sup>1</sup> The younger of his host, Mr. Balcombe's, daughters, who were about fourteen and fifteen and spoke French. Elizabeth or Betsy, frequently mentioned in the journal

as the Rosebud, was handsome and sprightly, and amused Napoleon, who was very amiable toward her. The elder daughter was called Jane.—EDITOR.

laws of justice" he could not be punished. Spoke a great deal about the state of France.

19th [June]. N[apoleon] sent for me and, as usual, asked the news. Asked if the admiral [Sir George Cockburn] was gone. If I had seen the new one [Sir Pulteney Malcolm] and spoken to him, the commissioners, etc. I said that I had seen Montchenu walking the street with an old riding-coat on him. He laughed very much, and said: "Ah, what stress! He is beginning to feel St. Helena already. He is beginning to economize, ah! He thinks he feels the pressure of the exorbitant prices already. He has nothing to do but to walk up and down the streets with his hands in his pockets and study how to make his income answer him. *Povero coglione* [needy dullard]," said he. "I pity him, and his aide-de-camp—what will he do with his one hundred and fifty pounds per annum? His government must find him or he will starve. But I believe," said he, "that your government do not find them." I said no.

I said that I had spoken to Montchenu, who appeared to be a good kind of a man, and that I understood he was a dead hand at making *bons mots*. He laughed very heartily, and said that he supposed he used to amuse them at court with his *bons mots*, and that when they got tired of him they gave him the appointment he had as a recompense, made him a general, and sent him to St. Helena to make some more. "That is the way," said he, "to get on with the Bourbons."

He asked about the others. I told him that Mme. Stürmer was very handsome; indeed, the handsomest woman on the island. He asked if she was a Frenchwoman. I said she looked like a German, being fair and ruddy complexioned. He said that by the papers he observed that France was in a very bad state, worse than he expected, that discontent and insurrection had spread into departments where there never had been any before. "I see," added he, "clearly that the Bourbons never will reign in France. Some general rising of the people will drive them out anew, not to return." I told him that two cabinets and a library table had arrived for his use, at which he asked if the books had been disembarked yet, and sent Gourgaud to look at the cabinets.

I told him that I had received Labaume's campaign to Moscow in French. He desired me to bring it to him directly. I promised to him that it was a work which spoke very ill of him. "*Gia, gia* [certainly, certainly]; that is nothing. Bring it to me."

I said that Captain M[aitland] had written

that the Bowerbank book<sup>1</sup> was a very foolish one and contained several silly falsehoods. He replied: "Then he surely ought to contradict it. It is his business as captain surely to contradict any work of the kind, of which the circumstances related, if true, must have taken place under his eye, and will be supposed correct if not contradicted. It is his business in justice."

#### TROUBLE OVER O'MEARA'S MAN-SERVANT.

19th [June]. Montholon went to Napoleon and told him that I had intrigued for and obtained as my own servant one of the domestics who had been formerly in his service, adding that he was one of those who had signed a contract to enter his service, and had been consequently furnished with livery, and that it was a personal insult to him (Napoleon). This I was informed of in the evening, and told Cipriani, his *maitre d'hôtel*, how it really was (as in next page [of O'Meara's diary]). Next morning N[apoleon] sent for Cipriani and asked him if Wyatt had been one of those who had entered into a contract to serve him, and if so to ask me to give him up. He also asked Cipriani if he thought it possible that I would offer him an insult, to which the other replied that he was sure I could never have had the slightest intention of the kind; on the contrary, that he was convinced that I would with pleasure give the servant up if he wished it, and also that he was not one of those who had signed. That he was the purser's servant, who had come up two months after the contract, and that the livery he wore was an old one of some one of the servants who had been discharged. Napoleon sent him for the contract, and then clearly saw that Montholon was a liar, as his [Wyatt's] name was not signed to it, neither had he ever been asked to do so.

20th [June]. N[apoleon] complained a little of headache and heaviness of head; said he had taken a pediluvium, which I approved of very much, and told him that he took too little exercise, to which he assented. Explained to him that the story he had heard from General Montholon respecting my having taken one of the boys of the *Northumberland*, who had signed an agreement to be servant to his establishment, was false, as he had never signed anything of the kind, and, moreover, had been General Montholon's servant, and not his. That the fact was that, being entitled to a servant, I had asked one

<sup>1</sup> James Bowerbank's journal on the *Bellerophon*, 1815.—EDITOR.

from Captain Ross, who had promised to give me the best character disposable, and in consequence, with the consent of Mr. O'Neill, his master (the purser), he had discharged the one in question, and that I did not know of it until I met him on his way up. That I was far from intending any insult or want of politeness to him; on the contrary, that I would with pleasure give him up to him if he wished it. At which he seemed well pleased, and said that he had not believed it. "His name," says he, "was never on the list. Besides, I did not suppose that you would do anything of the kind. Who told you of it? I did not credit it." I said that I had heard some reports about it. "Ah," said he, "these are only rumors of the house, and don't merit attention."

I told him that I had received a history of his life. "In English?" said he. "I said yes. 'Have you it here?'" "Yes." "Bring it to me directly." I brought him Hughson's [?] "History," and told him that it was the most impartial we had seen published in England; that it contained less abuse, and also gave him credit for great talents as a general, etc., to which he replied, laughing, that of course there would be some abuse of him, naturally, in it. He looked at the frontispiece, where he is represented ascending the Alps with a drawn saber in his hand. He laughed, and said: "What do they put a naked saber in my hand for? Is it to cut my way through the rocks?"

Looked at all the plates, laughed very heartily at the want of resemblance of several, but said that the portrait of Louis had some small resemblance, also those of Blücher, Alexander, Murat, Robespierre, and some others. Asked if those of Lord Wellington, Hill, and Sir Sidney Smith were like. Remarked that Lord Hill was a very brave officer. I said yes, and that he was very religious. He repeated "religious" twice after me. Read several parts of it, and said they were correctly described. Appeared, on the whole, very much pleased at getting it, and was very curious to know how many years it had been published.

I then spoke to him about Labaume's campaign in Russia, which I had lent him yesterday. He said that "he must have kept a regular journal of the events, though," said he, "there are several lies in it, but those you must expect in a work of the kind." He added that some parts of it were true enough. Did not abuse the author in the manner I had expected.

I told him that a large library was in the

town for his use. "And books?" said he. He then desired me to ask and have the books sent up before any other articles for his use.

#### NAPOLEON CONTRASTS SIR HUDSON WITH SIR PULTENEY.

This day [Rear-Admiral] Sir P[ulteney] Malcolm, the flag captain [Meynel], and some of the staff were presented to him by Sir H. Lowe, and were received by him with great politeness and good humor.

21st [June]. N[apoleon] in a very good humor. Asked me about Mrs. Pierie, an old lady, whom I had been to visit. Spoke very handsomely about the new admiral. "Now," said he, "he has a countenance really pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, and sincere. Ah, here is the face of an Englishman. Truly I felt as much pleasure in contemplating his countenance as I would in beholding that of a fine woman. His physiognomy pleases me very much. Nothing dark, downcast, or dissimulating. His countenance speaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man. I never yet," continued he, "beheld a man of whom I formed so immediately a good opinion as of that good soldier-like old man. He carries his head erect and speaks out openly and bold what he thinks, without being afraid to look you in the face all the time. What a contrast between him and the governor! One a horrid, downcast, ill-favored-looking man, whose countenance gives you an idea of something most repugnant to your soul, and which makes you, as it were, draw yourself in, make yourself less, to avoid him; and the other an open, frank, upright, attractive physiognomy which would make every person desirous of a further acquaintance with him, and would render the most suspicious confident in him. Really your governor has neither the appearance nor the other qualifications essential to a man who enjoys such a situation."

I told him that he was not so bad as he appeared; that he could not help his looks; that he would find that he was not a bad man—on the contrary. "Well," says he, "I do not believe that he is so bad as he looks. You know I told you before that a man must judge of others by their actions; that he must be some time acquainted ere he can form a just opinion. But he is a man of no conversation. I endeavored, myself, yesterday to get him into conversation, but he scarcely said a word. Certainly he is deficient in education. His friends must have neglected his education originally, whatever



he may have done since himself to repair the want. I was as civil as possible in order to induce him to open himself and have some conversation with me, but to no avail. But there is something repugnant about the governor which I cannot well express, and can hardly master."

I told him Sir Pulteney was married to the sister of the officer whose life *he* had saved at the battle of Waterloo, and niece to [Lord] Keith, and also sister to Mr. Elphinstone, who had sent him the present. "Ah," said he, "is it so? I remember the circumstance well; he was a cavalry officer."

He spoke about the protest against the Bill for keeping him at St. Helena; appeared greatly pleased, much at the Duke of Sussex's having opposed it with Lord Holland, whom he praised. Asked if Lord Lauderdale had also opposed it. Asked several questions about the reduction of the English army, and said that it was a foolish thing in the English government to endeavor to establish the nation [as] a great military power without having a sufficient population to afford the requisite number of soldiers to enable them to vie with the great Continental powers, while they neglected and appeared to undervalue and depreciate the navy, which was the real force and bulwark of England. He added that they would *yet* discover their error.

Asked about the books, and was greatly pleased when I told him that Sir [Thomas Reade] would send up four packages of them to-morrow. Told me that I might introduce Baxter [surgeon and inspector of hospitals] to him whenever I liked, at the same hour that I visited him myself. Asked about Mme. Stürmer; said he had heard she was a Parisian; about the admiral, if he had not given his favorite mare [?] to Miss Leale.

#### THE DAILY ROUND OF INTRIGUE AND GOSSIP.

22d [June]. Montholon came to ask me to act as interpreter, as he had something to say to Captain Poppleton. Accordingly I did, and the question proposed was, if he, Poppleton, had not refused a passport to Cipriani to go to town yesterday, and if so, whether he had received any new orders. Poppleton replied that he had not refused a pass to him, but that he had recommended to him to wait another day, as, in consequence of a circumstance having taken place in town yesterday, and of which an explanation had been demanded of him, he thought it would be just

as well to see Sir Hudson prior to giving any more passes. (The circumstance was that it had been reported that two of the household had been in town unaccompanied—which was false—and had had communication with the servants of the French and other commissioners.) This had been casually mentioned by Cipriani to Marchand, and by him to Napoleon, who sent for Montholon to inquire about it, and who doubtless recounted it to him with his usual total disregard of truth. It appears astonishing that B[onaparte], knowing so well as he does that Montholon cannot (unless by accident) allow a word of truth to escape his lips, can still employ him as an *envoy*, unless he wanted to have *lies* daily reported to him!

June 23. N[apoleon] in very good humor. Pointed out to me several of the books [that] had been sent up to him, which he said afforded him great pleasure. "What a difference!" said he. "I can read forty pages of French in the same time that it takes me to read two of English. Look at the 'Moniteurs,'" pointing to a large volume of them on a reading-desk. I told him that Sir Thomas Reade had promised to send up the rest to-morrow, which pleased him much. He then spoke about a ridiculous letter written by Mrs. Y. . . . of the Fifty-third Regiment, which had appeared in the papers, and asked me if she was not held up as an object of ridicule by all the officers in the camp. I said she was, and by a great many more. "Certainly," said he, "no one could read it with[out] holding the authoress in the greatest contempt for such a compound of silly falsehood and *inezia* [nonsense]. I should suppose that she is ashamed to show her face." Here he repeated "sottises" and "bêtises" once or twice with an air of contempt and pity mingled together, and said that it was too ridiculous to excite anger, that contempt only could be produced by it.

I told him that Sir H[udson] Lowe had not given any orders to prohibit the Frenchmen in his suite proceeding to town in consequence of the commissioners having arrived, and that it was a mistake of the police which occasioned the representation of the day before yesterday, and that they had the same privileges as before, to wit, leave to go to town accompanied by a soldier, and that no orders, either, had been given to prohibit communication with the domestics of the commissioners. He seemed perfectly satisfied at this, and said that he supposed the governor would not prevent the poor people who had followed him from endeavoring to



hear some news of their families. "For how can they intrigue?" said he, "or with whom?"

He spoke a great deal to De Las Cases here about D'Anville's maps, about Major Rennell and [illegible]; asked if Major Rennell was not a man possessed of more knowledge of the interior of Africa than any other existing of the present age; appeared to think that the voyages said to have been made previously, by the Egyptians, were false.

24 [June]. N[apoleon] in the garden. Told him of the arrival of seven more cases of books, also of two guns of a new construction (to fire by percussion). He said that it was useless to send him guns in a place where there was no game; spoke about the limits. Said how easy it would be to surround the sea-coast with pickets, and thereby to prevent the possibility of his escaping, if he had any intention of doing so. "But," says he, "there is no intention of anything of the kind. Where could I go if I was willing to try it? Could he not," said he, "place his pickets on the hills and have so many men ready to follow me whenever I went out, which he could know directly by signal, without harassing those poor regiments in such a manner with unnecessary and vexatious guards. They will not be able to stand it much longer. *Non ho mai veduto una tale coglioneria*. [I have never seen, under the sky, such stupidity.]" I told him that Dr. Baxter was come up to have the honor of being presented to him. He immediately desired me to call him, and on his arrival said, laughing, "Well, sir, how many men have you murdered in your time?" He afterwards conversed with him for upwards of an hour on various subjects.

He also said: "Suppose that I was willing to try to escape, which is not the case, what could one man do against eight or nine?" Could we not easily master him or make away with him, or force him to go along with us?

Sir [Hudson] Lowe told me that so far from wishing to prevent or being afraid of any letters being sent to Europe by N[apoleon], that he had offered to him, N., to forward any letters or statements he wished to England, and not only to do that, but to have them printed and published in the newspapers in French and English. "What can I do more?" added he. "I offered this to him myself." Here he repeated in French the words he had made use of to him!! *Credat Judæus*.

26th [June]. N[apoleon] spoke about Mrs.

Y. . . 's letter again, and observed that though she was silly and culpable, yet that her sister to whom she wrote the letter was much more to blame than her.

1 July. N[apoleon], since he got the "Moniteurs," has been occupied in reading them for several hours during the day. He appears to make considerable use of them in composing his history, as whenever he wants any article relating to the period to which his life is written up to, viz., to his landing from Egypt, he takes a sheet of paper, inserts it between the leaves containing the objects he wishes to be noticed, and afterwards causes the information he wants to be copied on the paper, from whence it is afterwards, at his leisure, transplanted into his history.

4th July. N[apoleon] asked some questions about young Las Cases, who had sprained his ankle, etc. Received Sir Pulteney with all his officers, to whom he was very complaisant, and conversed with Sir P[ulteney] himself for upwards of two hours, chiefly about the battle of Waterloo and naval tactics. Expressed (as he generally has done to me) a great contempt for the French naval officers.

#### O'MEARA TRIES TO INFLUENCE NAPOLEON WITH INDIRECT FLATTERY.

6th July. N[apoleon] asked as usual about the news, etc., if the *Phaëton* was arrived. About Mme. Stürmer. Told him she was very handsome, very well, etc. He asked if she was not a Parisian. Asked about her husband—was he a man of *esprit*? About the Russian, etc. I told him that madame and her husband were very desirous of seeing him. He asked if she had ever seen him. I said yes, two or three times in Paris. Spoke about Montchenu again. I said madame said that he was an incessant talker, at which he laughed and said, "*Ah, povero diavolo!*" ["Ah, poor devil!"] Asked where they were to be lodged; if the Austrian and his wife were not to be at the house of the clergyman. I said yes, and the Russian was to get a room there, and Montchenu in a little house close by Plantation House with his aide-de-camp. "Then," says he, seemingly with interest, "they are not to be any longer in the town."

7th [July]. Told N[apoleon] in the garden that the *Fulmouth* had arrived from Gibraltar in two months, bringing the news that Lord Exmouth had proceeded with a fleet to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and had forced them to conclude a peace with all the Euro-

pean powers, except the Pope and Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had refused the English mediation. He said: "This is very right; this ought to have been done long ago." . . .

He asked me, "What are those coglioni, the commissioners, doing in town?" Asked about Mme. Stürmer. I said that she was very handsome, young, and sprightly. "What!" says he, "is she handsomer than Lady Lowe?" I said that she was younger and, I thought, handsomer. I said also that she had *beaucoup d'esprit*. "Really?" said he. I replied yes, and that she sang very well. "To sing well," said he, "does not require much esprit." Asked about the Russian and French commissioners. Spoke about Montchenu being a perpetual talker, which I agreed to. "*Povero coglione!*" said he, with an air of contempt, two or three times; "and that *coglionaccio* [big dullard], his aide-de-camp," said he, "what does he do?" I said he assisted his master in walking up and down the streets and talking. He laughed very much at this, and said, "*Povero imbecille, ragazzaccio, povero minchione!*" ["Poor imbecile, gamin, poor fool!"] He said that he supposed the French government must increase their salaries when they found out what sort [of] a place St. Helena was. "*E quello sciocco di governatore l'avete veduto, quel minchione?*" ["Did you ever see such a fool of a governor, such a fool?"] said he.

Then he broke out into several exclamations against him [Sir Hudson]; said that he saw clearly that his thoughts and his heart were as bad and black as his lineaments and his face. I endeavored to assure him that he was not; but he repeated it again with emotion, said that he was *cattivo uomo, uomo di cattivo cuore e di cattiva testa* [a bad man, man of a bad heart and bad mind]. That he did everything to annoy him and to increase his misfortunes. "I see clearly from a letter which he has written that he is a bad man and full of malignity. He looks like a man who always had the itch, perpetually uneasy and restless."

He here made several comparisons between Sir H. and the admiral, Cockburn, and also Sir Pulteney, very much to the disadvantage of the first. Said that the governor, in place of alleviating his misfortunes, every day strove to increase the weight of

his afflictions by new arbitrary and unnecessary restrictions.

I endeavored to induce him this day, as well as heretofore, to see the commissioners, by extolling the beauty of Mme. Stürmer, and saying that she expressed a great desire to see him; but, as he generally does when he does not like to give either a refusal or an assent, he returned no answer, and afterwards changed the subject.

#### AN ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL NEY.

The following anecdote is among the twenty-nine loose sheets found with the first diary. On the outside O'Meara wrote: "Anecdote of Ney, not to be printed," presumably meaning, not to be used in his book.

"On my return to Paris from Elba," said Napoleon, "I sent Ney to examine all the strong places on the frontiers from Dunkerque to Cherbourg. On his return Ney took advantage of a moment when he was alone with me, and said, in a confused manner, 'Has your Majesty heard it asserted that I promised to the king to bring you to Paris in an iron cage?' I replied: 'No; I have not. Besides, I attach no importance to whatever may have been said, written, or done. *Je sais quelle est l'influence des circonstances*, and it is from other principles and other data that I appreciate the fidelity and sentiments of men.' Ney appeared still more confused, and said: 'It is nevertheless true, sire, that I said so. The hour of dissimulation being arrived, everything appeared lawful to me in order to disencumber France from those princes who arrived in the enemies' baggage—*ces princes venus dans les bagages des ennemis*.' I made him no answer. I knew that when he made the promise to Louis he really made it *de bonne foi*, and intended to do what he promised. His words were in everybody's mouth, and he was afraid of the effect they might produce upon me, and therefore thought it best to avow them himself in order to attempt a justification. Some days after he went to his estates, where he remained until the Champ de Mars, at which he assisted. It was said," continued Napoleon, "that he had received five hundred thousand francs from the king, but that, on inquiry, was found out to be false."

(To be continued.)

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### Napoleon's Words.

PERHAPS no man ever put into his habitual speech greater dynamic force than did Napoleon Bonaparte. His words were projectiles. He hurled his sentences as he hurled battalions. If one reads a book touching upon the Napoleonic era, the quotations from Napoleon flash across the page like bolts of lightning. We were particularly struck by this explosive characteristic of Napoleonic speech when reading the volume published by M. Bertin, a few years ago, on the oldest brother of Napoleon, that genial ex-king of Naples and of Spain, who spent so many of his last years as a tree-planting and hospitable New Jersey landholder—a contrast of environment almost as startling as that which illumined the fate of his more famous brother. In reading about the amiable Joseph, now and again one had a sensation as if an earthquake passed under one's feet; it was when some phrase of Napoleon's was quoted.

No one had a keener sense of Napoleon's moral obliquities than Emerson. He eloquently praised him for his clarity of objective vision, directness of purpose, and unequalled energy. He fully appreciated the contradiction in him of remorseless veracity and conscienceless untruth; yet he declared that "every sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing," deserved reading.

After all that has been gathered and given to the world of Napoleon's written and spoken words, it is most curious that at this late day, and in America, should now come to light a hitherto only half-printed record of his intimate and unguarded words—a record surely one of the closest and most valuable ever made.

There are certain personalities in which humanity is permanently interested. At one time or another the wave of interest may be high or low; but the current is always moving. Napoleon is one of these personalities. There is a periodicity as to the intensity of the interest; at times it may amount to a popular fad: but there is never a time when the subject does not appeal with full force to all those who are students of human powers displayed on a gigantic scale. The question as to the morality of the man and the justifiableness of his acts, no matter how settled, does not dispose of the subject; for in any case it is a study worthy of absorbed attention. Here was a human force acting on a universal theater, with scarcely any moral restraint. Violent partizanship, either for or against, seems at this distance of time quite out of place.

The cynic may draw from Napoleon's success an excuse for action unrestrained by "a decent re-

spect for the opinions of mankind"; but the moralist can point to his lack of deep moral perception, his colossal and unexampled fall. And all may draw two obvious lessons from his career—one, that his great immediate successes were the legitimate result of an industry well-nigh superhuman; the other, that his permanent successes, those that live after him and are likely longest to live, are those institutions built by him, not on lies, not in a temper of shallow expediency, but upon true insight and everlasting principle.

### Quackery.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Mitchell's highly expert exposition of the state of mind of a typical medical charlatan in "The Autobiography of a Quack" will have salutary uses. The author has not dipped his pen in rose-water; the ink is black enough, but none too black for truth. In such a career as he depicts the steps downward, when once begun, are apt to grow longer and swifter to the disastrous end.

It is an interesting psychological phenomenon that the quack both attracts and repels with peculiar force. He draws one man or woman irresistibly; he fills another with contempt and loathing; or the same person he first attracts, then violently repels. It is greatly to be desired that the number should be lessened of those whom he attracts, and increased of those whom he repels. The law does some good in limiting the area of his devastation; but, in such matters especially, the law *alone* must be extremely ineffective. Public opinion is the most powerful weapon for fighting every public ill; and a demonstration in the form of fiction, such as Dr. Mitchell's story, should help to call attention anew to a loudly crying evil, and should be highly useful in making that sort of public opinion which is fatal to all kinds of medical quackery.

It is manifest that in medical matters, as in other fields of knowledge, superstition gives way by very slow degrees before the advance of civilization. It is not conceivable, for instance, that the New York legislature, at the end of the nineteenth century, would do what it did near the beginning of the century, when it authorized the purchase, for one thousand dollars, and the publication of Crous's perfect and infallible remedy and cure for hydrophobia, a prescription which included the pulverized jawbone of a dog, the false tongue of a newly foaled colt, and verdigris from the copper coins of George I or II.<sup>1</sup>

But superstition lingers longer, perhaps, in the

<sup>1</sup> See that valuable handbook, "Legal Decisions, Medical," by W. A. Purrington.

domain of healing than in any other, though it takes new shapes of subtlety and masquerades under the latest philosophical nomenclature. A clergyman of our acquaintance, who confessed the other day to the traditional horse-chestnut in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism, illustrated the old-fashioned rather than the new forms of medical superstition. There is, indeed, more of the old still extant than the liberal-minded dream of. We heard lately of certain horrible practices in an American village, which indicate that the belief in vampires can exist in a modern New England country community of white natives! Generally, however, the observer notes that the medical humbugs and superstitions (except among the most densely ignorant) compliment the latest scientific discoveries by a sort of left-handed imitation; if it is not science that the new quackeries thus compliment, then it is the passing psychological or philosophical or therapeutical fad—whatever that fad may be.

A couple of advertisements in papers published in a neighboring State have recently fallen under our notice; both of them are good illustrations of this latter tendency. This particular pair of quacks deal with separate forms of healing without physical means; they are both "divine healers," though one is a "vitalizer" and the other claims a more peculiar divinity; and both are thoroughly self-conscious, thoroughly self-evident, thoroughly vulgar, and portentously and profusely lying charlatans. The very terms of their advertisements should carry the conviction of fraud to any person whose education enables him to spell out the exuberant comicalities with which they proclaim their miraculous powers over "organic" and, indeed, pretty much all sorts of disease. It is not necessary, even, that one should be opposed to the doctrines of faith-healing, mind-healing, and Christian Science in order to comprehend the fraudulent character of these mercenary dealers in sacred phrases, and triflers with human life. And yet these modern gentlemen of the road are, judging from the length of their advertisements, apparently each doing a thriving business, managing to escape prosecution by studied evasion of the statutes.

Society finds it difficult to protect itself by law from such enemies of the public health; but it should not be necessary to appeal to law in order to make the occupation of impostors like these unprofitable in communities well removed from barbarism. A sense of humor, supplementing the common sense of our "plain people," should be as effectual as tar and feathers for deliverance from such blatant scoundrels. Yet we have only to look around to see how charlatanism, in some one or other of its new manifestations, attracts even the cultured; so that one is in danger, in his perplexity, of declaring that "all the world loves" a quack! Why should it love a quack? "Why," asked a modern investigator of medical vagaries—"why is our species *always* gullible? Why does it avail itself of every opportunity to make an ass of itself? I do not know. It is one of those mysterious ways in which God works for

his own glory, perhaps, and for the confounding of the wise."

The reason generally given for running after quacks instead of following scientists, in quest of cure, is the fact that the most learned doctors on some points disagree and that medical science is not yet absolutely exact. But in what other branch of human endeavor is lack of absolute knowledge to be bettered by an appeal to absolute ignorance, to say nothing of an appeal to presumable fraud?

In announcing benefactions for the medical branch of Harvard University, President Eliot remarked, last June, that there is to-day no field of human inquiry more sure of beneficent results than the field of medical investigation. Dr. Biggs of the New York Health Department, in his recent address at the City Club of New York, described the lowering of the death-rate, especially in Great Britain and in the city of New York—a process the clear outcome of scientific investigation and experiment, and having as one of its results the lengthening of the average of life, in such conditions as now exist in the chief American city, to the extent of fifteen years. Facts such as this should strengthen the intelligent and unhysterical citizen in his opposition to that dementia which casts conscientious scientific research to the winds, and sets up in its place either conceited and fatuous ignorance or the grossest charlatanism.

#### "A Voice of Sweetest Tone."

A NEW-ENGLANDER who recently returned from his first visit to the Southern States, when asked what he had found to interest him, replied, "First of all, I have been enjoying the charm of the Southern voice." His acquaintance had been so largely in one region that he did not realize that there was a part of his own country where admirable voices are not the exception, but the rule. At home he had heard occasionally lovely voices, but it was with startling rarity that he had experienced the soft, natural flow of musical speech, which was revealed to him as a general trait of Southerners of either sex. He came back with new pride in the South, and the wish that every man, woman, and child of his acquaintance might be awake to the difference between a good and a bad voice.

Certainly there is no greater difference in the two qualities of anything else, even between good and bad French, and in social accomplishments there is no more desirable endowment or attainment than a beautiful voice. We say attainment as well as endowment, for clearly a fine voice, or, at least, a fine use of the voice, is one of the things that may be attained by early training in childhood, or even by attentiveness in maturer life. Many a lovely voice, once harsh or flat, is but the finished product of art. In this field the will can work wonders. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that the voice is an index of the character—human nature is too complex in its expression to justify hard-and-fast definitions of this sort; but it is certain that the quality of our speech is a potent factor in conveying impressions



of us to others, and that a close relationship between voice and character may be established by getting control of the machinery of vocal expression. The voice thus becomes a medium of power, conveying the personality and the influence. Indeed, those who teach its use tell us that the reaction of the voice upon the character is most important; that the way to become gentle is to speak gently; that in conflict not to raise the voice is to expel anger and restore the moral control. The nuns know and practise this, and whatever

may be the defects of convent-school education, it seldom fails to make an impression upon the speech. The same is true of many Protestant institutions, and it would be well if every public and private school in the country would address itself systematically to similar results, as no doubt many do. This is the more to be desired since nowadays the trend of active life, particularly with women, is toward conditions which make for agitation instead of repose, and for assertiveness instead of gentleness.

## SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

### A Banner Divorce County.<sup>1</sup>

SOME time ago, when I was dining with a party of friends, the conversation turned upon divorce, and I was moved to remark, through that strange spirit of boastfulness which takes possession of one at times, that mine was the banner county of the United States for divorce suits. This remark made an impression, and a certain distinction in consequence seemed about to become mine, when one of the men present quietly asked what caused so many divorces in Ashtabula County, Ohio. By means of this question I found my right level, for I was forced to reply that I did not know, and the admission that I could not produce data to support my assertion caused the feeling of the table clearly to turn against me. I was questioned as to the general morale of the locality with which I had thoughtlessly identified myself.

The severe and even condemning tone assumed caused me to cast a retrospective glance at the home of my childhood, and I was enabled from it to say that as far as I could vouch from memory or hearsay the morals of Ashtabula were above rather than below the average of even the rural counties.

Education was general; in their religious views its people were exceptionally tolerant; domestic scandals seldom occurred; the press was clean and intelligently managed; elections were remarkable for their purity; great richness and dire poverty did not exist; few murders had stained its history, and I had frequently heard it said that a jury

could not be impaneled which would agree to hang even a murderer. From all this I argued that the community must be ruled by a gentle spirit, and altogether I thought it a good part of the world in which to live. Then, not wishing to draw a picture entirely devoid of shadows, I added that I had often heard it said that more men were sent to the penitentiary from our county for the crime of horse-stealing than for any other. This was allowed to be well enough as far as it went, but all agreed that while horse-stealing was very likely to end in the penitentiary, it was not so likely to end in divorce, and could therefore hardly be accepted as a reason for the shocking state of things that I had admitted.

This conversation stayed with me, and I resolved, upon my next visit to my old home, to satisfy myself, at least, why so many husbands and wives preferred to separate rather than to remain together. Consequently, when I found myself in Jefferson, the seat of Ashtabula County, I asked permission of Mr. Sargent, the county clerk, to examine the court records from the time of Ashtabula's incorporation. This he kindly allowed me to do, and I feel indebted to him and his staff for the assistance they gave me, and the interest they took in my self-imposed task.

I was surprised to find what interesting reading seventy or eighty years of court records can furnish. It is curious to note how quickly you can classify men and families by them, or how the criminal history of a locality rests persistently upon certain names; and to follow certain lawyers

Sacramento, California; Hillsboro, New Hampshire; and Knox, Maine. And he adds: "There may be worse counties, as my search has not been complete, but probably not."

The writer of this article makes this statement lest her title be taken too absolutely. Her design in her article has not, however, been to make good the claim of any one locality, but to give to the superficially interested some facts which she has gathered relating to a sad and curious phase of our social life.

<sup>1</sup> After the title of this article was chosen, there arose a doubt as to its correctness, and the writer tried, with such information as was readily at hand, to substantiate her choice of title by facts. Local authorities consulted united in the belief that undoubtedly Ashtabula County might be accorded the banner, while the Rev. Dr. Dike of Auburndale, Massachusetts (probably the best authority upon the subject of divorce in the country), leaves the unenviable distinction open between the following counties: Ashtabula, Ohio; Multnomah, Oregon; Tolland, Connecticut; Vigo, Indiana;



from unimportant cases to those upon which large sums of money or life and death depend, and then to miss them altogether as they are graduated from local importance into statesmen of national repute. Among such I found the names of Joshua R. Giddings, Benjamin F. Wade, and Rufus P. Ranney.

Then, too, one becomes aware of a certain rotation of crimes and offenses, presumably the outcome of certain social conditions. For instance, counterfeiting began in 1844, and horse-stealing, which was first mentioned in that year, had as great a vogue as hoop-skirts, and then seemed to go as completely out of fashion. Whether this is owing to the depression in horse values, or the more careful observance of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, I cannot say. "Keeping tavern without license" reaped the largest harvest of small fines during the forties. In the earlier years, penitentiary sentences, oftener than to-day, included a term of solitary confinement.

All this was interesting but irrelevant; so I could note it only in a general way, and keep to the real object of my search.

After I had been at work several days, noticing my mass of notes, Mr. Sargent asked me if I had been able to establish a theory concerning divorce. I replied that I had not; one after another my half-formed theories had been laid aside as untenable; and I asked him in turn whether his experience as a court official had brought one to him. He answered: "No; I have only settled upon this fact: the mass of divorces are obtained by people who have no reputation to lose—by the irresponsible class. Now and then a case comes up where the parties are men and women of good intentions and upright lives, but they are the exceptional cases." And through my general knowledge of those whose names figured among the thousands of cases I noted, I am convinced that he is right.

I had approached my task in the mood of a mere investigator, but day after day, as I pored over the records—many yellow with age, and with the sand of bygone usage still clinging to the broad quill-strokes—and read between the lines of the gradual dying of hope, respect, faith, and love, there grew upon me the feeling of one who walks among graves, grass-grown and sunken. And when I turned from the pitiful chapter of accusation and denial, I was glad to remember that it had all happened seventy or eighty years ago, that the bitterness and passion had passed with the passing years, and that the actors in each sad drama now saw each other's motives as well as sins with the clearer perception of a broader life, and had come to understand and forgive.

In the records of the last twenty-five years I again and again came upon names which gave me a shock through my closer knowledge of their owners. Perhaps it would be in the plea of a wife who asked not only that her freedom but her maiden name be restored, and that name would recall some wilful little girl with whom I used to play in the happy days when summer afternoons were long. Or perhaps another name would bring back the face of some teasing, fun-loving boy, well remem-

bered in nutting excursions or frolics, with a predilection toward "playing truant," because defiantly impatient of the restraint of school. As I looked back at girl or boy I could see that respect for the essential "Thou shalt not" was nearly always lacking in their characters. Headstrong and unrestrained, it was not surprising that they should recall themselves to me through these records.

Ashtabula County was incorporated in 1811, but it was not before 1843 that I found any mention of divorce. Previous to that time divorces were granted only by the Supreme Court, which was migratory, and held its sessions in the various counties of the State. Under its administration, I found that from 1815, when the first divorce case appears, until 1843, ninety divorce suits were brought, but only forty-eight were granted. The Supreme Court seems to have been much more conservative in its dealing with this important branch of its work than is the Court of Common Pleas. Many of the suits brought before it were continued from year to year without being either dismissed or granted, four or five years being no unusual time for a case to run, and one even coming up for eight years, when it was finally "dismissed without prejudice," which means that it might again be brought into court should the parties desire.

From the first, more women than men have sued for divorce. The first one granted—in 1820—was granted on a woman's plea, and up to 1829 every divorce in which the husband was plaintiff was dismissed, though during the same years ten were granted to wives. Up to 1843, when the Supreme Court ceased to act, out of the fifty suits brought by wives, thirty-six were granted, while of the twenty-three brought by husbands, only nine were granted.

Among these earlier cases the charge of infidelity appears oftener than it does to-day. Of late years nearly one half of the suits are granted upon the charge of "wilful absence and neglect of duty." The year 1843 is credited with two divorces, 1844 with three, while 1845 has double that number, and the next five years average five each. And so the habit—for it seems to be largely a habit—of divorce settled itself upon the community.

Comparatively few divorces are asked for on the plea of drunkenness, though it is safe to presume that drunkenness often underlies other charges. In learning the cause of upward of three thousand suits, its absence was very surprising to me; for it is the vice which one oftenest hears women (especially those without experience) declare they will not condone. And when one realizes how many homes are darkened and how many women are humiliated, impoverished, and ill used by drunken husbands, the infrequency of this charge is impressive as showing the patience and endurance of women. No doubt, if a man, except for this vice, is a good husband and father, the very watching of his impotent struggle with his infirmity brings a protective quality into a woman's love, which makes her try to uphold rather than to expose him before the public.

Among the surprising things which the divorce

records bring to light are the patience and long-suffering of some, and the promptness with which others break a bond which calls for self-restraint and tolerance. A striking example of the first class was the case of a poor old woman, whose signature was but a trembling scrawl, who prayed to be divorced and protected from a man who, according to witnesses, held her in virtual slavery, and who "had knocked her down-stairs, dragged her about by the hair, had broken five chairs and other weapons over her head and back, and had starved and whipped her." After over forty years of this, she meekly begged the court to release her, lest he do her "serious bodily harm."

Opposed to this is one of the other class—a middle-aged woman who, after two months of apparently happy married life with a "sober, kind-hearted, and easy-going man" (according to their neighbors), suddenly left him and returned to her father's house. She gave as her reason for leaving him that upon two occasions he had "addressed harsh and profane language" to her. Pressed for details, she testified that once when he was suffering from an inflamed eye, into which she was dropping some medicine which caused it to smart, he had made a "profane ejaculation." And upon another occasion, when she was frying some meat, and the gravy had "sputtered out on the stove," her husband, who was lying ill (he seems to have been an ailing man) in a room adjoining the kitchen, smelled the burning fat, and shouted that "the devil was in it." Undeniably, the language was both harsh and profane; still, when one learns from further evidence that he was a retired sea-captain, one must admit that it might easily have been more forcible. But she steadfastly refused to forgive these two lapses, in spite of his abject contrition and promises of more guarded language in the future.

The tendency toward divorce often seems a family trait, as at one term of court no fewer than three members of the same family appear, while from another large family every daughter but one was finally divorced. Not at all infrequently, cases are withdrawn at the request of the parties, who go quietly home together and begin life anew.

The heavy volumes, resting in their vaults, contain material for many a romance, and also many bitter lessons from real life which might go almost unaltered into the modern novel. One's attention is held by the story of the young girl who comes from a distance to pick grapes in a Lake Erie vineyard. Here she meets a young man, also a grape-picker, and while gathering the heavy clusters among the rustling vines she listens to his love-making. When the season is over they are married and go away on their wedding-journey, only to be confronted upon their return by the man's wife, to whom he has been married several years. This is only one of the many cases of bigamy on record, and, as a rule, bigamists seem to have a superabundance of trust in luck not to be found out, as they make little attempt to cover up traces of former marriages.

These legal documents and records had an interest for me other than purely statistical, for

they not only indicated the growth of customs and the requirements of the country, but they hinted at the intellectual life of the times to which they belonged. For instance, who could remain in doubt as to the quality of the literature, either written or in the form of folk-lore, absorbed by the girlish wife of eighteen who figures in a suit brought by her husband on the charge of wilful absence? The sad little drama, with its primitive setting of fifty years ago, opens after three days of marriage, when the bride steals away from her husband's home and returns to her mother's, saying that she does not love her husband and cannot live with him. Their neighbors then come upon the scene as witnesses, and tell of the husband's long-continued efforts to win her back to him, of the simple gifts he brought her, namely, a pair of shoes and his wedding-gloves, which she "flung scornfully back"; and how, at parting, she "had allowed him to hold her hand for a moment," and had then snatched it away, saying: "You may cut it off and take it with you, but you can *never* have my heart!"

Close upon this, also of the wafer and quill-pen period, is another story which comes so near including a young Lochinvar that I found myself absorbingly interested as I read. This time the wife is the plaintiff, and her charge is fraud, though to the impartial reader which of the parties had the better right to prefer the charge remains an open question, as she says that during the marriage ceremony she was so unhappy that she did not reply to the promises required of her. The justice of the peace who married them, and who throughout is prominent as adviser and friend, testifies that the bridegroom confided to him immediately after the ceremony his troubles with one Jones, who had persistently disturbed the smoothness of his love's course; that even when he and his fiancée were on their way to be married, Jones had followed them and demanded a final interview with the girl, who got into his buggy and had had a long talk with him. When the interview was over, she had returned weeping, and he added with pardonable wrath: "If I had had any one to hold my horse, I would have got out and killed Jones on the spot." But apparently no one was at hand to perform this friendly office, and so he allowed Jones to live. And he must have been a gentle creature, turning naturally to peaceful methods, for he not only did not kill Jones, but he says he "sang to her to cheer her up," but evidently with poor success. Possibly the girl may have had a correct ear, and he may have sung false, but one can only hazard this conjecture. It is all pathetic enough, filled out as one's imagination inevitably must fill it. Still one cannot help wondering why Jones allowed the girl to get out of the buggy and return to that of his rival. He was in possession, they were close to the Pennsylvania line, and it need have been only a question as to which man had the better horse. They did things differently in young Lochinvar's time.

After we weed out from the army of unhappily married people those who make no pretense of respecting law or morality, those who married with divorce in view should marriage not prove to their

liking, and those who have been educated upon fiction rather than in real life, and who, too late, find that marriage is something besides unwholesome sentiment and

Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion, there still remains a large contingent which calls for sincere pity and respect. This is made up of those who ask to have their marriage annulled because of incompatibility. She must be a very patient, tactful woman, he must be a forgiving and high-minded man, to avert the ever-recurring misunderstandings which arise between two people absolutely incapable of understanding each other, of bringing their lives into accord, or enduring the hourly friction of uncongenial companionship. To such divorce is a blessing.

If only lovers would doubt themselves half as much as do the disinterested ones who look on and ask, "How can she marry him?" or, "What does he see in her?" or, "How dare they undertake life together when they look at it from such different points of view?" even with every facility of obtaining divorce far fewer would be asked for.

When one reads of "three couples" out of the four forming a quadrille at a village dance being married "on the floor" while waiting for the music to begin, one may feel pretty sure that they will "pay the fiddler" after their short, if merry, dance. Nor does one have to be a seer to predict the path to be taken by the man and girl who consent to be the leading actors in a marriage ceremony in an uprising balloon in sight of thousands of gaping spectators. The divorce court is nearly certain to be their goal when once again their feet rest upon this workaday world. They may have risen above it for a brief time, but they have to come back to it. And marriage is too essentially prosaic, in spite of the romancists, even under the best conditions, to make possible anything but the sweet, wholesome, every-day prose of life. The high pressure of romantic courtship and sensational marriage cannot be long continued.

Though the first half of the century showed only about one hundred divorces, I could not find, judging by the crimes and offenses of the day, that life was any purer or better than it is at present; so it must have been the more conservative and submissive conditions then prevailing, and the narrower lines then kept, which made the stigma of divorce greater, and caused husbands and wives to shrink from braving public opinion by airing their troubles and disagreements in court. Certainly life was harder, and, judging by the offenses on record, coarser and more brutal than it now is, and marriage must have entailed more sacrifices, especially on the part of women.

Below is a table showing the increase in the country's population and in the number of its divorces.

CASES.			
From 1840 to 1850 the population was	31,789.	47	
" 1850 " 1860 " " "	31,814.	174	
" 1860 " 1870 " " "	32,427.	442	
" 1870 " 1880 " " "	36,875.	390	
" 1880 " 1890 " " "	45,470.	780	

A glance at this table will show that the increase in the number of divorces has proportion-

ally far outstripped the increase in population. But something can be done toward explaining this by remembering that Ashtabula County has to bear the penalty of its nearness to the adjoining States of New York and Pennsylvania, and to the province of Ontario, Canada. Ohio recognizes ten causes for divorce, New York only seven, and Pennsylvania still fewer, while in Canada a divorce can be obtained only by an act of Parliament, and is therefore virtually for the rich alone. In consequence, there is an overflow from these territories into this corner county of Ohio of men and women seeking divorce, who, making a pretense of becoming citizens until their object is obtained, return whence they came, and leave to Ashtabula County the unenviable distinction of being probably the banner county of the Union for divorces according to its population.

To give an idea of the growth of divorce, I have prepared the following table. It must be remembered, however, that these figures do not represent the number of divorces actually granted, as many cases are continued, thus appearing and re-appearing upon the docket.

1815 .. 1	1840 .. 5	1860 .. 20	1880 .. 48
1816 .. 2	1841 .. 10	1861 .. 26	1881 .. 71
1817 .. 5	1842 .. 6	1862 .. 46	1882 .. 66
1818 .. 1	1843 .. 3	1863 .. 36	1883 .. 60
1820 .. 1	1844 .. 4	1864 .. 69	1884 .. 93
1823 .. 2	1845 .. 6	1865 .. 93	1885 .. 74
1824 .. 7	1846 .. 5	1866 .. 42	1886 .. 78
1825 .. 4	1847 .. 5	1867 .. 29	1887 .. 83
1826 .. 1	1848 .. 11	1868 .. 32	1888 .. 92
1828 .. 3	1849 .. 6	1869 .. 40	1889 .. 88
1829 .. 1	1850 .. 7	1870 .. 29	1890 .. 76
1830 .. 2	1851 .. 12	1871 .. 38	1891 .. 79
1831 .. 5	1852 .. 8	1872 .. 30	1892 .. 97
1833 .. 2	1853 .. 27	1873 .. 27	1893 .. 97
1834 .. 1	1854 .. 16	1874 .. 13	1894 .. 128
1835 .. 4	1855 .. 7	1875 .. 58	1895 .. 89
1836 .. 4	1856 .. 9	1876 .. 46	1896 .. 111
1837 .. 2	1857 .. 25	1877 .. 34	1897 .. 116
1838 .. 3	1858 .. 21	1878 .. 56	1898 .. 156
1839 .. 12	1859 .. 29	1879 .. 40	1899 ..

There is a curious whimsicality in these numbers which leaves one quite at a loss to account for the breaking up of so many more homes in one year than in another.

One does not find it so very unnatural that the five years including 1861 and 1865 should show two hundred and seventy against the two hundred and twenty odd of the twenty preceding years, for these were the years covering the time of our Civil War, when the home life of our country realized an unexpected and terrible strain. If that strain brought out the good qualities of our nation, it also brought out its defects, and social disturbance was inevitable. The divorce list grew long from various causes: women learned to live alone and manage for themselves; soldier husbands, in some cases, returned with habits and vices which made life with them impossible; and the missing and unaccounted-for men doubtless swelled the list, as, in the event of wishing to marry again, the wives of such found it prudent to go through the formality of a divorce.

But ten years later, after peace had come, the country had righted itself, and life had resumed its wonted routine, why should the year 1874 add only thirteen to the list, and 1875 count up fifty-eight? The conditions of life must have been as nearly as possible the same in these two years.

Since 1877 the number has never fallen below forty, and nearly every year has shown an increase in numbers, while the year 1899 promises to foot up more cases than did the first forty years on record. This is rather a shocking fact to face, for, as in Ashtabula County, so it must be elsewhere.

I confess that in seeking to find the cause of so many divorces I had hoped to gain some hint which would point to a remedy; but I fear I have failed to find any pointing to a speedy or radical remedy. Like temperance and all other reforms, it must come through educating people in the principles of honor, self-restraint, and justice.

Probably three quarters of all the divorces I have examined into have been granted at the request of women. But this does not prove that they are less patient or enduring in their affections than men, or that men are less moral than women. It only proves, what everybody already knows, that an unhappy or distasteful marriage is far more galling to the average woman than to the average man. In her home life she finds her most vital interests and happiness, while such varied interests enter into the life of a man that even if he is unhappy in his home, he leaves it behind him and forgets it daily for hours together. But the woman who forgets her home and goes to the

world for comfort hardens her heart against all that is best and tenderest in her nature. For her there is not the double life which men so often find possible, and the lesser of two misfortunes will be for her to sever the old ties and begin an existence independent of them.

There is no doubt that American women more readily accept divorce as a means of escaping domestic misery than the women of other nations. They are capable and independent by nature and training, and so dread neither self-support nor public opinion as do more timid women. Perhaps this spirit of independence, which may be largely the cause of many divorces, will in time be the very means of decreasing their number. At present it has a tinge of aggression in it, as any departure from a conservative state is apt to have; but when it becomes an established and fully accepted condition, this will pass away. And if, as we hope, the coming woman shall know how to care for herself in a quiet, womanly way, shall be practically as well as theoretically educated, and shall understand the difficulties of life in its various phases by encountering and overcoming them, she will not allow sentiment to overbalance reality. She will come to take the masculine view of marriage as well as other things, and she will be slower to undertake it and the duties it brings.

Possibly there may be a slight decrease in the number of marriages because of this, but that will be no misfortune, as there can be no advantage to a person or a nation in lightly assuming duties as sacred and burdens as heavy as marriage brings.

Annie Howells Fr  chette.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### Grounds for Being "Revorsted."

"MAWNING, marster," was the greeting which I received one day, recently, upon entering my law office. It came from an aged couple—a negress whose weight could be estimated anywhere from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds, and a little, grinning, coal-black fellow with chin-whiskers and a "top musstash," and with brass rings in his ears, who could not have weighed more than a hundred and ten pounds, and who seemed meek and subdued.

"Well, aunty, what can I do for you?" I asked.

"De truf is, marster," was the reply, "me and my ole man wants ter git revorsted, and we done come ter you ter ax whut it gwine cos' we-all. We done gin each udder commission ter git maared ag'in, but a wite man done tole us dat onless we gits reg'lar revorsted, dat de big jedge 'll sont we-all ter de coal-mines."

"What are your grounds for divorce?" I asked,

after having explained what was necessary to allege and prove. "Has the old man ever been cruel to you? Has he ever beaten you?"

"Who beat me? Dat little dried-up good-fur-nuttin' brack nigger beat me? Huh! Why, man, sir, can't no nigger beat me! I 'se de bestest man what libs in dis here county. I was de lead hoe han' in ole Marse John's time, en c'u'd n't none o' dem niggers hol' a torch-light ter me. No, sirree! I beats dat nigger reg'lar; and ef he doan' min' me w'en I hollers at 'im, I jes takes a plow-line and lights on ter 'im, like a sparrer-hawk on ter a' ole fiel'-sparrer. No, sir; dat's what I wants ter git revorsted for—ter git a man; dat's what I wants, I does—a man what kin beat me. But, marster, I 'm afeard I can't find none o' dem kin' nowhars."

As this was the sole cause of complaint, I advised the old woman to give "dat little dried-up good-fur-nuttin' brack nigger" another trial, and suggested that he might do better with a little encouragement.

John A. Elmore.



## To Omar.

OMAR KHAYYAM, you're a jolly old Aryan,  
 Half sybaritic, and semi-barbarian,  
 Not a bit mystic, but utilitarian,  
 Fond of a posy and fond of a dram.  
 Symbolist, poet, and clear-eyed philosopher,  
 Had you a wife I am sure you were boss of her,  
 Yet you'd be ruled by the coquettish toss of her  
 Garland-crowned head at you, Omar Khayyam.  
 For there is vanity  
 In your humanity,  
 Else your urbanity  
 Were but a flam.  
 And the severity  
 Of your austerity  
 Proves your sincerity,  
 Omar Khayyam.

Well I remember when first you were heralded,  
 Persian-born poesy ably Fitzgeralded;  
 Impulse said buy you—and I to my peril did:  
 Now a meek slave to your genius I am.  
 Some of your doctrines to us may seem hatable,  
 Though we admit that the themes are debatable;  
 But your ideas, are they really translatable  
 Into our languages, Omar Khayyam?  
 In your society  
 All inebriety  
 Seems but propriety,  
 Truth but a sham;  
 And the reality  
 Of your carnality  
 Courts immortality,  
 Omar Khayyam.

From the grave depths of your massive tranquillity  
 Thoughts you produce, knowing well their futurity,  
 Thought's that you phrase with a fatal facility,  
 Hurl with the force of a battering-ram!  
 But we care not though your message be cynical,  
 Not very creedal and scarcely rabbinical;  
 We, your adorers, put you on a pinnacle,  
 For that we love you, old Omar Khayyam.  
 Though you're erroneous,  
 Still you're harmonious,  
 And you're euphonious  
 In epigram.  
 O'er the censorious  
 You are victorious;  
 We hold you glorious,  
 Omar Khayyam.

Carolyn Wells.

## John Swift, the Rapid Reader.

JOHN SWIFT, the rapid reader, sat him down to read:  
 Sermon, essay, poem, leader—what an awful speed!  
 Such omnivorous absorption no good end attains:  
 John Swift, the rapid reader, ignorant remains.

## Advice—Masculine.

WHILE Cupid sways this mundane sphere,  
 And men are only human,  
 She is most wise who won't appear  
 Too reasonable a woman.

Alack that Fate ordained it so!  
 'T is passing melancholy;  
 But naught that Reason e'er can show  
 Is half so sweet as Folly.

In arrant whims some witchcraft lies  
 That logic ever misses,  
 And common sense looks plain to eyes  
 That seek capricious blisses;

While unto every lover's fire  
 It adds a wealth of fuel  
 If she who doth his love inspire  
 Is sometimes rather cruel.

Know what you will, mesdames, but know  
 The acme of all Knowledge  
 Is Tact, albeit we cannot show  
 Its chair in any college.

Keep some small foibles,—for I deem  
 You have them, being human,—  
 And so be what you do not seem—  
 A reasonable woman.

Beatrice Hanscom.

## Rabbit's-Foot Luck.

DER rabbit he sat by der live-oak tree,  
 An' dat rabbit he say ter hisse'f, say he:  
 "All yea' long I heah der niggah man say,  
 Whenever he's walkin' along dis way,  
 Laffin' 'Ki-yi-yi!' as he slaps his knee,  
 'I catch a rabbit by der live-oak tree!  
 I cut dat rabbit's foot off wiv ma knife!  
 I tek dat rabbit's foot home ter ma wife!  
 I say, "Ma honey, now der good luck 's here:  
 When you 'se got a rabbit's foot, den no fear!"  
 Laffin' 'Ki-yi-yi!' as der banjos thrum,  
 An' der hoe-cake on der griddle 'gins ter hum,  
 An' der niggah man's wife she dance an' sing,  
 'Oh, a rabbit's foot is der luckiest t'ing!'"

Der rabbit he sat by der live-oak tree,  
 An' he say ter hisse'f, der rabbit say he,  
 "I 'se had fo' rabbits' foots all ma bo'n days,  
 But did n't 'pear ter bring good luck ma ways!"

Ashleigh Matheus.

Jeanie Peet.



## Mr. Perkins of Portland.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REFORMATION OF  
UNCLE BILLY."

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

THERE was very little about Perkins that was not peculiar. To mention his peculiarities would be a long task; he was peculiar from the ground up. His shoes had rubber soles, his hat had peculiar Mansard ventilators on each side, his garments were vile as to fit, and altogether he had an appearance of being a composite picture.

We first met in the Golden Hotel office in Cleveland, Ohio. I was reading a late copy of a morning paper and smoking a very fairish sort of cigar, when a hand was laid on my arm. I turned, and saw in the chair beside me a beaming face.

"Just read that!" he said, poking an envelop under my nose. "No, no!" he cried; "on the back of it."

What I read was:

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly  
faster.

"Great, is n't it?" he asked, before I could express myself. "That first line, 'Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster,' just takes the cake. And the last line! That is a gem, if I do say it myself. Has the whole story in seven words. 'All pains and aches'! Everything from sore feet to backache; all the way from A to Z in the dictionary of diseases. Comprehensive as a presidential message. Full of meat as a refrigerator car. 'Fly faster'! Faster than any other patent med. or dope would make them fly. 'Makes'! They've got to fly! See? 'Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster makes all pains and aches fly faster,' 'makes all pains and aches fly faster,' 'makes all pains and aches fly faster.' Is n't she a beaut.? Say, you can't forget that in a thousand years. You'll find yourself saying on your death-bed,

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly  
faster."

I held the envelop toward him, but he only tapped it with his finger.

"There is a fortune in those two lines," he said. "I know it. I'm Perkins, known from Maine to California as Perkins of Portland, Perkins the Originator. I have origi-

nated more ads. than any man living. See that shoe? It's the 'Go-lightly' kind. I originated the term. See this hat? It's Pratt's. 'Pratt's Hats Air the Hair.' I originated that ad. Result, six million pair of the Go-lightly kind of shoes sold the first year. Eight million Pratt's Hats sold on the strength of 'Air-the-hair.' See this suit? I originated the term 'Ready-tailored.' Result, a boom for the concern. Everybody crazy for Ready-tailored clothes. It's all in the ad. The ad.'s the thing. Say, who originated 'up-to-date in style, down-to-date in price'? I did. Made half a million for a collar concern on that. See that fringe on those pants? And to think that the man who's wearing them has made millions! Yes, millions—for other guys. But he's done. It's all off with Willie. Now Willie is going to make money for himself. Mr. Perkins of Portland is going to get rich. Are you with him?"

"How is the plaster?" I asked, for there was something taking about Perkins. "Is it good for anything?"

"Plaster!" he said; "bother the plaster! The ad.'s all right, and that's the main thing. Give me a good ad., and I'll sell lead bullets for liver pills. Display 'Perkins' Bullets Kill the Disease' in all the magazines, and in a year every person with or without a liver would be as full of lead as a printer's case. Paint it on ten thousand barns, and the inhabitants of these glorious States would be plugged up like Mark Twain's frog. Now, I have here an ad. that is a winner. Give me fifty thousand dollars, and we will have every man, woman, and child in America dreaming, thinking, and wearing Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster. We will have it in every magazine, on every barn, fence, and rock, in the street-cars, on highways and byways, until the refrain will ring in sixty million free American heads:

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly  
faster."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "is the plaster good?"

Mr. Perkins of Portland leaned over and whispered in my ear, "There is no plaster."

"What?" I cried.

"Not yet," he said; "that will come later. We will get that later. Law of supply and demand, you know. When



MR. PERKINS OF PORTLAND.



"ON THE FENCES AND WALLS."

there is a demand there always turns up a supply to fill it. See the point? You look bright. See this. We advertise. Get, say, fifty thousand orders at ten dollars each; total, five hundred thousand dollars. What next? We sell out. We go to some big concern. 'Here,' we say—'here is an article advertised up to the handle. Here are orders for five hundred thousand dollars' worth. Thing on the boom. Give us two hundred thousand cash and get up your old plaster and fill the orders. Thanks. Good day.' See? They get a well-established business, we get a clear profit of one hundred and

fifty thousand. What next? We get up another ad. Invest our whole capital. Sell out for a million. Invest again, sell out again. In ten years we can buy Manhattan Island for our town-seat, and Chicago for our country-seat. The richest firm in the world—Perkins and—"

"Brown," I said, supplying the blank; "but I have n't fifty thousand dollars, nor yet ten thousand."

"What have you got?" he asked eagerly.

"Just five thousand."

"Done!" Perkins cried.

And the next day we had the trade-mark registered, and had made contracts with all the Cleveland papers.

"You see," said Perkins, "we are shy of money. We can't bill the universe with a measly little five thou. We've got to begin small. Our territory is Ohio. Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster shall be known to every Buckeye, and we will sell out for twenty thousand."

So we soon had the words

Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly faster

on the fences and walls throughout Ohio. Every paper proclaimed the same catchy couplet. One or two magazines informed the world of it. The bill-boards heralded it. In fact, Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster was in everybody's mouth, and bade fair to be on everybody's back as soon as there was a Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster to put on those same backs.

For Perkins was right. The backs seemed fairly to ache for plasters of our making. From all over the State druggists wrote for terms, and we soon kept two type-writers busy informing the anxious pharmacists that owing to the unprecedented demand our factory was two months behind on orders, and that "your esteemed favor will have our earliest attention, and all orders will be filled in rotation at the earliest possible moment." Each day brought a deluge of letters, and we received several quite unsolicited testimonials to the merits of Perkins' Patent Porous Plaster. Perkins was radiant.

Then he faded.

He set out to sell the trade-mark, and failed! No one wanted it. Money was tight, and patent medicines were a drug. Porous plasters were dead. Perkins was worried. Day followed day, and the orders began to decrease, while countermands began to arrive. We had just two hundred dollars left, and bills for four thousand dollars' worth of advertisements on our file. At last Perkins gave up. He came in and flung himself despondently into a chair. Sorrow marked every feature.

"No use," he said dolefully; "they won't bite. We have to do it."

"What?" I asked; "make an assignment?"

"Nonsense!" cried Perkins. "Fill those orders ourselves!"

"But where can we get—"

"The plasters?" Perkins scratched his head. He repeated softly: "Makes all pains and aches fly faster," and swung one foot sadly. "That's it," he said; "where?"

The situation was becoming acute. We must have plasters quickly or fail. Suddenly Perkins arose with an air of determination, and vanished through the door.

In two hours he returned. He had a punch such as harness-makers use to punch holes in straps, a pair of scissors, and a smile as broad as his face was long.

"They will be here in ten minutes!" he cried. "Sit right down and write to all our ad. mediums

to hold that ad. for a change. In one year we will buy the soldiers' monument for a paper-weight, and purchase Euclid Avenue for a bowling-alley! Get off your coat. I've ordered forty thousand paper boxes, one hundred thousand labels, and two hundred thousand plasters. The first lot of boxes will be here to-morrow, and the first batch of labels to-night. The plasters will be here in five minutes. It's a wonder I did n't think of it when I wrote the ad. The new ad. will sell two plasters to every one the old one sold."

"Where in thunder—" I began.

"At the grocery, of course," he cried, as if it were the most natural place to find porous plasters. "I bought every wholesale grocer in town out of 'em. Cleaned them plump up. I've got enough to fill all orders and some over. The finest in the land. Stick closer than a brother, 'feel good, are good,' as I wrote for a stocking concern. Stay on until they wear off."

He was right. The trucks soon began to arrive with the cases. They were piled on the walk twenty high, they were piled in the street, we piled our office full, and put some in the vacant room across the hall. There were over a thousand cases of sticky fly-paper.

We cut the sheets into thirds, and sprinkled a little Cayenne pepper on the sticky side with a pepper-shaker, and then punched holes in them. Later we got a rubber stamp and printed the directions for use on each, but we had no time for that then. When the boxes began to arrive, Perkins ran down and gathered in three newsboys and constituted them our packing force. By the end of the week we had our orders all filled.

And our plasters stuck! None ever stuck better. They stuck forever. They would n't peel off, they would n't wash off, they would n't scrape off. When one wore off, it left the stickiness there, and the victim had to buy another to paste on top of the old one before he could put on a shirt. It was a huge success.

We changed our ad. to read:

Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly faster,

and branched out into the magazines. We sent a man to Europe, and now some of the crowned heads are wearing our plasters. You all remember Stonely's account of meeting a tribe of natives in the wilds of Africa wearing nothing but Perkins' Paper Porous Plasters, and recall the celebrated words of Rodriguez Velos, second understudy to the Premier of Spain: "America is like Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster—a thing not to be sat on."

Five months ago we completed our ten-story factory, and increased our capital stock to two millions; and those to whom we offered the trade-mark in our early days are green with regret. Perkins is abroad now in his private yacht. Queer old fellow, too, for he still insists on wearing the Go-lightly shoes and the Air-the-hair hat, in spite of the fact that he has n't enough hair left to make a miniature paint-brush.

I asked him before he left for his cruise where

he was from,—Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon,—and he laughed.

"My dear boy," he said, "it's all in the ad. 'Mr. Perkins of Portland' is a phrase to draw dollars. I'm from Chicago. Get a phrase built like a watch, press the button, and the babies cry for it."

That's all. But in closing I might remark that if you ever have any trouble with a weak back,

pain in the side, varicose veins, heavy sensation in the chest, or in fact any ailment whatever, just remember that

Perkins' Paper Porous Plaster  
Makes all pains and aches fly faster.

*Ellis Parker Butler.*



"OVER A THOUSAND CASES OF STICKY FLY-PAPER."

**Sence You Went Away.**

SEEMS lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,  
Seems lak to me de sun done loss his light,  
Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,  
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,  
Seems lak to me dat eve'ything wants you,  
Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,  
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me dat eve'ything is wrong,  
Seems lak to me de day's jes twice ez long,  
Seems lak to me de bird's forgot his song,  
Sence you went away.

Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,  
Seems lak to me ma th' oat keeps gittin' dry,  
Seems lak to me a tear stays in ma eye,  
Sence you went away.

*J. W. Johnson.*



## A Ballad.

WHEN lyfe was not as it nowe is,  
It happened upon a time  
That there was a youthfule mayden  
Who found she could make a rhyme.

She dreamed of her comynge glorye  
Till her braine was fair askewe,  
And she sayde, "I'll dwell in an attike,  
As all of ye poetes doe!"

She thought of ye town that wayted,  
And ye worlde beyonde ye town,  
And hied her up to ye rafters  
To worke up a greate renowne.

But—thyngs were not as they nowe are—  
It alsoe happened to be  
That there dwelt in that verye gable  
A mouse and his familie.

And neither ye town that wayted,  
Nor ye worlde beyonde ye town,  
Heard aughte, they saye, from ye attike,  
For ye poetesse—came downe.

And she only quothe in answer  
To everye inquirye:  
"Too greate were ye odds besettyng  
Ye pathwaye of poetrye!"

*Catharine Young Glen.*

## The Hero Who Escaped.

THE hero of a novel as yet unfinished escaped from the sheets of manuscript in which he had been lying, and darted from the author's study, intent upon one thing—to escape the heroine whom he foresaw the author intended him to marry. "The author calls her pretty, but his ideas of beauty and mine are not the same. He says that she is witty, but if so, why has he put no wit in her mouth? As for being married to her in the last chapter, and having my taste called in question by a lot of critics who know nothing beyond their calling, I simply won't stand it." And he walked out into the street and was lost in the crowd.

Meanwhile the author came to his desk, ready to begin his daily grind; for he had made such a reputation on his first novel that his orders would keep him busy for seven years, and he kept his thought-mill working day and night. He was at work upon the nineteenth chapter, in which the hero was absent on a visit, and the morning wore away before he noticed that he had escaped. Then he was in a great pother. He felt that it would be no use to put the matter into the hands of the detectives, for in his inmost heart he knew

that his hero was so like every other romantic hero of the last decade that he could never be distinguished either in a crowd or alone. There was but one course open to him—to declare the hero dead, and have the heroship descend to the next in line. But, unfortunately, the next in line was his brother and his rival, and to make him hero and give the girl to him would be contrary to the scheme of the novel.

She might have married the villain, but the author was too popular to risk being as unconventional as that. No; there was but one course open: to kill the girl in the twentieth chapter, and so make a tragic novel of the book. But tragic novels are poor sellers, and one poor seller might cause the canceling of orders for his future novels.

Canceling his orders! The driven author laid his aching head in his hands and pondered. Cancellation would mean freedom from the ceaseless grind, the eternal hunt for characters and incidents and plots and romanticism. Yes, he would kill the girl and accept the consequences with unruffled heart.

And so it happened that the heroine died of grief for the hero—in the twentieth chapter. And the capricious public, waiving for once their desire for a happy ending, accepted the book with acclamations, and the poor author received orders fourteen years ahead.

And he went crazy and went on writing in his cell, and now his novels please only certain of the critics, who declare them mystical.

As for the escaped hero, he was now in real life, and as such a hero could never, by any chance, exist in real life, he died in a few days, and that was the end of him.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*



"CATCH YOUR SKATES, QUICK! THE OCEAN IS FROZEN OVER."

